

THE PIONEER

1926 - 27



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2018 with funding from
Boston Public Library

<https://archive.org/details/pioneer1926read>

The Pioneer



Reading High School

Senior Number

1926

Northeastern University

Day School of Business Administration

Confers the Degree of
BACHELOR OF BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

—in—

Finance, Retailing, Marketing, Accounting, Sales-Management, Industrial-Management, Merchandising

IT IS A SCHOOL WHERE

¶You and the Faculty work together as equals, man to man. ¶You share definite responsibility in moulding the traditions of the School. ¶You have exceptional opportunity for athletics and recreation. ¶You study business by analyzing actual problems of business. ¶You study business with the help of eminent executives, through addresses, personal conferences, and business surveys.

YOU DEVELOP THAT STRAIGHT THINKING WHICH BUSINESS DEMANDS

For a catalog or further information about the school

Address

TURNER F. GARNER, Dean

Northeastern University

Boston. Y. M. C. A.

School of Business Administration

Boston 17, Mass.

Se

7

NEV

247 1

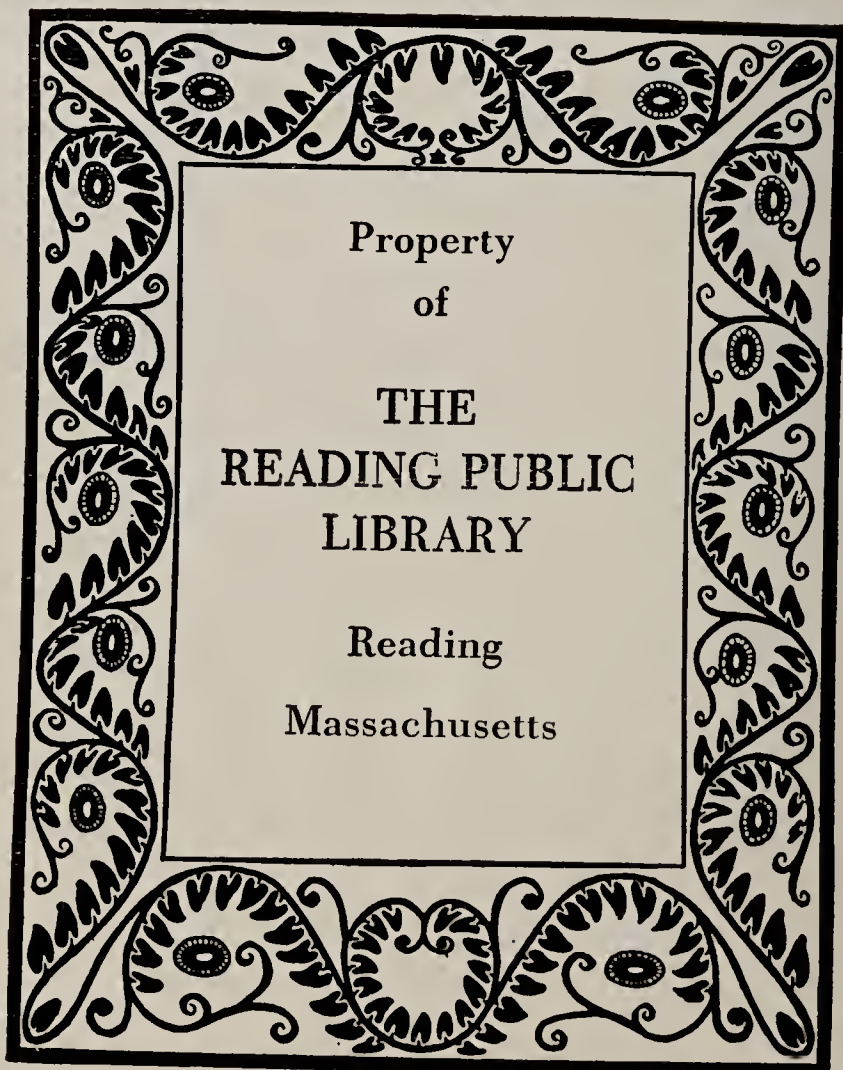
and
tions

for s
well

colle

at 5
wall
lead
ient.

O



e

E

ic,
si-

cts
as

for

ed
sy
nd
en-

* 5744905
Pioneer

main no. 1926 C.1

Your plans for the youngster's education should include a sound "financial" training. Teach him early to tread the Savings Road that leads to The Bank and to Success.

Mechanics Savings Bank

Reading, Mass.

"Deposit Your Savings in a Mutual Savings Bank."

HELP OTHERS WHILE HELPING YOURSELF

Every person who buys shares in this Bank gets a high dividend paying investment.

At the same time, the money invested is being used for a most beneficent purpose:—Helping people build and own their own homes.

And this Bank is operated on a mutual plan. The members share alike in all the profits.

READING CO-OPERATIVE BANK

Archer R. Prentiss

Harold F. Parker

PRENTISS & PARKER

INSURANCE

Of All Kinds

Boston Office: 40 Broad St.
Telephone Main 7880

Reading Office: Haven St.
Telephone Reading 0249

Smith's Spa

Opp. Reading Depot

Ice Cream Confectionery

L. A. SMITH, Prop.

Our Advertisers are our main support, patronize them

ADAMS COMPANY

WOMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S FURNISHINGS

READING

G. H. Atkinson Co.

GROCCERS

QUALITY GOODS MAKE SATISFIED CUSTOMERS

WENDELL BANCROFT & CO.

COAL

LUMBER

HARDWARE

ATLAS CEMENT — BRICK — DRAIN PIPE

BESSOM'S

THE ONE PRICE STORE

Quality Merchandise in Men's and Boys'

Clothing and Furnishings

Ask to see our All Wool Line when in need of Suit or Overcoat

Made to your measurement at no additional cost

Tel. 0306-M

75 Haven St.

Our Advertisers are our main support, patronize them

CANDY - LAND

ICE CREAM and
HOME MADE CANDIES

Reading Square

Established 1821

Tel. Reading 0071

Cummings Express

COMPANY

J. E. FROST, Treas. and Mgr.

Reading's Best Equipped
Furniture Movers

J. M. Maxwell & Son

ELECTRICIANS

Authorized Agent "Radiolas" and "Freed-Eisemann" Sets

Phone 0240

1926 FOR GRADUATION 1926

FOR THE BOY

White Flannels, Black Oxfords,
Shirts, Ties and Hose

FOR THE GIRL

White Kid Pumps, White Silk
Stockings

CHASE & FINNEGAN

Reading Square

Tel. 0812=M

Our Advertisers are our main support, patronize them

anew? Don't be like the teacher who said: "At summer school I should like to take the courses given by Dr. Bagley, but I have decided not to, for I am afraid he will make me change my opinions." This teacher, this student of truth, might just as well have said, "I will close my mind. I will live with my prejudices. I will accept no new truth. I will not attend the foot-wear exhibition for fear I will become dissatisfied with my old shoes." This same reactionary frame of mind accounts not only for the hostile attitude between individuals, but also nations.

In our own history before the Civil War, that period when co-operation between sister states was notably lacking has well been labeled "the Era of Hard Feelings." You in this later day recognize what a great awakening, what a decisive step in the progress of mankind, took place when the fog lifted and patriotism stretched to what they termed the "boundless limits of the United States." The world has grown and life has expanded, and whether we wish it or not, we belong now to a great sisterhood of nations. The patriotism which broke down provincialism and cleared the human horizon, is again pressing against its barriers,—your narrowness. Do you think "my country against theirs," or "my country with theirs" for the peace and progress of mankind? Dr. Henry Fosdick believes that mankind's real conflict of interest is not between this nation and that, but between the forward-looking, progressive, open-minded people of all nations, who have caught a vision of humanity organized for peace, and the backward-looking, reactionary, militaristic people of the same nations, who use their heritage of patriotism as a cloak for their narrow minds. It has changed as it were from an enlightening to a blinding force. Just as that great monster, the squid, sends out his impenetrable, inky-black substance to blind his enemy, while he envelopes him with his far-reaching, irresistible tentacles, so man's narrowness and intolerance blind him with his false patriotism.

Such prejudices, such intolerance, the young people of today hope to break down. You think they are exasperating.

In just such a way they have been exasperating their elders since the days of Cain and Abel. But have you questioned your position? Perhaps some of you unconsciously have the attitude of the Pharisees. They were the good people of their day, only they were so sure of their goodness and so positive that they were right, that they tried to force the others, and in that way became set in self-righteousness. You object to the apparent boldness and openness so prevalent among the younger generation. But which is better: society resting on a great and sure, but growing and broadening, platform of truth, and living in an atmosphere of sincerity, frankness, and open-mindedness; or one hemmed in by narrowness, hypocrisy, intolerance, and useless formalities—founded upon truth to be sure, but on a platform which is small, stationery, and unadjustable? The former is the goal of the younger generation, the latter will be the condition of the older generation if it does not hasten to change its policies. Now that the facts are becoming more apparent to young people, and they realize that there has been a wholesale conspiracy to deceive them in many ways, and to cover up many of the facts of life, leading to their tragic disillusionment later on, it is inevitable that they should undertake a revolution of ideas. Why not join them in this and give them the benefit of your riper judgment and greater experience, acting as a balance-wheel or gyroscope, and make it a more speedy and more sure success? I believe with Judge Ben Lindsay, that "in the mighty rebellion of modern youth, that is the glory of our time, they will come to know the good as well as the evil, the true as well as the false, the superstition and the savagery, the wisdom and the folly of their fathers."

This worthwhile revaluation is not for the young generation alone, nor for any one person in any one lifetime or epoch, but for all—young and old—working harmoniously toward an ideal society. To think with the method of the scientist in the ideal way. He no longer by chance meets with a new idea. He methodically gathers his information, and by a process of elimination, of trial and

success, gradually approaches the truth. None of you are living in the world in which you were born, scientifically or intellectually. The break with many standards of the past has been abrupt, but the work is not complete. The task of scrapping must continue until our entire household of ideas is freed of its burdensome furnishings and new and better ones added. Voltaire said: "We only half live when we only half think." Are you not only half thinking and therefore only half living when you are fanatical, or fear to meet with ideas which frankly scrutinize the value which is so easily accepted as final? When you are breaking the fetters of conformity and oppressive standards and seeking the highest and fullest levels of thought, you will be living. There is nothing too sacred to be investigated. Listening ungrudgingly and considering radical theories and statements may leave you tingling as from a series of electric shocks, and your mind awirl with combined astonishment, pleasure, anger, and bewilderment, but it will force you into active and forward-looking thought, and help you to clarify and refresh your ideas. The belief that final judgments are futile and human standards perishable, Shelley expressed when he said: "Naught may endure but mutability." This is not a forboding, but a prophecy of good fortune. It may mean the substitution of impartial politics for party politics, freedom for limitation, knowledge for ignorance, peace for war, and better and better generations. All of these miracles will be accomplished only by a revision of the ideals of each individual. Why not take a part in this onward movement and join the forces of progress which will bring about this revolution for freedom,—freedom of the mind, that consummate freedom?

Valedictory Address

And now to all of you—Mr. Safford, Mr. Sussman, teachers, all, school committee, parents, and friends—who have made it possible for us to enjoy so many wonderful opportunities to gain knowledge and wisdom throughout our school course, it is my pleasant privilege to express to you the sincere and heart-felt appreciation of the Class of 1926. This

a pitifully inadequate expression of our feelings in view of what we have received, but though we have no way of knowing what we shall accomplish in the future, we hope to hold our standards so high that you will be proud, and feel repaid for your effort and sacrifices in our behalf.

Classmates, with confidence I have represented us tonight as champions of free thought, of sincerity, of progress. It is a glorious attitude, but not unusual, for so youth has always been and will be. But no special credit is due us. Not through any wisdom of ours do we find ourselves less hampered by the standards, the prejudices, and the fixed ideas that bind our elders. We have merely inherited the eternal torch of freedom and progress carried by the youth of all ages. We can easily see the flaws of our elders, but we cannot boast until we have taken their places and have successfully met the problem of scrapping our own worn-out ideas. With this in view let us determine to continue to think, and prove ourselves superior by a perennial willingness to investigate new ways and to distinguish between them. That will be our answer to the question as to whether we are degenerating and lowering the standards, or are indeed seeking freedom and truth.

The past four years that we have spent together have brought satisfaction, as well as disappointment, in some measure to all of us. The future will bring the same. These things need not concern us particularly, since we cannot control them, if with unswerving determination we keep the attitude of service expressed by Carl Sandburg in these lines:

Lay me on an anvil, O God.

Beat me and hammer me into a crowbar.

Let me pry loose old walls.

Let me lift and loosen old foundations.

Lay me on an anvil, O God.

Beat me and hammer me into a steel spike.

Drive me into the girders that hold a skyscraper together.

Take red-hot rivets and fasten me into the central girders.

Let me be the great nail holding a skyscraper through blue nights into white stars.

Frances Porch '26.

Salutatory

Parents, teachers, friends, for the Class of 1926, I extend to you a hearty welcome to our graduation exercises.

We welcome our parents who have sacrificed so much that we might graduate. You are here in response to our urgent invitation. Do you smile at remembering that we have not always been so anxious to have you visit school? But this occasion would not be complete without you here.

We welcome our teachers and all those in the school, who, by faithful teaching and patient effort, have led us through this period of our training. We know that we have been trying many, many times, but you kept on showing us that persevering, well-directed work in our studies and extra activities was worth while, and now is your hour of triumph as well as ours.

We are also happy to have the members of the school committee here with us. It takes a strong guiding hand behind an educational system to keep everything running smoothly. You have been interested in the progress of the students and will continue to guide the affairs of the school wisely.

To all our friends we extend a true welcome because we know you are interested in our success and joy.

If, in the past four years, we have been discouraged by petty failures, if we have been downhearted because of twists and turns along the way, we have, with the encouragement of our parents, the assistance of our teachers, and the steady guidance of the school board, at last completed this most important step in the path of life, and are eager to take the next step, whatever it may be.

We know that we shall have some work to do. To get the full benefit of work we must do it purposefully. As freshmen we came to high school unfamiliar with the routine. We were given a daily program card which started us at our work systematically, forcing us to plan our studying at school and at home to fit in with our recitations. The teachers directed the way which would be the most beneficial for us to follow. By this co-

operation on the part of the teachers, we got the correct start in high school, and then much of the responsibility rested with us. Work is a conscious effort guided by the desire to accomplish a task. If we know what must be done and want to do it, we shall succeed in our studies or in whatever else we undertake.

The Class of '26 has had supervision and co-operation from many sources. It has followed the motto "Directed Work Conquers Everything" and has won. As we continue to work may we continue to conquer. May every way we take be as happy and as successful as the one we are completing.

Once again I wish to make you welcome. We hope that you will get as much joy and satisfaction from our exercises as we in presenting them.

Nelcena Copeland.

Class Honors

CECIL RHODES AND THE RHODES SCHOLARSHIPS

America has always been noted for her ardent devotion to the cause of education. No amount of money has been too great to spend in the training of her youth. Rockefeller has contributed millions to the promotion of learning, and Carnegie built libraries and endowed colleges without number, and, in addition, gave a large part of his huge fortune to the Peace Movement. Yet it remained for a cool-blooded Englishman, a South African diamond king, to conceive a plan whereby, through education, universal peace may be secured.

Though Cecil Rhodes was the originator of one of the most comprehensive and far-reaching schemes of modern times, people in general know comparatively little about the man, himself, and still less in regard to the scholarships, the greatest in the world, which he founded at Oxford. And so, on such an occasion as this, it would seem to be altogether appropriate to give a brief biography of this man, one of the most remarkable of all time, and also to describe his great contribution, the Rhodes Scholarships, to the field of education in particular and

the service of humanity in general.

Cecil Rhodes was born in Hertfordshire, England, July 5, 1853. He started in life with almost every possible handicap. The son of a poor English clergyman, and one of the youngest of nine children, he was moneyless and sickly. At the age of nine the boy was sent to attend a local grammar school. Seven years later he graduated a tall, fair-haired youth with a shy, reserved manner and delicate health. In the hope that his health might be benefitted, he was shipped off at the age of seventeen to an older brother's farm at Natal. A year after his arrival in South Africa there arose great excitement over the discovery of diamonds at Kimberley. There was a rush of wealth-seekers to the scene, and the boy, eager for the chance to gain sudden fortune, hastened thither, making the journey of four-hundred miles in an ox-cart and carrying with him no other equipment than a spade, a bucket, and a few thumbled volumes of Latin and Greek classics. Kimberley in those early days—the year was 1871—was a place neither inviting nor healthful. It lacked sanitation and was upset by fevers. Young Rhodes even found it hard to get wholesome food, and the outlook for anything approaching success, far from promising. However by dint of stick-to-it-iveness and perseverance, within a year of his arrival he had gained himself claims valued at \$25,000. Indeed he displayed such keen judgment and of such uncanny business ability that no one who dealt with him could believe that he was only a boy of eighteen.

It was about this time that the young diamond digger determined to further his education by going to Oxford. He set sail in 1873. His health was still wretched and there came a time when he was told by his physician that he had only six months to live. But this was a man who defied adverse conditions and overrode obstacles. He simply refused to die! and winter after winter he journeyed to England, where, at the great university he studied diligently. It was not until 1881, eight years after entering the schools, that he finished his course. At Oxford, Rhodes came under the influence of John Ruskin, then a professor

there. Inspired by him, it seems, Rhodes conceived the great purpose in life which was to guide him throu to the end—service to humanity. He is said to have made the statement, however, that “it's no use to have grand ideas if you haven't the money to carry them out.” With this in mind he spent the early years of his life in amassing a fortune.

He continued to increase the extent of his diamond claim, out-manoeuvring all rivals, until, seventeen years after his start in the diamond fields, he had amalgamated all the South African mines into one great company, with himself at the head. In fact, at the age of thirty-five he personally controlled the diamond business of the world, having formed the greatest business combination ever established in the world up until that time, which produced nearly all of the diamonds, regulated the supply, and fixed the prices.

If time permitted, we could go on and tell how this international diamond king branched out and gained control of a large share of the South African gold mines, how in numberless ways he stamped himself as one of the most gigantic financial and business figures in the history of the world; but that would be beside our point. Service to humanity, we have said, was his great purpose in life. What was his idea as to how this service would be best rendered? Let us go back to that great teacher in Oxford University, John Ruskin, whose gospel of public service was—“have a fixed purpose of some kind for your country and for yourself, no matter how restricted, so that it be fixed and unselfish.” Fixed and unselfish indeed became the life purpose of Cecil Rhodes, but restricted would be far from the right adjective to accompany the other two. He has been called the empire builder, the man who “thought in continents,” and this brings us to his great work, the thing made possible by his magnificent success in money-making. He cared nothing for money except for the power its possession gave. Throughout, he had kept it in mind as only the means to the end, and that end, the great ambition of his life, was the promotion of the best interests of humanity by creating a power

so great that war would be rendered impassible, that power to be the result of the close union of all the English speaking peoples of the world. Whether or not we agree with Rhodes as to the probability of the splendid result desired being accomplished according to his dream of the way to bring it about is beside the question. What interests us is the undoubted fact that Rhodes was sincere in his conviction that his part in bringing the millennium to pass was to be the enlargement of the British Empire and with it the promotion of the cause of peace, industry, and freedom. Again time prohibits us from more than summarizing. Suffice it to say that this business man, this money-grabber, devoted his great wealth to the end for which it had been created—that he spent it unsparingly in public service until by use of it plus sheer force of personality and display of astounding genius he overcame all opposition, conquering the natives and outwitting the other European nations interested in South Africa, with the result that he added to British dominion an area equal to that of the British Isles, France, Prussia, Austria, and Spain combined. Today this immense region of South Africa, called after him, Rhodesia, amply testifies to the greatness of this amazing Englishman.

What man in all history ever accomplished more of real importance than did Cecil Rhodes? No Roman emperor ever won a greater extent of territory.

Rhodes was less than forty-nine years old when he died. His last words were: "so little done, so much to do." He was buried in his chosen resting place, a plateau on top of a high mountain in Rhodesia. An important act of tribute at his death would seem to indicate that he had made his part in the enlargement of the British Empire actually beneficial to those most vitally concerned. On this occasion the natives whom he had conquered and then befriended gave him the royal salute only given to their kings. Thus they bade farewell to the one they had learned to love as the Great Spirit of Africa.

Service to humanity, the great end, and the spirit of Cecil Rhodes lives today in

the Scholarships to which he left his vast fortune and through which he hoped could be brought about that close union of English speaking peoples which, to his way of thinking, would be truly necessary for the promotion of the best interests of mankind. What is the nature of these scholarships is the first question which might logically be asked. They are open to selected students from the British colonies, Germany, and the United States. The fortunate young men are entitled to three years residence and study at various colleges of Oxford University. The United States has ninety-six—two for each state. The scholarships have each at the present time an annual income of approaching \$2000. Mr. Rhodes in his will specifically stated that he did not desire mere "book-worms" to enjoy the scholarship advantages, but the students elected should be all-round men, of superior scholastic ability, fond of manly outdoor sports, and of high character. The mode of selection was left in the hands of committees in the various countries and colonies. The examinations are not competitive but are merely to test the applicants fitness for the honor. The first examination in the United States was held in 1904. Except in Massachusetts where candidates from secondary schools are accepted, American applicants must have reached the end of the second year in some college or university which grants degrees. Up to date the majority of Rhodes scholars have shown a preference for law, so that the Rhodes students will some day help to fill the ranks of distinguished public men.

What are the benefits of residence at Oxford that these scholarships should be considered of such paramount importance? In the first place the fact that these picked young men of different parts of the world being brought together results in a more complete and sympathetic understanding among them cannot be denied. That the feeling of kinship will be spread more and more in the process of time, and therefore that closer union preached by the practical dreamer become a reality is a logical consequence to expect. Secondly, the advantages at Oxford are equalled no-

where else in the world, and indirectly at least the countries profit from the experiences of their representatives. Sport for sport's sake is one of the finest things existing at Oxford. Here is something which, if more prevalent, would benefit the whole world, the United States in particular. Freed from the curse of spectators, there is no finer moral and social training in the world than sport. Under the conditions existing at Oxford, the idea that it would be a thousand times better to lose a game than to commit the slightest unfair action does not need to be argued. The absence of spectators takes nothing from the keenness of the contest, but it makes that keenness a healthy normal human desire to win or do one's best, rather than a frenzied feeling that the only two courses before the player are victory or suicide.

Last and most important of all, which makes the Rhodes scholarships the great serviceable forces they were intended to be, if the young man has the capacity of assimilation, if he can become a part of what he meets, he should return home from Oxford a citizen of the world. He gets out of his experience an international point of view. Our scholar, for instance, come home with the conviction that the United States should play a larger and more generous part in European affairs, that no amount of distrust of the traditional methods of European diplomacy can make it any less true that we are among the family of nations in a very small world, rapidly growing smaller.

A dreamer, a practical one—the kind that goes to work to make his dreams come true; his genius, a useful one—the kind which is one-tenth inspiration and nine-tenths perspiration, Cecil John Rhodes today is best known as the diamond king, the empire builder, but the time may come when, above all else, he will be famous as the man who founded the Rhodes Scholarships so important in promoting world peace.

Russell Barnes '26.

Torch Oration

Mr. President, Fellow Classmates, and Friends: Reading High School is a comparatively old institution, and during its long career, a great many classes have passed through it.

Each of these transient groups, intentionally, or otherwise, left to its successor a legacy which was taken up, perhaps lightly and without the full comprehension of its meaning, was added to, and was again passed on. This legacy was tradition, some of which was good, and the rest not so good. In the course of time, those traditions which were not worthy passed away, leaving only those which were fine, for they alone could endure the acid test of years. They now remain, the indelible mark made by classes, many of which are perhaps themselves nearly forgotten.

ed.

The pupils of Reading High School all are keepers of these traditions but each year, the Seniors, because of their more mature age, and accordingly more sober judgment, have come to consider themselves the especial guardians of this sacred trust.

We, the Class of 1926, are about to leave. If we have not been able to contribute anything to our heirloom, we hope that at least we have kept it untarnished. But now it must pass to other hands, those of next year's Senior Class.

Traditions are seldom concrete things, but rather matters of sentiment. Nevertheless, as their material symbol, we have chosen the Torch, the eternal emblem of all things lofty and fine.

Now, Mr. President, as representative of the Class 1927, we hope that you will accept this torch with all it signifies.

Charles R. Jones '26.

Class of '26 List

HELEN ABBOTT

Junior Woman's Club '24, '25, '26
 Senior Play Committee '26
 Pioneer Board '25, '26
 Senior Picnic Committee '26
 "And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
 A nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
 Of finer form or lovelier face"

MARGARET ADAMS—"Cubbie"

Ambition: Concert artist (piano)
 Operetta '23
 Basketball '24, '26
 Tormentor Board '25
 Junior Senior Reception Com. '25
 Special Chorus '25, '26
 Junior Woman's Club '25, '26
 Captain Basketball '26
 "Good will is the most practical force
 in the universe"

MARGARET BABINE—"Beanie"

Ambition: To grow
 Tormentor '26
 Costume Committee Senior Play '26
 Office Work '26
 "A still small voice"

HELEN BADGER

Ambition: To travel
 Class Basketball '25
 "Hurry, scurry, helter, skelter"

FLORENCE BAKER—"Floga"

Ambition: Government interpreter
 Graduation Chorus '25
 Senior Play Committee '26
 "A merry heart goes all the day"

LOIS BAKER—"Loga"

Ambition: To go around the world
 Senior Play '26
 Senior Class Ring and Pin Com. '26
 "Sighed and looked unutterable
 things"

RUSSELL BARNES—"Russ"

Ambition: To become a civil engineer
 Class Basketball '24, '25 '26
 Pioneer Board '25, '26
 Vice-President '26
 Senior Play '26
 Traffic Squad '26
 Fire Squad '26
 "A short saying often contains much
 wisdom."

ALDANA BURROWS—"Dana"

Ambition: Certified public accountant
 Senior Play Candy Committee '26
 "A tale is everything"

HENRY CARLETON—"Hennie"

Ambition: To be a Professor at
 R. H. S.
 Senior Party Committee '25
 Manager of Football '26
 "Wisely and slow:
 They stumble that run fast"

CORNELIA CELL—"Con"

Ambition: To amount to something
 Class Basketball '23, '24
 Special Chorus '24
 Graduation Chorus '24, '25
 Junior Women's Club '24, '25 '26
 Varsity Hockey '25
 Varsity Basketball '25, '26
 Senior Banquet Committee '26
 Senior Card Committee '26
 "Put on your boldest suit of mirth,
 For we have friends that propose
 merriment"

PHYLLIS CLARK—"Phil"

Ambition: Stenographer
 "All I ask is to be let alone"

HAROLD COHEN

Ambition: To be a physician
 Tormentor '25, '26
 Senior Ring and Pin Committee '26
 Senior Picnic Committee '26
 "He was so generally civil that nobody
 thanked him for it"

JOHN CONDON—"Jack"

Ambition: First-class machinist
 Pageant '25
 Senior Play Committee '26
 "The man was mechanically turned"

HELEN CONEFY

Ambition: Success in business
 Senior Picnic Committee '26
 Tormentor Board
 "The secret of success is constancy"

NELCENA COPELAND—"Nellie"

Ambition: Secretary
 Christmas Chorus '25
 Tormentor Board
 Senior Play '26
 Salutatorian
 "Zealous yet modest"

WALTON CROCKER—"Sugar"

Ambition: To see this world before the next

Class Basketball '23, '24, '25

Varsity Football '25

Varsity Baseball '25

Varsity Basketball '26

Varsity Baseball '26

Traffic Squad '26

Fire Squad '26

"Yes, I hold with firm persistence"

DOROTHY CRONIN—"Dot"

Ambition: To be successful in the business world

Special Chorus '24

Graduation Chorus '24

Stock Room Assistant '24, '25

Senior Play Committee '26

Tormentor Board

"I keep close to my business"

ANNIE CROWELL—"Ann"

Ambition: Certified Public Accountant

Tormentor Board '25

Treasurer '25, '26

Senior Play Committee '26

Commencement Reception '26

Class Basketball

Office Work '26

Junior Woman's Club

"I'll be merry and free

I'll be sad for nae-body"

RICHARD CUMMINGS—"Trapper"

Ambition: First Class Machinist

Senior Play Committee '26

Pageant '25

"Not o'er-stepping the bounds of modesty"

WINTHOP CUTCLIFFE—"Count"

Ambition: "The man whose ambition was to be a waiter"

Class Basketball '23, '24

Class Treasurer and Secretary '24, '25

Class Council '24

Varsity Basketball '25, '26

Traffic Squad '25, '26

Varsity Basketball, Captain '26

Senior Play Committee '26

Fire Squad '26

"They that govern most, make the least noise"

HELEN DICKINSON—"Bobbie"

Ambition: Painter

"I would I were a painter"

EDWIN DOHERTY—"Doc"

Ambition: To tame the world and then settle down

Football '23, '24, '25

Baseball '25, '26

Class Basketball '26

Senior Play Scenery Committee '26

"First in the fight and every graceful deed"

LEONE DOUCETTE—"Zeke"

Ambition: Secretary

Graduation Chorus '25

Tormentor Board '25, '26

Senior Play Committee '26

"Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm"

WALTER DOUCETTE

Ambition: To drain the water out of Jordan Marsh

Football '25

Class Basketball '25

Senior Play '26

"He talks of wood; it is some carpenter"

FLETCHER EAMES

Ambition: Very ambitious

Radio Club

Senior Play Committee '26

Tormentor

"A mighty man was he"

CHARLES ELLIS—"Charlie"

Ambition: Chemical Engineer

Round-Up Board '24, '25

Pioneer Board '25, '26

Head Usher Senior Play '26

Stationery Committee '26

Fire Squad '26

Traffic Squad '26

Salutatorian '26

"Deliberation sat on his brow"

ALICE ENGLUND—"Al"

Ambition: To be of some use in this world

Senior Play Committee '26

Gift Committee '26

"Happiness seems made to be shared"

VIRGINIA FORBES

Ambition: Designer

Senior Play Committee '26

"Patience is powerful"

FRANCES FOWLER—"Fran"

Ambition: To grow up

Class Basketball '23

Soccer '23

Special Chorus '23
 Class Council '24
 Mannequin '24, '25, '26
 Junior Woman's Club '24, '25, '26
 Varsity '24, '25, '26
 Hockey '25

Chairman Jr. Prom '25
 Senior Play Committee '26
 Election Committee '26
 "A woman is always changeable and capricious"

ELEANOR FULTZ—"Ellie"

Ambition: To be a traveling companion to a rich old lady

Class Basketball '23, '24
 Graduation Chorus '24, '25
 Hockey '25
 Varsity Basketball '25, '26
 Chairman Stationery Com. '26

"Speak then to me who neither beg nor fear"

Your favours nor your hate"

ERNEST GAW—"Chippie"

Ambition: Athletic Coach

Operetta '23
 Class Basketball '23, '24, '25, '26
 Class Baseball '23
 Debating Club '24, '25, '26
 Varsity Basketball '25, '26
 Varsity Football '25, '26
 Senior Play Committee '26

"I would help others out of a fellow feeling"

WILLIAM GAW—"Bill"

Ambition: To be as ambitious as a turtle

Class Baseball '23, '24
 Class Basketball '23, '24, '25
 Football '24, '25
 Commencement Committee '25
 Senior Play '26

"A cheerful life is what the Muses love"

DORIS GODDARD—"Dot," "Dottie"

Ambition: Pull teeth

Class Basketball '23
 Mannequin '24, '25, '26
 Special Chorus '24, '25, '26
 Junior Woman's Club '24, '25, '26
 Junior Vice-President '25
 Commencement Reception Com. '25
 Class Secretary '26
 Manager Basketball '26
 Christmas Cantata '26

"Pearl of great price"

ELMER GOODWIN

Picnic Committee '26
 "What nature wants, commodious gold bestows"

FRANK GRAUPNER

Ambition: Nil

Educational Play '24
 Tormentor '24, '25
 Senior Ring Committee '26
 Senior Play Com. '26
 "For I must needs warn the world how fast time speeds"

MARCIA HAM—"Marsh"

Ambition: To be an astronomer

Secretary Class '25
 Several Class Committees
 Asst. Mgr. Girls' Basketball
 Special Chorus
 Junior Woman's Club
 "The February born will find sincerity and peace of mind"

CONSTANCE HENDON—"Connie"

Ambition: To be "So Big"

Hockey '25
 Gym Exhibition '25
 Class Basketball '25
 Pres. Girls' Sewing Club '26
 Stationery Committee '26
 Special Chorus
 "I hasten to laugh at everything"

ALBERT HODSON—"Al"

Ambition: Marine or electrical engineer

Traffic Squad '26
 Fire Squad '26
 Senior Play '26
 Stationery Committee '26
 Class Basketball
 "When the mind is in a state of uncertainty"

HARLAN HOOK—"Hookie"

Ambition: To be happy and successful

Secretary Debating Society '23
 Debating Society '23, '24, '25
 Round-Up Board '23
 President Debating Society '24, '25
 Pioneer Board '24, '25, '26
 Graduation Chorus '24, '25
 Asst. Business Manager Pioneer '25
 Tormentor Board '25, '26
 Double Quartet '25, '26
 Traffic Squad '25, '26
 Fire Squad '25, '26

Business Mgr. Tormentor '25, '26
 Memorial Day Play '26
 Business Manager Pioneer '26
 Gift Committee '26
 Chairman Senior Play Ticket Com.
 Class Historian '26
 "I have no precious time at all to spend"

WENDELL HORTON—"Winnie"

Ambition: Journalist
 Class Basketball '25
 Chairman Class Motto Committee '26
 Ch. Costume Com. Senior Play '26
 Debating Club '26
 Varsity Basketball '26
 "Gaily I live as ease and nature taught"

JOHN BROOKS HOWARD, Jr.—

"Johnny," "Brooksie"

Ambition: To elucidate the realm of North American Avifauna and perhaps to discover Echinodermata, Pseudoscorpionida and Crustae.

Debating Club '23, '24
 Christmas Play '24
 Secretary Debating Club '24, '25
 Radio Club '24, '25
 Health Play '25
 Pageant '25
 President Debating Club '25
 Chairman Xmas Card Committee '25
 Traffic Squad '25, '26
 Fire Squad '25, '26
 Tormentor Board '25, '26
 Senior Play '26
 Memorial Play '26
 Sports Committee '26
 Class Prophecy '26

"Go forth under the open sky, and list to nature's teachings"

JOHN INGALLS—"Jack"

Ambition: A secret

Class Basketball
 Pioneer Board '25, '26
 Tormentor Board

"The place to be happy is here,
 The time to be happy is now"

CHARLES R. JONES—"Dobby"

Ambition: To be a free man

Round-Up '23 '24
 Pageant '25
 Fire Squad '25, '26
 Class President '25, '26

Pioneer Board '25 '26

Editor Pioneer '25, '26

Commencement Reception '25

"He is free who lives as he wishes to live."—Epictetus

"Tho' modest on unembarrassed brow
 Nature has written 'Gentleman'"

DORIS KENNEY—"Dot"

Ambition: To be a private secretary

Indian Club Exhibition '25

Stationery Committee '26

Picnic Committee '26

"Contentment furnishes constant joy"

EVELYN LEWIS—"Vlyn"

Senior Play Committee '26

"Silence is more musical than speech"

H. LYMAN

"Strange to the world, he wore a bashful look"

DONALD LYONS—"Ding"

Class President '23, '24

Class Basketball '26

Football—Captain Elect '26

Basketball Mgr. '26

Senior Play Committee '26

Pioneer '24, '25 '26

Jr. Prom Committee '25

Baseball '25

Tormentor '25

Football '23, '24, '25

Round-Up Dance Committee '24

Round-Up '23

Fire Squad '22, '23

Student Council '22, '23, '24

Picnic Committee '26

Chairman Sports Committee

Class Will '26

"Joy rides in me, like a summer's moon"

ALLEN MAXWELL—"Mac"

Tormentor '26

"An ounce of enterprise is worth a pound of privilege"

DOROTHY McCLINTOCK—"Dot"

Ambition: Bookkeeper or stenographer

Senior Play Candy Committee '26

"I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content"

FRANCES McINTIRE—"Frannie"

Ambition: To excel Fannie Farmer

"I never with important air

On conversation overbear"

RUSSELL MEIKLE—"Russ"

Ambition: To Travel

Class Basketball '23, '24, '25, '26

Senior Play Committee '26

Chairman Gift Committee '26

"The force of his own merit makes his way"

EDITH MELLEN—"Ted"

Ambition: To finish school

Junior Woman's Club '24

Senior Play Committee '26

"Silence is commendable"

ELIZABETH MERCER—

"Betty," "Beth"

Ambition: Concert pianist

Field Hockey '25

Tormentor Board

Senior Play Committee '26

Special Chorus '26

Stock Room Assistant '26

"Mistress of herself though China falls"

VIRGINIA MERRILL—

"Gin," "Ginny"

Ambition: To become Governor of Mass. or President of the United States. In working up I shall follow the vocation of kindergarten teacher

Hockey Team '25

Captain Basketball '25

Varsity Basketball '26

Ch. Senior Play Candy Com. '26

"The most magnificent sign of wisdom is continual cheerfulness"

KATHLEEN MERRITT—"Kay"

Orchestra

"Genius must be born and never can be taught"

MABEL MERRITT—"Maybe"

"She has a gift to feel

A pleasantness, a mirth

In all quiet things"

MARION MEUSE—"Mam"

Ambition: To be kitten on the keys

Special Chorus

"Music, when soft voices die,

Vibrates in the memory"

HAZEL MORRISON—"Haz"

Ambition: C. P. A.

Junior-Senior Reception Com. '25

Junior Woman's Club

Fashion Show '26

Picnic-Lunch Committee '26

High School Orchestra

"No question is ever settled

Until it is settled right"

ROBERT MOYER—"Bob"

Ambition: To become a scientific and electrical engineer

Junior Reception Committee '25

Picture Committee '26

Picnic Committee '26

President Radio Club '26

Class Basketball

Tormentor

"With all good grace to grace a gentleman"

MURIEL MUSSELLS—

"Mima," "Red"

Ambition: Artist

Graduation Chorus '25

Style Show '26

Senior Play '26

"A flaming meteor shone for hair"

FRANK NORTON—"Franky"

Graduation Chorus '23, '24, '25

Debating Club '24

Football '24, '25

Male Octet '25

Christmas Cantata '25

Easter Cantata '25

Senior Ring and Pin Committee

Senior Dance Committee

Senior Play '26

"Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre"

GARRIT OLDENBROOK

Ambition: Chemical or electrical engineer

Baseball '25

Senior Play '26

Class Elections '26

"So much one man can do,

That does both act and know"

VIRGINIA PARSONS—"Ginny"

Ambition: Artist

Graduation Chorus '25

Basketball '25

"Like to an island in the sea

Stands your personality"

LAWRENCE PARTELOW—"Buff"

Ambition: Physician of some kind

Fire Squad '26

Debating Team '26

Varsity Basketball '25, '26

Chairman Senior Dance Com. '25

You don't believe me? Figure it out for yourself, then by means of logs, sines, tangents, sulphuric acid, or even Latin and you will see that 15,552,000 seconds is as near right as can be and leave the historian with a clear conscience. Here's the method: 180 days, for 4 years, at six hours a day, times the next smaller division of time which Mr. Pope has so instilled into our minds, by means of numerous problems, and your answer will be 15,552,000 seconds.

It has taken us that length of time to make history. Now let us survey our own narrative of what we, as civilized men and women, have thought and done in past times. The first thing to do is to "make a rapid preliminary survey of the material to be covered" and "with a flying start" we can review our brief, yet vastly important history.

Prehistoric

First we have a period known as Prehistoric, or before written records. This period is brief enough in that it covers about 12 years of time, when we as youngsters succeeded in doing what was all wrong and never remembered to do the right thing, though we did succeed in learning our R's, you know what three.

But we progressed through this period in lightning style with the help of our brilliant predecessors, including many teachers and our beloved principal, Miss Alice Barrows.

Does this prehistoric age seem vague to you, peculiar, or even funny? If it does you can take part in the dumb-bell drill, which has been so well demonstrated by some of our girls during Education Week.

Ancient

Out of this era of antiquity we pass to another, which covers two years of time. This time, our Ancient History, was well spent for we became better prepared, if you will recall the words of Dr. Barker, "to do what has to be done, when it ought to be done, whether we like to do it or not."

During that period, so ancient and so honorable, many events occurred. From a state of barbarism, we progressed until we became real thinkers, and organized a democratic, self-governing group at our class meetings.

"Ding" Lyons became our president and also a member of the Student Council. "Fran" Porch and "Al" Levenson were elected to the Round-Up Board. "Fran" also became a note-worthy Ciceronian and has orated to "Dobbie" Jones, our president, ever since. "Pete" Southwick, "Ma" Adams, "Dobbie" Jones, and "Chippie" Gaw lent their voices to touching, yet pitiful harmony, in the operetta "A Lass of Limerick Town." The varsity girls' basketball team captured "Buster" Harvey, who once was ours, as our representative. With heartfelt affection, we extended sympathy to "King" Jarvis while he swelled up with the mumps. Next "Dot" Goddard and "Hooky" were made Round-Up desperados who attempted to capture news from their lazy classmates. However, lest I bore you, we must remember that famous Durfee game and the clever work of our basketball stars of the season, "Beth" Fowler and "Mic." But we were kept busy sprinting for Coach Taylor, and answering in tones that allowed no discussion, "I have no oral theme today."

Ancient (continued)

The teachers needed a vacation, so we followed suit and took ten weeks, coming back fresh, but not Freshmen, for another 180 days. We chose "Ding" president again, with "Count" Cutcliffe, secretary-treasurer, and "Jack" Ingalls, as "Ding's" assistant.

Those were the good old days when we had such dignified and austere gentlemen as "Ben" Nichols, "Elsie" Hill and "Van" for upper classmen. "Van" showed his dignity when he acclaimed, "A zebra is a sport model jack-ass."

At this time we had a clever young man known as "Chass" Ellis enter our class, and he contributed bushels of poetry to the Round-Up. As real and genuine floormen, we evened up in the class series of basketball losing 3 games and taking as many in return. "Ma" Adams, "Buster" Harvey, and "Fran" Fowler made the girls' varsity basketball team and they showed up the green and white in flying array.

"Jack" Spear was our private representative to the boys' varsity team.

The Senior play, "Rose o' Plymouth

Town," was witnessed by us and also the gracious gift of the same class to "Doc" Doherty, "a cake of Palmolive soap to keep his school girl complexion." Yet those days soon vanished and we passed to a more blissful time known as the Medieval Period.

Medieval

A year, or if you like percent better, 25% of our history-making is included in this period. "Fran" Porch, "Dobbie" Jones, "Ding" Lyons, and "Chass" Ellis represented us upon the Round-Up Board as literary characters and "Hooky" held the assistant managership and the Board dast not refuse us.

Nevertheless we were still in the "Dark Ages" and we presented some mighty and noble warriors for the football team, "Doc" Doherty, "Ding" Lyons, and "Paully" Clements.

"Our little Helen" Badger wrote her nation-wide play entitled "Patent Medicine." The Copley Theatre audience appreciated it, though the patent ran out and we just missed a noble prize. The Junior Prom came next with "Fran" Fowler chairman, and Marcia Ham, "Ma" Adams, "Ding" Lyons, and "Jack" Spear as assistants. It was quite the affair and needless to say it is well remembered.

With a knack all his own, "Chass" Ellis continued to present poetry to the Pioneer.

In the early spring an intruder came to R. H. S. and took away "our" Miss Abbott. We soon recovered and things changed to the "Renaissance" period.

"Jack" Spear, "Count" Cutcliffe, and "Buff" Partelow with "Ding" Lyons as assistant manager reported as our agents for basketball. With no regard to seniority the Sophomores captured the class basketball series from us, though "Sug" Crocker and "Buff" Partelow made the all-class team.

"Johnny" Howard held out as president of the Debating Club and became famous as a debater and humorist, mostly the latter. We were then well "revived" and crushed our final exams in "steam roller" fashion and topped off by tendering a dance to the Seniors. This affair was well taken care of by "little Annie" Crowell aided by Marcia Ham,

Hazel Morrison, "Dobbie" Jones, "Bob" Moyer and "Ding" Lyons.

A few days passed by and we saw such notables as "Hilly," "Van," and "Bob" Merritt evacuate. With one loud and triumphant acclaim, we took possession of R. H. S. as supreme rulers of the student body.

To date we had covered almost 11,500,000 seconds of the 15,552,000 seconds of our school life. Urged by the dying words of Anaxagoras, "Give the boys a holiday," we departed for a brief relapse before we entered the well-known, much-talked of period known as Modern History.

Modern History

This era constitutes a most important part of World History and also of the history of the Class of 1926. We fairly dove into the "Tormentor" work and out of habit swamped the "Pioneer" Board with "Dobbie" Jones, and "Fran" Porch, joint editors, and a staff composed of "Ding" Lyons, "Chass" Ellis, Helen Abbott and "Russ" Barnes, while "Hooky" held the check book, with Mr. Halpin cautiously watching his every scribble.

The first issue of the "Pioneer" to meet the eye of modern scholars was presented with all but seven articles labelled '26. Most of them bore the immortal seal of our president, "C. J. '26." In this issue we intended to reveal what our teachers did in the summer time, but the interviews were quite tame, as many were too bashful to give details and personal lights which would add much to such narratives.

"Chippie" and "Billy" Gaw, "Doc" Doherty, and "Tommy" Phillips with "Hennie" Carleton, manager, reported for football duty with the squad. Then came another "Pioneer" with but four articles of other brand than '26.

"Buff" Partelow managed a Senior Party for us, which was a delightful affair, especially financially. When the Christmas cantata was presented "Dot" Goddard, "Ma" Adams, "Pete" Southwick, "Mil" Scaulon, "Franky" Norton, "Tommy" Phillips, and "Hooky," like so many angels, carolled "Good will to men."

The day passing rapidly, we saw our

fiery captain "Count" Cutcliffe, with "Sug" Crocker, "Winnie" Horton, "Jack" Spear, and "Buff" Partelow on the floor as our defenders, while "Ding" Lyons held the manager's hold.

The girls presented "Ma" Adams, as captain, with "Gin" Merrill, "Fran" Fowler, "Uppie" Upton, "Elly" Fultz, and "Connie" Cell as mates for the girls' varsity team in basketball.

To break the strain of sports and otherwise we had double doses of school, especially College English. But we had such brilliant classmates as "Franky" Norton, who relieved the tension by dramatically reciting three lines from Macbeth, "Hail, hail, hail."

Our Senior play, "The Thirteenth Chair," which was a huge and delightful success came next. "Kay" Sweetser, Louise Richardson, "Fran" Porch, Muriel Mussells, Helen Reed, Lois Baker, Nelceena Copeland, "Franky" Norton, "Russ" Barnes, "Buggie" Eames, Walter White, Walter Doucette, Garrit Oldenbrook, "Al" Hodson, "Tommy" Phillips, and "Billy" Gaw were the cast. The committee chairmen were "Winnie" Horton, costumes; "Jack" Condon, properties; "Ellie" Weale, scenery; "Uppie" Upton, publicity; and "Hooky" tickets. "Johnny" Howard and "Bob" Moyer lent valuable aid to the production. Miss Francois of Boston, with the able help of Miss Pratt and Miss Warren coached the play, which was presented two nights. The financial returns well watched by Miss Pratt's scrutinizing organs of vision were very complete and gratifying, and might be boasted of, if we were not always so modest. Because of this fund, we are enjoying a happy and inexpensive graduation.

"Old Wales" body, the football dummy, just a few days after the play, had to be carried to the attic and in the process "Dobbie" Jones with the grace of a dignified president of this, the Class of 1926, proceeded to ostentatiously slip through the ceiling of Room B much to Miss Ames' horror.

Being far from musical geniuses, we tired out poor Mr. Wilson and he had to leave for quieter work. I'm sure Miss Pratt will tell us it was a wise and very

sane move.

The baseball season opened with Boyd Stewart, manager, and some Senior squad men, "Sug" Crocker, "Winnie" Horton, "Doc" Doherty, and "Jack" Spear as our representatives.

The skirmish that always comes in preparation for graduation came for us, of course. We had class meetings, class meetings, class meetings, and class meetings. Walter White was chosen chairman of picnic; "Ding" Lyons, sports; Muriel Mussells, banquet; "Russ" Meikle, gift; and "Ma" Adams, class elections. Some were also chosen to strut their stuff tonight at this honorable banquet. After quite a discussion as is common on any important question, we chose to go to Provincetown for the picnic. Who will ever forget it? If you do forget to remember June 16, 1926, then turn to the poem called "The Secret of the Sea" which runs:

"Ah, what pleasant visions haunt me,
As I gaze upon the sea!"

Commencement has cast its shadow over us and not a Senior knows where to go, and what to do next. These are busy days.

In this state of affairs we close the pages of our class history.

Yet, stay, my good classmates and recall with me what we have written on the book of time.

For 259,200 minutes, as 87 of the selected young people of Reading, we have journeyed down the path of events. We have traversed 15 classrooms, 2 laboratories, 3 offices, a lunch room, and a gym in this good old R. H. S. We have tread the 211 stairs which have served us with musical accompaniment as elevators for 4320 hours past. We have been trained by 30 different teachers, 2 principals, 1 superintendent of schools, 2 chairmen of the School Committee, a dean of girls, 2 janitors, a janitress, a school doctor, a school nurse, 3 instructors in music, and other helpful supernumeraries.

Now we are ready for the battle of life, with our hand on the scrimmage line and a confidence that these our coaches, are backing us, while the underclassmen cheer from the sidelines, as we take

our plunge into the world. We have played our part as sojourners in the land of education. Now we are ready to make private entries on the book of time and the pages of history.

As we sever to make these personal entries, may we take with us those closing words of Longfellow's "Psalm of Life":

And, departing leave behind us,
Footprints, on the sands of time.

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er Life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing may take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

Harlan J. Hook '26.

Prophecy for the Class of '26

In order to bring you to the full realization of how I came to possess the following facts let me relate my experiences:

My name is Alzabar P. Blop. I am by profession an Ornithologist sent out by the Smithsonian Institution for the purposes of research. I set up my base at the junction of the Ipswich and Amazon rivers and proceeded with investigations. The second day out I chanced upon a veritable "find" in the common vernacular. In the tip of a three foot scrub pine there was found a bird hitherto considered extinct, The Apteryx Australis or Flightless Kiwi, with a wing spread of twenty-seven feet.

Of course we crept upon him unperceived and I put three large pieces of rock salt on the first and second primaries of his folded wings—enough to disable any bird.

After he had been apparently subdued I sat astride him to observe his bright vermilion auriculars the better.

Suddenly, without a bit of warning, I found myself ten feet up in the air and rising rapidly. There was not a thing to do but hold on tightly and hope.

Up, up, and up he circled. The earth

began to round out, to recede and shrink in size. It became a small globe, a dot, and still we went up.

After what seemed an interminable time I began to feel a sensation of light and warmth. Then we stopped and I raised my head to find myself at the Pearly Gates with St. Peter peering out at me. Apparently we had arrived.

However, I fear I am taking too much time, so let it suffice to state that I spent several delightful days with St. Peter, during which I was shown many mysteries.

One of these was the new photoradio-active camera by the aid of which one is enabled to photograph any person, scene, or place on any world. Naturally I became interested and with the kind permission of Saint Peter I was able to secure some unusual likenesses of the members of the class in which I was rather a drab member. These I brought back with me and it is now my privilege to show them to you.

It is altogether fitting and proper that I first present the one under whose guidance we were brought together in the stately conclaves of our senior year—Mr. or rather, Captain Charles Rice Jones.

Captain Jones is one of the few of our class who realized his ambition. That was, in his case, to become a sea captain. Now, ladies and gentlemen, I present to you Captain Jones, commander of the ocean-going swan "Lydia P."

Next let us see the second in command of our 1926 class—Mr. Russell C. Barnes. Mr. Barnes, I believe, set his mind on becoming a civil engineer. I am glad to say that he, too, realized his hopes. He now has charge of a whole elevator in the one-storied La Page skyscraper. You notice he is very civil to ladies.

I now put in the gillickey which enabled me to see in unknown countries. The first person I endeavored to see was Miss Lois Baker, the feminine Burton Holmes. She was then in Argoland, a province of Yap. Her travelogues are quite remarkable.

I next turned to the case of Miss Florence Baker, the Government Interpreter. She has just finished interpreting and checking up, the interpretations which

another interpreter has just interpreted, that is, interpretingly speaking, of course.

Then I sought out Miss Cornelia Cell. Miss Cell, you know, is seeing the world as the living skeleton, with Barnum and Bailey's. She weighs at present, fifty pounds, more or less.

At this moment I happened to remember a Miss Conefy in our class. Well, I didn't have to search far for her, for she is so high in the business world that the camera picked her up very easily. She had just, at that time, graduated from the college of the Shredded Wheat, otherwise known as the Atlantic and Pacific.

Speaking of the high and majestic positions reminds me of Chief Mate Elmer Goodwin. For several days I investigated Mr. Goodwin's case in hopes that I might get him in his most typical and grand position and I finally secured a picture.

As I turned the camera around I happened to pass by the "unknown country" post with an unlooked for result. If I had not gone past this position I never would have caught Mr. Sherwood Upton in his native haunts. He is now, as you are perhaps well aware of, the wild man with Barnum and Bailey's. He was then in his native wilds practicing for the summer season.

With the same organization there are two other members of our class. I say two but I hardly know whether to call the Scanlon twins two or one. Because of their peculiar affinity for each other they have now grown together and are billed as the "only original Siamese twins there ever were or was."

While talking about foreign countries it may be well to take a peek at our old friend Frank Graupner. Frank, you know, is now head of the Oshkosh, Maine, fire department. We were able to get him very busily occupied at his business.

Now, to come back to the good old U. S. A. let us look at Miss Virginia Forbes who is now an artist. In this scene she is painting a water color of an autumn sunset in May, in oil. From the looks of it it should find a ready customer.

A short ways from this the camera picked up a very striking advertisement. It was one which caught the eye at once.

From the Maxfield Parrish color scheme I recognized it at once as the work of Miss Elizabeth Berry. You know she does all the advertising for the Gargle Tooth Powder Company which originated the saying, "Four out of every five have it, the other knows where to get it."

As the camera was still on the "art" connection I swung the lens about to see what else I might pick up. I was agreeably surprised to come across Miss Ella Weale who now resides in the Latin quarter of Venice. She does facial portraits and art studies now wholly. They say she put the "art" in artistic, so high has she risen.

However, "Art" takes in more than mere paint daubers, so as I continued to turn the lens I came across several of my old classmates. The first of these was that celebrated midget, Miss Margaret Adams, who is now making good in the concert line where she has become a famous pianist. It takes a good piano to keep up with her.

To the music world of fame our class of 1926 has added many personalities. Besides Miss Adams I came across a Miss Elizabeth Mercer who represents "finesse" in the way of extracting melody out of one mere piano.

The next one to be seen was Miss Kathleen Merritt, the noted violin virtuoso. She is now touring the country. Unfortunately, however, I was only able to see her in her own suite where she was playing to her one perpetual audience.

The next to be viewed was Miss Esther Southwick, the famous designer of clothing. Miss Southwick, to sum it up in brief, is to design what cloth is to clothes. In this scene she is portrayed at her best liked study.

Another addition to the music world from our class is Madame Mussells, the concert soprano. It is said that one hundred thousand people hear her flute-like bass notes a year. That is recommendation plus to any one.

While we are discussing the stage let us turn to the male section of the class and see what they have to offer. There are not so many but still it was to be expected.

The first person to be noticed was a person almost unknown to me. His

name? It almost slipped my mind, ah, yes, Donald Lyons. "Ding" as he is called in the common vernaculars, is now on Keith's circuit. He has a rather fetching little act entitled, "The Lyon's Den."

A little apart from the stage, but still adaptable, is the case of Mr. John Ingalls, otherwise known as "Mugwump" Ingalls. He is a native dance instructor to the Navajo Indians on their reservations. Here his rather sparse hair is in good standing.

Now let us put the dial on the space marked "Business." Immediately the slide is full of faces for in the strict business world our class has had much to do.

The first of these to be seen was Mr. David Riseman. Mr. Riseman now has a flourishing business in New York. Indeed, as many clients call to see him as do any others. This is because of his business policy, "Give all, take none."

Just outside of New York there is a pretty little island called Coney Island. On this island I happened to look and there I saw Mr. John Condon. He is the head machinist for all the three popcorn machines there in duty now.

This made me think of the other members of our class mechanically declined. So I immediately looked for Mr. Otis Symonds. I was not long in finding him for he was situated not far from Mr. John Condon. He now has an enviable position in the great Ford factory at Osmond, New York.

Not far from here we found the large establishment of "Mr. Walter Doucette and Co., Cabinet Makers de Luxe." Mr. Doucette was to be seen himself taking measurements for a cabinet. These cabinets have to be made very strong as to resist the action of the moist dirt which surrounds them.

We wondered how he could keep up such a large business, but as I turned the camera around I came upon the very evident reason. It was in the shape of a small sign which explained to the world at large that a Dr. Harold Cohen, M. D., was to be found inside. Mr. Harold Cohen now does a rushing business. Rush 'em in, rush 'em off to Walter. Rush the next one in.

As I knew that many in our class had had ambitions to become Scientists I now turned the dial to "Science."

The first "scientist" to be met was Dr. Edwin Doherty P. D. 2. Dr. Doherty had just finished a startling experiment. So startling, in fact, that I believe he is still confined in the Massachusetts General although his chances of recovery are good they tell me.

Another chemical engineer who has risen from the ranks of the R. H. S. Class of 1926 is Robert Cornelius Moyer, C. O. D. He is shown engaged in mixing chemicals within his own domain.

The next place I looked up was the concern of Oldenbrook and Ellis, Electrical Engineers.

The first to be visible was Mr. Ellis. He was engaged in testing whether a large generator was connected up right or not. It was!

His partner, Mr. Oldenbrook, the celebrated Physicist, was found outside with no hat nor coat standing in the rain while a thunderstorm raged all around him. He had hold of a metal kite string which was connected to a large metal kite. In the other hand he grasped a large copper key. Just as we got him in focus the heavens were rent asunder with a terrific flash of lightning. Of course Oldenbrook's hair rose and he passed out, totally, completely, and as a whole, but he assured us later that it was only due to the thoughts of the power going to waste up there. He was proving Benny wrong.

Another "scientist" in our class was Miss Marcia Ham. It was she who discovered that there was no bovine extract in the milky way. At one time she discovered seventy-six and one-third new stars. This was the day she slipped on the ice.

While not strictly a scientist, Miss Annie Crowell has got her business down to a science so we will class her under this title.

She is now a Certified Public Accountant for the H. P. Hood Steel Company. She is also a Certified and Guaranteed Private Accountant as her husband's pants can well testify.

Another one who has also perfected his calling to a science is the Honorable Thomas Henry Phillips. When I say

calling I mean in more ways than one because Sir Thomas is now official door tender and taxi caller for Henry Ford's Submarine Taxi Service.

But the greatest figure in our class, without doubt, is Miss Frances Fowler. Miss Fowler, to use her maiden name, is of majestic proportions, a massive figure, figuratively speaking. She is now running a home for demented basketball players. Always full, too, of course I mean the home.

Another majestic figure is that of Professor Henry Carleton, C. U. The C. U. stands for Culinary Artist, at which profession Henry ranks second to none. R. H. S. is very lucky to have Henry as senior chef.

The fourth person of considerable equitorial protuberance to be seen is Mr. Ernest Gaw, Athletic Coach par excellence. Mr. Gaw is now devoting his entire time to the advancement of the noble games of marbles.

The next group to be investigated is in a class by itself. This is the list of Private Secretaries—plus which we had in our class, together with other places of business:

Miss Phyllis Clark—The I Bunkam Co., Real Estate.

Miss Nelcena Copeland—Francis Brothers' Pharmacy.

Miss Leone Doucette—R. H. S., the second.

Miss Dorothy McClintock—Boston Elevated Subway Co.

Miss Marion Meuse—booking agent for Meuse Troupe of Giant Acrobats.

Miss Dorothy Cronin—has charge of the great 13 book memorial library at Reading.

Any of these can be guaranteed to misplace, lose, forget, and neglect each and every note which they are trusted with.

The next knob to the "Secretary" one happened to be the one labeled "Beach" so I turned to it thinking as I did that is was rather foolish to expect anything in this direction; but, no, I was amply repaid because I found a Mr. Henry Lyman who was in my class of '26. He is now a life saver at Rex Beach and receives on the average of three hundred and eight proposals a century, especially from school teachers.

Not far from this beach there was a famous summer resort. In this resort there is a hill. On this hill there is a path. On that path I found Miss Eleanor Fultz. She is now the travelling companion to a widow Malore, who weighs at present two hundred and eighty-five.

Next we discover Miss Doris Goddard in a pure white uniform creating teeth for those who have none left. Miss Goddard, D. D. S., is now the foremost bicuspid artist in the country.

As I passed from place to place I felt the desire to take a peek at my old high school. So I turned to it and there I had one of the surprises of my life. I turned just in time to see Miss Edith Mellen touch a match to a long fuse which came from under the building. You know her ambition was to finish school.

The sight of this so struck me with remorse that I turned to Paris, France, to seek consolation. As I turned up and down the streets I suddenly came upon a familiar figure. It was that of Miss Shirley Upton, the internationally known buyer. She was here to chose from a complete stock of new styles for American use.

In Toujours, France, I ran across Miss Katherine Sweetser who now dictates what the fashionable people shall wear. She has one of her many mansions here in this beautiful little village. You know she rules the society world on both sides of the drink.

From France I journeyed to Arabia where I found Shiek John Spear. The Shiek was then setting out on a three days' journey around the world. He had the most wonderful tent I have ever seen, solid concrete. He spends his time now travelling.

But the record for travelling is undoubtedly held by Miss Jeanette Underwood. Each day she does at least three hundred miles. The peculiar part is that she always ends at the same place. She now is head of a great taxi company.

The second prize for distance covered goes to Mr. Boyd Stewart, whom I found at his home at Squeedunk, Mo. Every night Mr. Stewart starts at one end of the hall and then back in a monotonous

sentinel tramp. Up and down he goes until silence reigns when he seeks five minutes' peace.

At this time I felt the need to try another subject so I turned to the stop entitled "Musical." I had an idea that perhaps Professor A. F. Simpson could be found here. Yes, he could and was. Mr. Simpson is now a great organist known the town over.

At the same time I met Mr. Paul Wilson who plays a real violin in a real orchestra. I hear he gets his full meal every time he plays!

We next come to one of the most humorous subjects in the whole list. It is the case of Captain Walter C. White. He is shown in full regalia of his rank as captain of the Rear Admiral's Horse Marines.

As Mr. White is very hungry he is dreaming of our classmate Mr. Walton "Fish" "Sugar" Crocker, the versatile basketball-er-manufacturer of Ashkosh County, Arkansas.

Near Mr. Crocker resides Mr. Richard Cummings, the celebrated eye-opener for near-sighted potatoes. Mr. Cummings is kept very busy in spite of his rather common profession.

It was at Albermarle, Ohio (paging Mrs. Davis), that I found our friend Mr. Winthrop Cutcliffe. Mr. Cutcliffe as you perhaps know, is now the head of the Waiters' Union of America. He has offices at his mammoth Ocean View Inn at Albermarle.

Mr. Cutcliffe has a very able and efficient secretary, Miss Aldana Burrows. Miss Burrows has charge of all secretarial and clerical work done in the Waiters' Union. A very high and respected position.

Perhaps you didn't know in '26 we had a poetess in our midst. However, we did, and now we can claim as our own Miss Margaret Babine, the world-renowned lyric poet. Miss Babine is shown now putting atmosphere into a stone-age poem.

In the same house with Miss Babine resides another giant, Miss Helen Dickinson. Miss Dickinson has just been presented a solid zinc medal for proficiency in Auto-painting. You know its all the rage now. She takes after her father.

From there I skipped back to New York where by means of my wonderful camera I was able to photograph Mr. Fletcher Eames, the second Earl Carroll, at his domestic study of washing the dog in the sink. He had quite a write-up in the papers about it.

It was in New York that I came across Mr. William Gaw, the sole proprietor of the Hayseed Center combined Haberdashery and Cafeteria. Mr. Gaw was then engaged in taking stock of the store for the rush season. He had already purchased the necessary 3 sets of overalls and two plows.

While in New York I heard of the impending arrival of Miss Francis Perch so with all haste I rushed down to the dock via the camera and there I had quite a surprise. I met Chief Engineer Albert Hodson. Mr. Hodson had been testing his self-inking oil can and was quite overjoyed.

As I turned to leave this interesting scene I came lens face with a very familiar figure. It was Mr., or rather Deacon Hook. Harlan is now president of the Watch and Word Plus Society and was just reconnoitering.

He was engaged in questioning Mr. Wendell Horton, the promising young journalist. Mr. Horton now has absolute rule over every corner from West to Forty-ninth Streets.

I next turned the lens back to Reading. Here I found many of our former classmates.

The first was Miss Helen Badger, the dancer. Miss Badger is now teaching aesthetic dancing. She had quite a following now.

At Reading High I found Madame Reed who is now teaching Francais. Miss Reed speaks French so fluently that even the French cannot understand her.

From this department I went to the English classrooms and found Miss Louise Richardson in charge. This lady now teaches all the Freshmen and she looks all worn out. If she had had us to teach she would have been totally worn out.

From Reading High I skipped to the Abbott-Porch School of Medieval Plumbing which is located in North Reading. It now has a total enrollment of 13 in-

cluding the teachers.

After this I turned to Boston for prospects. In this city I saw the firm of Maxwell, Maxwell and Maxwell, electrical contractors. Unluckily Mr. Maxwell was out but I was able to see the concern.

The next person I perceived was Mr. Russell Meikle, the lecturer and traveller. Mr. Meikle has kept a record of one set of his journeys which I believe would be very interesting, but as this is his personal diary I doubt if we can see it.

In Notabigga Park in Attabasco, Vermont, I first saw our man of leisure, Mr. Frank Norton. Mr. Norton was at that time bound for South America for the winter.

With him was Mr. Lawrence Partelow who also was journeying south for the winter. Mr. Partelow has quite a few residences along the route. He blows bubbles for a living now.

Perhaps you don't know that Miss Elizabeth Berry is now making good as a big game hunter in the wilds of Rhode Island. She has just presented three skins of rare ring-tailed whoopenblatt to the Governor!

Our cute Miss Alice Englund, the financial wizard, now holds an office open on Canal Street, Boston, where she is showing Ponzi the dust. Leave it to Alice.

Another person who is a P. C. A. is Miss Constance Hendon. In fact, she has her alcove on the forty-third story of the Woolworth Building; that's how high she is getting.

Miss Doris Kenney, with no ambition, is at home doing cross-word puzzles, in a chair filled about her with cobwebs.

One of our classmates wished to become President of the United States. Well all I can say is that Miss Merrill is now Pres- of the er- United States- Toothpick Company!

But, as time presses, I will merely record the names of some of the other classmates, together with their businesses.

Miss Hazel Morrison—B. & M. steamship line.

Miss Evelyn Lewis—The "Readem and Weep" Joke Book Pub. Co.

Miss Frances McIntire—A Shaunessy's laundry.

Miss Mabel Merritt—Merritt's Antique Furniture Manufacturing Company

Miss Margaret Fitzpatrick—Demonstrator in a famous New York reducing parlor.

This last bit is perhaps out of the true prophecy line, but I hereby prophesy that if you, as individuals, will live up to the words of this following, you will make your lives a success:

If any little word of ours can make one life the brighter;

If any little song of ours can make one heart the lighter;

God help us speak that little word and take our bit of singing,

And drop it in some lonely vale, and set the echoes ringing.

John B. Howard, Junior, '26.

The Class Will

In the name of yeomen, this twenty-fourth day of June, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-six, we the Class of 1926, of the town of Reading, County of Middlesex, State of Massachusetts (and according to some of the faculty, of the state of coma), being aware of the uncertainties of life, and not unmindful of the fact that our four years of school activity are past, but of sound mind and memory, do make and declare this to be our last will and testament, in manner following, to wit:

First, We give, devise and bequeath unto the school and faculty, our sincere thanks, not only for our education and culture, but for the patience they have shown in drilling and hammering that education and that culture into our so-called minds: to have and to hold unto said school and faculty, their heirs and assigns forever.

Second, We give, devise, and bequeath unto ourselves, despite all contrary talk of taking things with us after death, the memories of our four years, something which we can give to no one, something which belongs to us, and which we hereby give to ourselves. The memory of how

as Freshmen, we wandered (some of us are still wandering), into this great institution adjusted ourselves to all conditions, is still fresh. The memories of the great games, the classes, the inspiring talks given us, the splendid entertainments sponsored by Mr. Sussmann, the trips to the office (although we made few), the numerous school and social activities, and the wonderful corps of teachers, will stay with us forever, to have and to hold unto said Class of 1926, their heirs and assigns forever.

Third, We give, devise, and bequeath unto the classes, the undergraduates, a few of the faculty and our own class, numerous general bequests, viz:

1. To the classes: A—To the Junior class, our successors, we leave Count Cutcliffe, so they may have at least one good looking boy in their class.

B—To the Sophomore class, we leave this little basketball with the fond hope that they will practice religiously, so on arriving at that exalted state when they will be called Seniors they will be able to uphold the basketball records of R. H. S.

C—To the Freshmen class, for whom we might have set a good example and who have three long years ahead of them in which to improve themselves and make themselves a credit to R. H. S., we leave—well, we'll leave them alone.

2. To the undergraduates, who are not such a bad lot once you know them, we leave them, hoping that they will not forget us.

A—To our Junior girl, Madeline Lyons, we leave the destiny of next year's basketball team, feeling quite secure of its outcome.

B—To our Junior boy, Lawrence Zwicker, we leave the football team, which he will lead to victory next year, and also this wonderful device which enables one to hear the wearer speak only for a radius of about ten feet. Doubtless this will be appreciated by those who take lunch the same period he does. Perhaps he got this way from riding in a certain type of Dodge car, which at times was rather noisy itself. If so, the blame belongs elsewhere.

C—To Clarence Gay, we leave the right to be known henceforth as

“Spike.”

D—To Morton Wade, we leave this golf club which was sent from England by Jesse Sweetser, over the radio.

E—To Helen Turner, we leave this pair of dancing pumps; we trust they will stand the strain.

F—To Ernest Conti, we leave the cake of Palmolive soap that was willed to “Doc” Doherty in 1923, so that he could keep his school girl complexion. “Doc” didn’t need it, his shyness kept that pretty pink blush on his cheek.

G—To Leonice Cook we leave an order for a public speaking system, so that she can make herself heard during the basketball games.

H—To George Siegars we leave the shoes of “Count” Cutcliffe, hoping he will fill them as capably as did “Count.” We also leave him (with all apologies to Harlan Hook), a few unpaid Pioneer bills so that he will have something to do next fall.

I—Not to be outdone by the faculty, we leave one half dozen straight “A’s” to Eleanor Crafts, to add to her collection.

J—To “Al” Merritt we leave the empty presidential chair and hope he will fill it as well as did our president, Charles Jones.

3. To some of the faculty we leave a few tokens, but to all the faculty we leave our deepest sympathy: we realize fully, just what they must put up with next year. Maybe that is the reason the number of periods was cut to seven. We know (and they do too) that they’ll never have another class like ours, so we could do nothing better than to leave them.

A—To Mr. Taylor, our favorite teacher, we leave this little book on domestic science, written by Hermon T. Wheeler. We trust he will become familiar with its contents.

B—To Miss Pratt, our senior advisor, our most hearty thanks for the work she has done in guiding us through the year. She knows more than anyone else just what kind of a class we were.

C—To Miss Warren and Mr. Boehm we also leave our thanks for their work on the Senior Play.

D—To Mr. Aldred we leave husky

Louis Riseman, so that he may have a nucleus around which to build his future football team.

4. To those in our class, we leave the following:

A—To Margaret Adams, we leave this "Mammy" song so that she may use her charming southern dialect.

B—To Russell Barnes, our best looking boy, we leave an arrow collar. What more does he need?

C—To Ernest Gaw in answer to his request, we leave this horse. Crawford Adams couldn't supply him.

D—To Katherine Sweetser, our prettiest girl, we leave nothing. She has more than her share of good looks as it is.

E—To our most original boy, John Howard, prophet, ornithologist, possessed with an analytical mind, etc., we leave this little ray of golden sunshine, with the idea that he may get over his perpetual grouch.

F—To Sherwood who left for Michigan right after class elections we leave this dress-suit.

G—To Charles Jones we leave this toy ship. If he navigates it as well as he has the Pioneer and the Senior Class we will not fear for its safety.

H—To Helen Badger we leave this list of publishers and producers, so she will

not have any trouble in staging her plays.

I—To the Siamese twins, Mildred and Marion Scanlon, who are always together, we leave this little anchor, so that they will never drift apart.

J—To Ella Weale, our class artist, we leave this paint brush.

K—From the faculty we have obtained a "D." This by the way is a special "D" gree, and from northern New Hampshire, and herewith we bequeath it to Frances Fowler with the hope that it will not keep her out of Wellesley. We also know of an "E" to go with the "D."—Michelini.

In Witness whereof, We, the Class of 1926, to this our last will and testament, have hereunto set our hand and seal, this twenty-fourth day of June, nineteen hundred and twenty-six.

Signed Donald Lyons.

Signed, sealed, and declared by Donald W. Lyons, as and for the last will and testament of the Class of 1926, in the presence of us, who, at his request, and in his presence, and in the presence of each other, have inscribed our names hereunto as witnesses thereof

1. Alfred Merritt
2. Richard Pomfret
3. William Carter

Editorial

Charles Ellis shared the Salutatory honors with Miss Nelcena Copeland, but was unable to write an essay because of his health.

Miss Muriel Mussells received faculty honors, but was also forbidden to work on an essay by her physician.



Compliments of

Reading Greenhouses and Nurseries

FLORAL AND NURSERY PRODUCTS

AL WRIGHT'S

MEN'S SHOP

Exclusive Agents For LEOPOLD MORSE CLOTHING
DRESS WELL AND SUCCEED

Blue Serge Suits in Single and Double Breasted Models

\$28.50

\$33.50

38.50

Styles of Today, With a Touch of Tomorrow

*WILL YOU LET US SUIT OURSELVES
IN SUITING YOU WITH AN UP-TO-DATE
LINE OF SHOES AND FURNISHINGS
FOR SPORT, DRESS AND PLAY?*

ESNER'S
“on the square”

Compliments of

TWO FRIENDS

Compliments of

THE MANAGERS

Our Advertisers are our main support, patronize them

H. W. PETERS CO.

Boston's Largest Manufacturers of Emblematic Jewelry

Schools, Colleges and Fraternities a Specialty

BOSTON 32, MASS.

L. F. QUIMBY

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE SERVICE

34 Haven St. Tel. 1050

MEMBER

Mass. R. E. Exchange

Reading Board Trade

SUFFOLK LAW SCHOOL

FOUNDED SEPTEMBER, 1906. FOUR YEAR COURSE, LL. B. DEGREE

DAY SESSIONS: 10 A. M. to 11.30 A. M. 4 P. M. to 5.30 P. M.

EVENING SESSIONS: 6 P. M. to 7.30 P. M. 7.35 P. M. to 9.05 P. M.

Students may attend any division or transfer from one to another

LARGEST LAW SCHOOL IN NEW ENGLAND

Highest percentage of any evening law school for men in all recent bar examinations

Catalog upon request

GLEASON L. ARCHER, LL. B., DEAN

20 Berne Street (Rear of State House) Boston, Mass. Tel. Hay. 0836

THE READING CHRONICLE

THIS BOOK FROM OUR PRESS

Our Advertisers are our main support, patronize them

AUSTIN'S LUNCH

READING SQUARE

QUALITY NOT QUANTITY WELD'S DELICIOUS ICE CREAM

Week Days—Open 5 a. m. to 1 a. m.

Sundays-Holidays-Open 7 a. m. to 1 a. m.

R. A. Lufkin

Choice Provisions

Butter—Eggs Fruit—Vegetables

190 MAIN ST.

Your Satisfaction our Success

SIMPKINS' MARKET

GEORGE CUMMING, PROP.

Exclusive but not expensive

Highest quality of Beef, Pork and
Lamb—Choice Steaks

Reading 0310 37 Haven St.

M. F. CHARLES

Fountain Pens Eversharp Pencils

School Supplies

S. R. Stembridge Company

45 High Street

FILLING STATION

Goodrich Silvertown Balloon

Tires and Tubes

QUALITY MEAT SHOP

H. A. Phillips

C. J. McLean

MEATS and PROVISIONS
Fruits and Vegetables

Tel. 1062

69 Haven St.

TORRE'S

PINEAPPLE ICE CREAM

READING SQ.

Our Advertisers are our main support, patronize them

MOUNTING



TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE.
NUACE

CORNERS

"The Best by Every Test"

The NuAce Corner is an artistic device for holding prints, snapshots or post cards in albums or elsewhere. Place one on each corner of print, moisten, and press down. Print is easily removed, if desired. NuAce are very strong: glue is guaranteed.

NUACE are made in seven colors: BLACK, WHITE, GRAY, SEPIA, RED and GREEN—100 to package; GOLD—60 to package. Only one style and size. Also TITLE TABS—50 to package.

For sale where Photo Goods are sold and at the 5 and 10 Cent Stores.

Made only by ACE ART COMPANY

12 Gould Street

Reading, Mass

PERCY N. SWEETSER

C - O - A - L

BURDETT COLLEGE

FOR YOUNG MEN Burdett College offers Business Administration and Accounting Courses as preparation for sales, credit, financial and accounting positions.



FOR YOUNG WOMEN: Executive Secretarial, Stenographic-Secretarial, and Finishing Courses as preparation for promising secretarial positions.

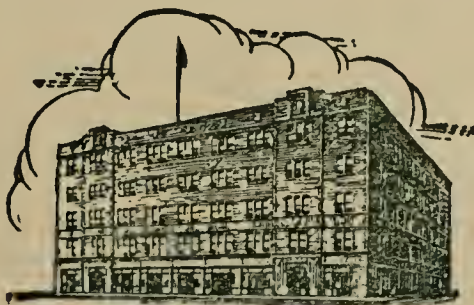


FOR BOTH young men and young women: Office Management and Bookkeeping Courses as preparation for varying types of office positions.

*Previous Commercial
Training not Required for
Entrance*

[A PROFESSIONAL BUSINESS SCHOOL OF COLLEGE GRADE]

Repeats Its Recommendation that young people contemplating a business career finish first their high school course, later entering college or business school as their fitness or need may require.



New Burdett College Building

Distinctive features of Burdett College are: personal attention—able faculty—exceptional preparation—individual advancement—desirable student associates—placement service. Students attending come from universities, colleges, high schools, and academies. Placement calls for graduates numbered 3149 the past year.



BURDETT COLLEGE is interested in high school graduates farsighted enough to see that a high school education supplemented by additional, more highly specialized, training is the best preparation for a useful business career.

*For illustrated catalogue—sent
without obligation—address
F. H. BURDETT, President*

156 STUART STREET, BOSTON, MASS. HANCOCK 6300

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY



DAY DIVISION

THE SCHOOL OF ENGINEERING

In co-operation with engineering firms, offers curriculums leading to the Bachelor of Science degree in the following branches of engineering:

- Civil Engineering
- Mechanical Engineering
- Electrical Engineering
- Chemical Engineering
- Industrial Engineering

THE SCHOOL OF BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

Co-operating with business firms, offers courses leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science in the following fields of business:

- Accounting
- Banking and Finance
- Business Management

The Co-operative Plan of training enables the student to combine theory with two years of practice and makes it possible for him to earn his tuition and a part of his other school expenses.

For catalog or any further information write to:

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

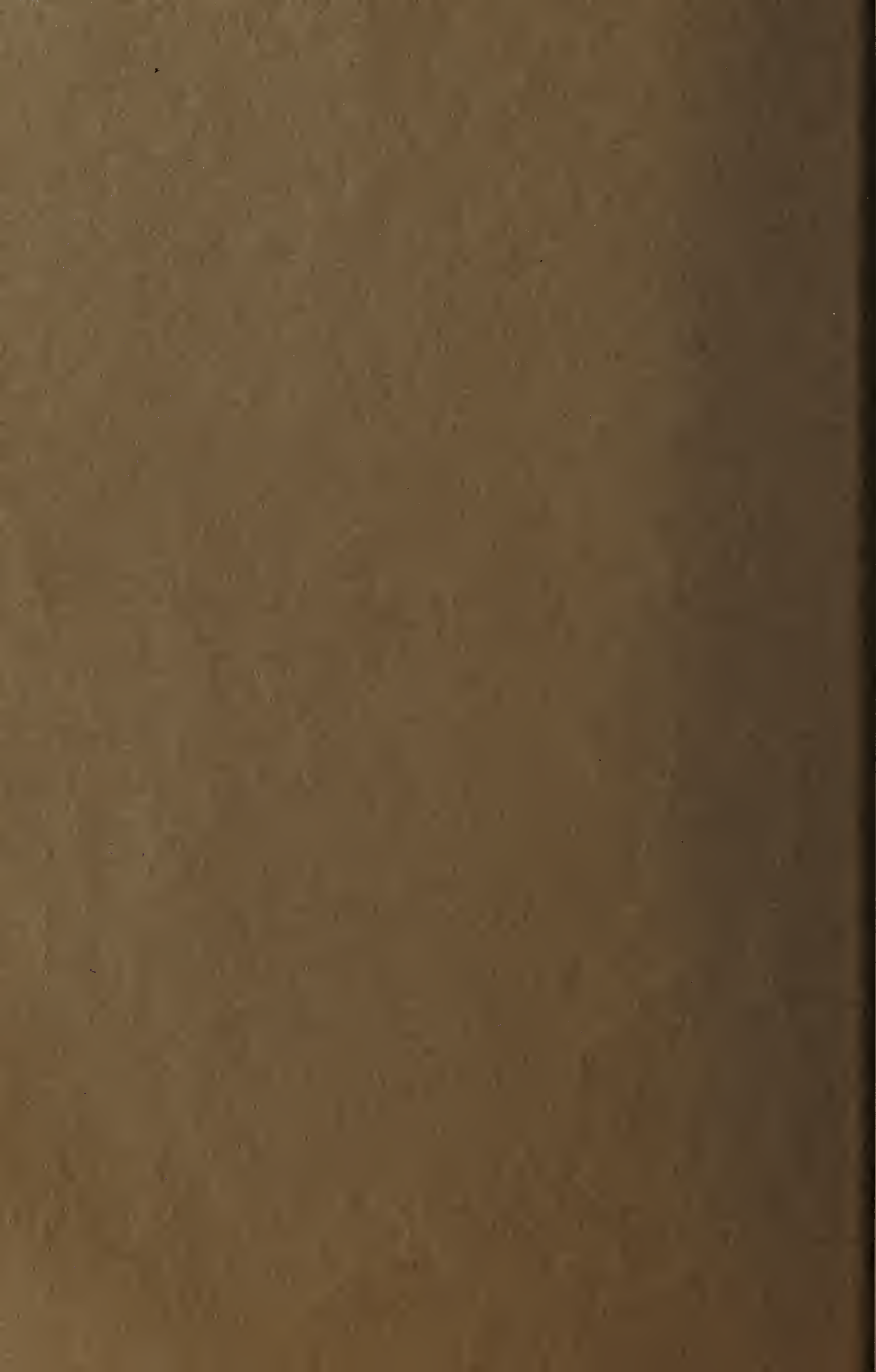
MILTON J. SCHLAGENHAUF, Director of Admissions
Boston, Massachusetts

THE PIONEER



READING HIGH SCHOOL
SENIOR NUMBER

1926-'27



M. Beagin
(Lyons.)

The Pioneer

1926-'27

*974.4405
Pioneer

C. 2

11/71

gift

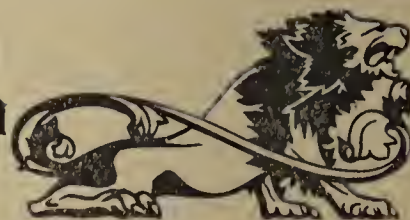
"KNOW THYSELF"

SENIOR NUMBER
20c. copy

BY PUPILS OF READING HIGH SCHOOL
60c. year



The Pioneer Board



EDITOR

Louise Porch '27

ASST. EDITOR

Dudley Killam '27

EDITORIAL EDITOR

Elizabeth Knight '27

NEWS EDITOR

Malcolm Weeks '28

JOKE EDITOR

Newell Morton '27

EXCHANGE CRITIC

Helen Turner '27

LITERARY EDITORS

Gloria Stevens '27

Arthur Moyer '28

Eleanor Crafts '28

Frank Beecher '27

Hope Williamson '29

Donald Carter '27

ATHLETIC EDITORS

Ralph Charlton '27

POEM EDITOR

Pearl Hayward '27

ALUMNI EDITOR

Muriel Mussells '26

BUSINESS MANAGER

Boyd Parker '28

INTERNATIONAL NEWS EDITOR

Robert Dewey '27

FACULTY ADVISERS

Elizabeth A. Batchelder

Herman T. Wheeler

Francis Greenhalgh

Luke Halpin

HONORARY MEMBER

Helen Beals

VALEDICTORY

Soul-side Up

In a certain quarter of Paris, there lives a great man. No, he has not large estates, many automobiles, throngs of servants. He dwells in a humble, cheerless attic where he can look from his window out over the roofs of Paris. Yet as a philosopher he gazes over these tiled roofs, and sees the graceful gray smoke pouring from the chimneys, hears the complacent cooing of the pigeons mingled with the happy clutter of sparrows as they eagerly partake of the crumbs he has scattered for them. As he muses in his attic window, he contemplates the great tragedy of his age. Many people flock in the dusty street below, rushing hither and thither in the turmoil of life, some for pleasure, others for gold. Their strained, anxious expressions show a lack of spiritual repose and reflection.

In our own America the same condition exists. Simplicity, the fundamental virtue, has given way to

complexity; rigid discipline to laxness and comfort. Now must America take heed, for more than one civilization, forsaking its simple habits and old ideals has been caught in the whirlpool of prosperity and lost its life. There is not one of us here tonight who is not concerned with the future welfare of America. Let each individual assume responsibility for his nation's future and thus avert the disaster which America seems to be fast approaching.

Observing the dark side of our nation's soul, do we not see a picture which commands our serious attention?

What of America's pleasures? Are they upbuilding her soul? Are they not those of a frenzied, agitated, perplexed generation? Are they not also typical of a materialistic age? Do not these pleasures consist of rushing from one commercialized amusement to another, from one joyless engagement to another still more barren of satisfaction? To what straits will America be brought, if each of her citizens continues this restless pursuit? Each

one rushes hither and thither greedily groping and clutching at that elusive substance called happiness. He wants his fill of pleasure; he wants life at its best. In doing so, each one tires his body, frets his mind, and above all, does not obtain that which he seeks. He is a victim of the complexity of life. He has lost the taste for simple joys, which are near at hand; he searches far abroad, and ever in vain.

How ruinous to a nation's soul is the mercenary spirit which pervades America. Everything must have its price. Men vie with each other in buying expensive cars; women, in purchasing luxurious clothes. By altering somewhat a famous quotation, one might say: "The price tag's the thing." How much evil money can do if it becomes the basis of a nation's judgment. To the perverted eyes of each citizen, virtue becomes subordinate to wealth; all things are good, if money has procured them. One man comes to envy the automobiles, mansions, servants, and social prestige of the millionaire; he sees not the fretful discontent, the boredom of satiety, written upon the wealthy man's countenance.

"O, to have money," he sighs, "I would give everything to have a million dollars."

Then he proceeds to gain this money. He sacrifices all. His years are spent in plodding, with eyes strained upon his goal. He lets nothing hinder his progress, neither pleasure nor leisure. Each business triumph only fires his enthusiasm; he must have more, more. Often the trusting and ignorant become prey to his greed. What of them? He has their money; he is on his way. When at last he reaches the desired goal, he is bewildered. Where, where is the happiness toward which he looked during all those struggling years? He feels strangely idle, useless, out of the fray. Each day brings but a round of superficiality. No one

seems sincere; all have the greed for money in their eyes. There are those who fawn and flatter, but where can he find a true friend? Where can he find relief from the artificial world he has created? He discovers that his mind, deprived of all beauty and reflection during so many years of plodding, has become sordid and unappreciative; he shrinks from communing with the wretched, grasping being he has made of himself. There in the fine mansion, surrounded by every possible luxury, he bows his head in utter despair, the despair which only a starved spirit can bring. He is one citizen of a great nation. He has contributed his ignoble share towards tarnishing the soul of America.

Have you ever considered the tragedy which would result if every citizen of the United States were to lose the art of reflection? What barren heritage the money grubbers and pleasure-seekers of today would bequeath to America's next generation! Can men of genius spring from a race which has abolished the principles of sound living and sound thinking? It has ever been a fact that genius has come forth from a background of sober, industrious, right thinking individuals. As soon as Rome abolished all the venerable traditions of the Republic and entered upon the career of riotous living which ultimately led to her downfall, there was a dearth of great men. If we, the people of America, wish to contribute to the glory of our nation and not to its ruin, let us do away with all this instability and superficiality, and provide a substantial background of industry and reflection for America's future generations.

What will be America's soul, if all her old traditions are trampled upon by the on-rush of her non-thinking population? A nation is but a collection of individuals. If every individual becomes the prey of materialism and neglects the development of his spirit, then the soul of the nation will be

darkened by such dangerous tendencies. If the mercenary spirit of one man can bring about his downfall, then the mercenary spirit of millions of men can result in a nation's downfall. A change can never be wrought by telling a nation it is in the wrong. A change can be made only when each individual proceeds to better himself.

Again, the philosopher comes to our minds. His heart rejoices, for he has learned the secret of happiness. The superficial in life does not exist for him, since he does not continually indulge in a mad whirlwind of so-called "pleasure." He does not idolize the possession of money, since in his meditation he has realized that money is the greatest evil in the world, if it is allowed to become one's master. He does not regard mechanical progress as a token of man's growing supremacy and the non-existence of a supernatural power, for he sees about him in nature's wonders, evidences of God's omnipotent hand. In short, he has not been engulfed by the wave of materialism which is overwhelming the modern world, for the spiritual barrier of his soul has been sufficient to check its impetus.

If we as individuals are really concerned with our nation's welfare, and sincerely wish to broaden the soul of America and to save it from ultimate ruin, our only hope lies in developing our own spirits. The question arises: but how may this development be made? There are many ways. The first is simple and devoid of all creeds and formulas: it is the growth of the spirit by means of repose. Hamilton Wright Mabie has said: "The fruit in the orchard ripens through long days and quiet nights; and the spirit of man must ripen under like conditions. It cannot be forced; agitation and haste keep it immature, unreceptive, and sterile." Thus did Gilbert White of Selbourne, England, develop his "soul-side." For fifty long uneventful years he dwelt in the peaceful little hamlet,

regarding it with keen, watchful eyes. Just as the depths of the ocean remain undisturbed by the tempest which billows the surface, so did this hamlet remain unchanged by the roar and evolution of the century. His philosophy became sure and founded as he observed the beautiful rural world about him. For him, the goings and comings of the old domesticated turtle in the garden were more important than the debates of Parliament. He had much time in which to think out life's problems, so far removed was he from the hustle and bustle of the restless world, much time in which to know himself.

"What!" you will say, "do you really believe that the efforts of those who debate in Parliament are of no avail, that no attention should be paid to politics or anything which disturbs repose?" That is not my contention. Yet I do say that those concerned in a nation's business would serve her more truly had they earlier developed a soul fortified by repose and reflection. Moreover, I insist that it is equally true that "they also serve who stand and wait." They who stand and wait shape the real destiny of a nation, for they have leisure in which to form those ideals which become the resources of a nation in times of crises.

Another question will come to mind. You will say, "What do you recommend as a remedy for the current thirst for pleasure?" Have you ever noticed on a barren, brick pavement, that humble, bright blossoms have sprung up between the dirt-filled cracks? How pretty, how attractive they are in contrast to their ugly surroundings. In just such a way does happiness enter man's life. Amid the toil and care of his worldly existence must blossom frequently for him the flowers of voluntary pleasure,—the satisfaction of a task well-done, the joy of companionship, the happiness which comes from praise sincerely given. Nothing endures but the eternal commonplace. It is man's duty to embellish it with the

flowers of humble joy, if he wishes to know life at its best.

In the haste and agitation which characterize this age, the average citizen has shamefully neglected that balm of all jade hearts, that wonderous developer of his spirit,—Nature. If he goes for a ride in his automobile, the average man is too busy looking at the road, watching traffic, trying to escape the watchful eye of the police, too busy reading billboards to see beyond and drink in the glorious beauty of a sunset or wooded hill.

How much nature could benefit man's soul, if he would only allow her, if he would only stop a moment from his unceasing round of activity to study and appreciate her! Let him stand thoughtfully on the shore of the sea and regard the mighty ocean in all its moods; let him gaze into the heavens at night and try to read there the age-long mystery of the myriad stars. Thus he will gradually come to a fuller appreciation of his own small share in this wondrous universe. He will learn to contemplate Nature's small wonders, and will derive a lesson from them. Let him regard with humble admiration the newly-budded trees of springtime, the infinite charm of a bed of violets recently blossomed, the cheery yellow blossom of a dandelion. Here to him will nature disclose her mystery of life,—life, that vital something which transforms the dead, brown root of winter into the blossoming flower of spring. To be sure, it will make him humble. In spite of all his mechanical achievements, has he invented a machine which will produce life?

Nature is continually unfolding before man symbolic dramas. Recently there was a storm. The sky became a dull, ominous gray, tinged with murky purple. All light seemed forever extinguished. Outlined against the dark, western sky in delicate, lacy white profile, stood a cherry tree, its blossoms quivering as if with terror

at the storm to come. Then the storm wind swooped down, sending a shower of white petals to the green carpet beneath. There descended from the menacing sky huge drops of rain which soon became a mighty torrent. After it had reached its height, little by little the storm abated. Suddenly, from beneath the darkest cloud the sun appeared, glorifying the landscape with its mellow radiance. Its cheerful light was reflected on each petal which had loyally clung to the cherry tree. Lo! In the east, shining through the golden rain, arched the rainbow, the eternal promise of hope.

This is the drama of the life we live. To-day man's horizon has grown dark and menacing with the fears and doubts which assail him regarding the existence of God. Man is besieged on every hand with uprisings, questions, doctrines, atheism, investigations, theories, unbelief, materialism,—the huge drops of rain which descend upon the tree. Some petals, those weak and yielding ones which are quickly excited and aroused by any kind of revolt, are easily dashed to the ground by the rain of uncertainty, while those whose spirits repose and reflection have strengthened resist and wait to see the truth re-appear from behind the clouds of doubt.

Let me leave with you the picture of the meditating philosopher of Paris. He is still gazing from the small window of his humble attic room. In his eyes is reflected the glory of the sunset; in his soul there is light.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS

Classmates:

Tonight, perhaps as never before, are we grateful to the townspeople, the School Board, the Superintendent, the Principal, and especially to our parents and teachers for the opportunities afforded us during our school course. May their past years of self-sacrifice and devotion to duty reap a harvest beyond all their expectations.

Herein lies our task. We can repay this debt in some measure by allowing our lives to become a living expression of the ideals held before us.

We still have much to achieve through our own efforts. In reality, we have only begun. Yet this beginning may count for much, or little according as each one of us uses or casts aside the habits and ideals which our school years have established. Henceforth, many will be students in a broader sense, but students voluntarily, if at all. No one will make us study; no one will make us think, unless we choose the path of thought and reflection. Yet whatever our calling or station in life, let us proceed with eyes upward, with spirits aloft, ever ready to contribute our humble share toward making the soul of America the finest and loftiest in the history of mankind.

Elizabeth B. Knight.

SALUTATORY

"All the World's a Stage"

We, who are about to graduate, greet you. We extend a hearty welcome to you, our parents, our teachers, and our friends. Your influence has moulded our lives, your sacrifices have made it possible for us to be here tonight. We hope you will feel some gratification in watching these exercises, this result of your sacrifices. We receive a diploma as a sign that we have successfully completed our courses, but we owe considerable of our success to you and we hope your pride in our achievements will prove a partial reward.

One of Shakespeare's favorite comparisons in regard to life was the comparison of life to a stage and the people to the players. In the "Merchant of Venice," he says,—

"I hold the world but as the world;
A stage where every man must play
his part."

In "As You Like It," he says,—

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely
players:

They have their exits, and their
entrances;

And one man in his time plays many
parts."

In "Macbeth," he has this statement,—

"Life's but a walking shadow,
a poor player

That struts and frets his
hour upon the stage,

And then is heard no more."

Tonight let us consider our lives from this angle. We, the graduates, are the actors; our future is the stage. Tonight we are about to enter upon a leading role for which we have been preparing during our past years. With varying amounts of success, we have played our minor roles; first, as the infant; then, "the

whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face,
creeping like snail

Unwillingly to school;"

finally some of us may even be accused of having played the role of lover, who, perhaps with the assistance of a course in English, wrote verses to his sweetheart's charms, or as Shakespeare expressed it, "ballads to his mistress' eyebrow."

Yet, the play goes on, and we must consider now what part we are going to assume for our leading role. Will it be the part of an extra in a mob scene, or the role of a fool, a jester, a mediocre player, or are we going to take the part of the leading character, the star? After deciding upon our part, we must decide upon the type of play, will it be tragedy or comedy?

First, let us consider the extras. You theatre-goers know them. They compose the group, the mob, lending atmosphere to the scene. They are the unknown, unsung theatrical vagabonds receiving two dollars per day for being the background for the actions of someone else, some star. Possibly these extras are capable of better parts, but they lack the deci-

sion and application necessary to overcome their oblivion. Usually they are dissatisfied, jealous of their more successful competitors, and bitter because of some fancied injustice of Fate. In life there are many extras. You meet them daily in the street. They are the people who do not make the most of their abilities. They do nothing to better their own position, nothing to promote the welfare of their fellows; yet they frequently grumble against the existing conditions.

Now, let us turn to the mediocre player, the Shakespearian fool. This player, too, may have ability, but lacks the initiative to develop it by practice and study; perhaps he has gone as far as his talent allows. This type is very common, billed as supporting some star, or cast in a character part. In life these are the people we meet most often. They are the ones who almost reach their goal, but who stop to bask in the reflected glory of near success. Perhaps the fault is not theirs, they may not have the natural ability; more often, however, they do not make the most of their opportunities. This type of player is more important than the extra because he has a character part.

After the extra and the fool, our next consideration is the star. Even the meanest extra has dreams of stardom, yet few achieve their goal. Genius and ability are not the only requirements of a successful player; for every one has ability in some line. Genius is perhaps lost, at least hampered, by lack of proper development. Years of patient practice and self denial is the price paid by most successful artists in any line. Southern, one of the greatest Shakespearian actors of the present time, when he found his success lay in the production of Shakespeare's plays, confined his activities to the interpretation of Shakespeare. His present ranking is the result of twenty years spent in study and practice. Frank McGlynn, the star of Drink-

water's play, "Abraham Lincoln," was over fifty years old when he received his opportunity to succeed. During the twenty-five years he had been playing minor roles in traveling stock companies, he had been studying drama and perfecting his own acting. When Drinkwater's play came to America, many applicants were tried without success, until McGlynn was offered a chance to read a scene from the play. At the conclusion of this brief tryout, his success as Lincoln's double was assured.

The stars of life are the leaders of some branch of endeavor; such as, science, industry, finance, agriculture, and politics. Two scientific stars of recent years are Edison and Steinmetz. Edison often goes without food and sleep while concentrating upon some startling invention. Steinmetz spent his brief vacations on the shores of a wild lake where, undisturbed, he could plan to achieve previous impossibilities. Henry Ford is beyond doubt the industrial and financial star of the present day. He began building automobiles in a one-room shop, but, by hard work, he has built up his business, and his fortune, until today he is not only the executive of a large and extremely progressive manufacturing concern, but also the richest man in the world. Luther Burbank, the agricultural wizard, spent months, even years, in experimenting before perfecting a famous cross or graft. His zeal is especially noteworthy because his health was poor. Once at a critical period in the development of a delicate plant, he was so weak from illness, that he had to crawl to reach the desired specimens and to make the necessary observations. Woodrow Wilson may be considered a political star. He devoted his life to the study of economics and politics, now as a public office holder, now as a college professor and president, now as an author, and finally as president of the United States. From these examples it can be seen

that stardom is not a mushroom growth, but the reward of study, and conscientious application of the principles learned through study.

It is not enough for an actor to aspire to stardom, however, he must also consider the type of play in which he hopes to succeed. Shakespeare's various plays may be roughly divided into two main groups according to the conclusion. If the play ends happily, successfully, for the leading character, the play is called a comedy. If, on the other hand, the life of the leading character is unhappy, the play is classed as a tragedy. In either type of play, there is a star, but just as in life, some are happy and carefree, while others are sad or melancholy. Is it within our power to decide whether, in life, we shall play tragedy or comedy? Objectively, no. Subjectively, yes. From a worldly point of view, our lives will be moulded by little incidents over which we have no control, but inwardly, in our mental attitude toward life, we can exert complete control. In Shakespeare's tragedy "Julius Ceasar," the life of Brutus is, objectively, a tragedy. The conspiracy had failed, his army was defeated, his friends were dead, and he himself was about to die or be captured. Yet, amidst this total failure of all his worldly plans, he could still find consolation from his mental, inward life. His words, spoken when about to commit suicide, show that inwardly he was happy, inwardly his life was a comedy.

"My heart doth joy that yet in all my life

I found no man but he was true to me."

Our lives may be tragic from a worldly point of view, but each one of us, whether extra, fool, or star, can have this personal, inward, comedy which results from a worthy attempt.

In a recent magazine article this incident is related. Once, when Edwin Booth was giving advice to a group

of rising young actors, he said this: "The king sits in every audience. Play to him." Years later one of these actors was about to play his first lead. On the opening night a cloudburst drenched the city with the natural result that very few attended the performance. The actor was ready to give up, discouraged, when he remembered Booth's words, "The king sits in every audience. Play to him." He went on with the performance, playing to his king, and a few hours later his reputation was established, for, of the few who had braved the storm, one was the greatest critic of the day. We, the graduates of 1927, as actors on the stage of life ought to take that as our motto. We shall become stars, we shall play comedy, if we too remember the words of Edwin Booth—"The king sits in every audience. Play to the king."

Ralph W. Charlton.

FACULTY HONORS

Digging for Proofs

Science questions statements. Science has proved and disproved many old beliefs. Therefore, the people of this age, are constantly looking for proofs.

While people questioned other things, they began to question even the Bible stories. How did they know that these stories were true? They were written centuries ago. How can anyone prove that such events happened, that they were not imaginative stories about imaginary people?

But archaeologists are now proving to us that these stories, in the old Testament, the stories of the Bondage of the Isrealites and of Saul's defeat by the Philistines were the actual experiences of the early Hebrew Race.

Dr. Clarence S. Fisher has been placed in charge of the work of excavation on the hill at Beisan, Palestine. This hill was known as Bethshan in Bible-times, and as Scythopolis when it was occupied by the Romans. The

hill controlled the valley for miles around. Thus any power which possessed that hill commanded the entire region, and also the trade routes from Egypt to Babylonia and to Syria.

How the cities on Beisan, a hill in Palestine, become buried? The cities at Beisan were buried under masses of debris.

In the earliest years this debris was the result of fires which melted the walls of cities, temples, or homes, and caved them in, filling the town with a solid mass of clay. Still later earthquakes shook down the buildings of other civilizations. Some cities simply fell to pieces from neglect, since the pestilential climate could not be borne, and when another people came along, they removed the debris or used parts of it to build their own structures.

What at first appeared to be natural rock proved to be the formidable walls of an unfinished fortress of the Crusaders, who recognized the value of this site, and began to fortify it, but unfortunately for them, they were forced to leave because of the unhealthy climate and seek a site further north. Undoubtedly they would never have been conquered by the Turks had it not been for this change of situation.

Photographs were taken and drawings were made of the ruins as is always done, and the workmen proceeded to dig further.

It was in 632 A. D., when the Arabs were laying siege to this city that the whole region was turned into a malarial swamp. In their desire to save their town from the foes, the defenders cut the culverts to the waterways flooding the lowlands. This was indeed an unfortunate act, for the swamps caused an unhealthy climate where even today the life of the archaeologist is in constant danger.

In the earliest days of Scythopolis it was not a Christian city, but late became the abode of one of the earliest bishops, St. Patrophilus, who brought

about the building on the summit of the hill of a magnificent church.

During the Anti-Christian raids of the Roman Emporor Julian, the church was plundered, and burned.

In the revival of Christianity another church or basilica was built over this, but it was shaken down later by an earthquake. Dr. Fisher has found several bronzes from this old church.

After the ruin of this second church a still larger and more beautiful one was built. It retained the customary square front but a large circular rotunda was built on it, one hundred and fifty feet in diameter.

The dome of this rotunda was supported by columns of green and white marble brought from Europe with bases and capitals of pure white marble. The walls and floors were covered with religious scenes in glass mosaic, while the floors were inlaid with marble mosaic. Parts of the floor and two columns have been shipped to this country to be placed in the new wing of the University of Pennsylvania museum.

Side by side with the uncovering of all the large foundations and statues has gone the recovery of small tools. The cisterns of the old town are rich with antiques. Ewers, pitchers, combs, nails, and even rings have been found in them.

The archaeologists next uncovered the remains of a Graeco-Roman Period. At that time the summit of the hill was crowned by a temple of Bacchus or Dionysius. The temple had gigantic Corinthian columns six feet in diameter. Some delicate Roman mosaics, utensils and statuary had been preserved. When the stones of the Roman period had been removed, the remains of their crude mud huts placed in the corners of a burned Egyptian fortress indicated that these barbarian warriors actually swept into the Jordan valley in an attempt to invade Egypt.

The discovery of the fortress in which the mud huts were placed was

the most wonderful of all, for this layer was the remains of the Egyptian domain in Palestine. This fortress, burned and charred, yet standing from six to ten feet high, marked the height of the Egyptian supremacy at Beisan from 1313 to 1200 B. C. It was occupied by Seti the first, Ramses the second, and Ramses the third, well-known kings of Egypt. A record, called a stele, found in the ruins, gives a detailed account of an Egyptian expeditionary force and tells about one of the campaigns of Seti the first, in which he gained the hill. But the most important record of all is a stele of Ramses the second which contains this line, "I have collected the Semites that they might build for me my city of Ramses."

In Exodus I, II in speaking of the Israelites in Egypt, it says, "And they built for Paroah treasure-cities, Pithom and Ramses." This stele of Ramses and the Bible passage together prove that the Israelites were actually held captive in Egypt, and it definitely places Ramses the second, as the Pharaoh of the Oppression, and makes his son, Mineptah, the Pharaoh of the Exodus, as Egyptologists have for a long time believed.

After the hill was abandoned by the Egyptians, it became a stronghold of the Philistines. It cut the Jewish nation in halves and threatened the whole growth of Isreal. At this time there was a temple to the Egyptian goddess, Ashtaroth, in this city, built when the Egyptians held it. Outside the walls of Bethshan on the slopes of Gilboa is the spot on which Saul was defeated by the Philistines. In first Samuel XXXI telling of this battle, verse II says, "And they put Saul's armor in the house of Ashtaroth, and they fastened his body to the wall of Bethshan." All through Biblical history, Bethshan was a menace to Isreal, but after it was conquered by David, and burned to complete his revenge, it lost its power for a while.

This work at Beisan is the greatest single achievement of American Archaeology. In the fifty more feet of rubbish, ruins, and earth, to be removed before solid rock is found, it is already known that records of countless ages will be discovered. Dr. Fisher believes that under what has already been exposed there will be the remains of Hyksos, and Hittite civilizations, and under them, Babylonian, while at the very bottom near the rock will be the implements of the Stone Age.

Although the work will not be of material value, since no wealth of gold, ancient jewels, and other valuable objects as are found in Greece and Egypt will be found here, still it has so far proved to be of great value by corroborating two of the Bible stories of the Isrealites in Egypt and of Saul's defeat.

Pearl M. Hayward.

CLASS HONORS

Andrew Carnegie

Nothing stranger can be found in even as imaginative a work as the Arabian Nights than the story of the poor Scotch boy who came to America in 1848, and slowly but surely, through trials and triumphs, rose to be the great steel master, the colossus of industry, the amasser of a fabulous fortune. But the rest of the story is more wonderful still—how he deliberately and systematically gave away the whole of his vast fortune for the enlightenment and betterment of mankind. More than that—how he established a gospel of wealth that can be neither ignored nor forgotten, and set a pace in distribution that succeeding millionaires have tried to follow as a precedent. It is the account of a man, who, in the course of his career, became a leader in thought, a writer, a speaker; a friend of the workmen, schoolmen and statesmen; the associate of both the lowly and the lofty. And so, for such an occasion as this,

it would seem that a more befitting character for the subject of a biographical sketch could not have been chosen than this man who is regarded by the world as one of the most remarkable men of his age, and in certain ways, one of the most unique of all ages.

Andrew Carnegie was born in the village of Dunfermline, Scotland, November 25, 1835, and he wasn't born with a gold spoon in his mouth—far from it, his parents were poor and barely able to keep the wolf away from the door. To make bad matters worse, his father was a weaver and this was at the time when the hand-loom was being replaced by machinery, and hard times were beginning to ensue. Finally, it was decided to sell the loom and household furniture and move to America. Even after the sale of all their possessions, the family had to borrow twenty pounds to cover the expenses of transportation.

Andrew was thirteen when the trip across the water took place. The family came in search of better fortunes, and Pittsburgh was chosen as the final destination. It was a wise choice. Ever then, forges flamed night and day—the forerunners of the modern blast furnaces that were to play so important a part in the life of this Scotch lad, and in the growth of a great city. He grew with the city.

Shortly after his arrival in this country, he entered a cotton factory to work as a bobbin boy at the princely wage of \$1.25 a week. He studied at night in the scanty city library. One year later he became a messenger boy in the Pittsburg office of the Ohio Telegraph Company. His intelligent and willing work was soon recognized, and he was allowed to assist in the office, where he learned telegraphy. After becoming an operator, he was employed by Superintendent Scott of the Pittsburgh Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad as a private clerk. In this position his resourcefulness

soon asserted itself. In a crisis, after a serious accident, he directed, without the slightest authority, all the trains on the Pittsburgh Division. As success attended his efforts he was not censured, and from this time his superior gave him more and more responsibility.

Carnegie's father died in October, 1855, and the twenty year old boy became the sole support of the family of three. The following year his employer was promoted to the superintendency of the entire system of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and took Andrew with him as his chief assistant. About this time, Mr. Woodruff, inventor of that now indispensable adjunct of civilization—the sleeping car,—approached Carnegie with his model. Its value immediately impressed the young man and through his efforts two cars were placed on trial by the railroad people. Mr. Woodruff offered him an eighth interest in the venture and although obliged to borrow the two hundred and seventy dollars necessary for first payment, Carnegie decided to make the move which might well be called the first stepping to his fortune. Soon after this, he became superintendent of the division in which he had begun his railroad career.

When the Civil War broke out, Carnegie's former employer, Mr. Scott, was appointed assistant secretary of war in charge of the transportation department. Immediately he summoned the young man of twenty-six, who previously had served him so impressively, to his assistance, and placed him in charge of military railroads and telegraphs of the government. In this capacity, Carnegie served his adopted country well in one of the most critical periods of her history.

At the close of the war, Carnegie resigned his position with the Pennsylvania Railroad. From this time on, his rise to the topmost heights of industrial achievement was phenomenal and amazing. Recognizing that the day of wooden spans was almost

past, he organized a company for the building of iron bridges. Then he branched out and established the Pittsburgh Locomotive Works.

In 1868 he introduced into this country the Bessemer process of making steel, and a few years later became the principal owner of the Homestead Steel Works. It wasn't long before he had a controlling interest in seven other large steel plants.

Iron and steel master in truth he came to be. Company after company was organized by this genius of the industry until in 1899 they were all consolidated into the Carnegie Steel Concern which later, following his retirement in 1901, became known as the U. S. Steel Corporation.

Many financially successful men have upon their deaths made generous bequests for the public good, but up to the present time there have been only two men who have given with unbounded magnificence while they still remained upon earth, Rockefeller and Carnegie. In reference to the latter the Christian Science Monitor speaks as follows: "It was characteristic of Andrew Carnegie to feel that his fortune constituted an obligation. He thought of himself rather as a trustee than as a possessor of great wealth. This feeling led to his resolution to dispose of his fortune by means of public benefactions; and probably no one who ever spoke of the "disgrace" of dying wealthy was more sincere than he." Proof of this fact is contained in a statement found in his so-called Gospel of Wealth, which reads thus: "Wealth comes from and should return to the community."

This idea was not exactly new, but it had never before been so clearly expressed by so rich a man, and no one ever carried it out with equal consistency.

Carnegie found it harder to disperse the enormous fortune he had accumulated as an iron master than he anticipated. But nevertheless, with the

exception of Rockefeller, he gave more to public purposes than any other person who ever lived. When he died at his summer home in Lenox, Mass., August 11, 1919, in his eighty-fourth year, it was estimated that he had given away something like \$350,000,000.

For the enlightenment and betterment of mankind, we have said, he gave away his fortune, and ample proof of the fact will be found from a survey of his benefactions. For convenience, they can be divided into classifications.

First, his contributions to promote the welfare of workingmen. On retiring from business he was not the man to forget his employees. He gave to them four million five percent bonds. In speaking of this, he said, "It is an acknowledgement of the deep debt which I owe to the workmen, who have contributed so greatly to my success." In addition, he set aside one million dollars worth of bonds, the proceeds therefrom to be used to maintain the libraries and halls which he had built for his employees.

Second, the money given to establish the well known Hero Fund, \$5,000,000 in all. Mr. Carnegie never meant his fund to serve as a stimulus to heroic action for the sake of the material reward, but rather as a recognition of the greatest of qualities—individual willingness to sacrifice life for others. The fund provides a pension for the hero, should he be disabled, and for his dependents, should he perish. It is international in scope, pertaining to ten other countries besides the U. S.

The third and most important of his donations—the funds of the advancement of learning, throughout the English speaking world, and the endowments for the promotion of international peace—will stand forever as one of the greatest of monuments commemorating individual endeavor to help mankind reach the glorious goal of its destiny, that period of time when nothing will be out of joint, the thousand years of perfect understand-

ing and harmony, the millennium.

"He that cannot reason is a fool,
He that will not is a bigot,
He that dare not a slave."

This is the inscription with which the mantles of the Carnegie libraries in New York and elsewhere are graced. "He that cannot reason is a fool" is a statement hardly unfair or too harsh when applied to English speaking peoples, for whom Andrew Carnegie spent sixty-five million in building three thousand public libraries in order that the opportunity to learn might be had by all. The best known, and usually considered his greatest gift to humanity, the Carnegie Libraries, are found wherever the English language is spoken, not only in the U. S. and his native land, but also in the islands of the Pacific, of the Indian Ocean, and the Caribbean Sea.

To encourage in the broadest and most liberal manner learning and application of knowledge to the improvement of mankind was the expressed purpose of Carnegie in giving—and so, in addition to his libraries, he gave nearly two hundred million more, establishing institutes for research work, pension funds for teachers, and scholarships for needy students.

Without doubt, Carnegie's greatest single memorial of a material nature is the Peace Palace at the Hague. To him it was the holiest building in the world because it had the holiest end in view. From the time of his retirement to the day of his death, Carnegie's most cherished purpose was to hasten the abolition of war, which he described as the foulest blot on our civilization. Therefore, he gave nearly twelve million to the promotion of International Peace, considered by him to be the most worthy of all worthy causes.

The great pioneer steelmaster—the most outstanding figure of the nineteenth century industrialism, rising from a humble messenger boy to wealth beyond the dreams of avarice—Andrew Carnegie will be better remembered for

his benefactions to his fellow men than for anything else, and his name will go down through the ages as that of one of the greatest philanthropists the world has ever known.

Dudley B. Killam

CLASS OF '27

Fred Parker Ainsworth, "Pix"

"None but himself can be his parallel." Theobald

Ambition: Surgeon.

Activities:

Two Health Plays, '26, '27

Pres. Radio Club, '27

Blanche Alderson, "Bunnie"

"O thoughtful heart!" Lydgate

Ambition: To amount to something.

Activities:

Graduation Chorus, '27

Marion Lucinda Allard

"The art of arts, the art of being good, Not saintly sad." Gale

Ambition: Artist

Activities:

Class Basketball, '25

Class Hockey, '25

Graduation Chorus, '26

Junior Woman's Club, '24, '25

Tennis, '26, '27

Fashion Show, '27

Gift Committee, '27

Scenery Committee, '27

Ethel Anderson, "Curly"

"I would be a mermaid fair;

I would sing to myself the whole of the day." Tennyson

Ambition: Artist or Musician.

Activities:

Scenery Committee, '27

High School Posters, '24, '25, '26, '27

Field Day, '26

William Kenneth Barrett, "Ken"

"A well-known knight"

Viscount Southwick

Ambition: To become a manager or some other high official in the business world.

Activities:

Usher at Junior Senior Reception, '26

Usher at Senior Play, '27'

Joseph Victor Bearse, "Vick"

"On their own merits modest men are dumb." Colman

Ambition: To be president of the Great A. & P. Co.

Activities:

Ivy Day Committee

Frank Reginald Beecher, "Reggie"

"A sophistical rhetorician, intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity." Disraeli

Ambition: To continue outwitting the rest of the world.

Activities:

Senior Picture Committee, '27

Prophecy, '27

Football, '25, '26

Louise Briggs, "Briggo"

"The mirror of all courtesy."

Shakespeare

Ambition: To be or not to be—it doesn't matter to me.

Activities:

Fashion Show Committee, '27

Helen Brown, "Brownie"

"Her manners were gentle, complying, bland." Goldsmith

Ambition: Teacher

Activities:

Fashion Show, '27

Thelma Brown, "Tibby"

"She, cheerful, fresh, and full of joyance glad." Spencer

Ambition: Private Secretary

Activities:

Senior Play Com. (Property), '27

Junior Woman's Club, '25, '26, '27

Class Field Hockey, '24

Beatrice Fillmore Bryden, "Bea"

"The mildest manners and the gentlest heart."

Ambition: Stenographer

Activities:

Class Hockey, '25

Class Basketball, '25

Varsity Hockey Squad, '26

High School Orchestra, '24, '25

George Burke, "Chud"

"He is a gentleman because his nature

Is kinde and affable to everie Creature." Barnfield

Ambition: To trace my ancestors back to the Emerald Isle to see if I'm related to Edmund Burke, the orator.

Activities:

Motto Committee, '27

Property Committee, Senior Play, '27

Joseph Gibson Byram, "Joe"

"True as the needle to the pole, Or as the dial to the sun." Booth

Ambition: To be mayor of Chelsea.

Activities:

Traffic Squad, '26, '27

Ch. Senior Play Committee, '27

Donald Copeland Carter, "Don"

"Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet

To run amuck and tilt at all I meet." Pope

Ambition: To be a clergyman (?) (!)

Activities:

Tormentor Board, '24, '25, '26

Pioneer Board, '26, '27

Senior Play Cast, '27

Senior Class Gift Committee, '27

Daniel Chamberlain, "Dan"

"He know what's what, and that's as high

As metaphysic wit can fly." Butler

Ambition: Author

Activities:

Class Elections, '27

Ralph Woodward Charlton

"'Tis not in mortals to command success

But I'll do more, Semprouius, I'll deserve it." Addison

Ambition: To be a financial wizard

Activities:

Football, '26

Round-Up, '23, '24

Pioneer, '25, '26, '27

Commencement, '27

Senior Party Committee, '27

Norman Smith Clark, "Nom"

"O man he seems of cheerful yesterdays,

And confident to-morrows."

Ambition: To attain success in my business career.

Activities:

Special Chorus, '25

Ruth Palmer Colby

"Like Water-reeds the poise
Of her, so dainty thin." Rosetti

Arthur Francis Conti, "Art"

"Speech is great, but silence is
greater." Carlyle

Ambition: To become a great coach
in some school or college.

Activities:

Class Basketball, '24, '25

Varsity Basketball, '26, '27

Varsity Baseball, '27

Traffic Squad, '26, '27

Senior Dance Committee, '27

Ernest Carl Conti, "Speed"

"I am the very pink of courtesy."

Ambition: To see the world

Activities:

Traffic Squad, '26, '27

Junior-Senior Reception, '26

Senior Dance Committee, '27

Baseball, '26, '27

Basketball, '26, '27

Class Basketball, '26

Leonice Cook, "Cookie"

"Oh, I am stabbed with laughter!"
Shakespeare

Ambition: Marry a millionaire

Activities:

Secretary-Treasurer, '23, '24

Class Basketball, '25

Varsity Basketball, '26

Class Hockey, '25, '26

Varsity Hockey, '24, '25

Captain Varsity Hockey, '26

Junior Woman's Club, '23, '24, '25,
'26, '27,

Treasurer Junior Woman's Club,
'26, '27

Cheer Leader, '26, '27

Treasurer A. A.

Mannequin, '27

Ticket Committee Senior Play, '27

Graduation Chorus, '25

Junior Prom Committee

Junior Senior Reception Committee

A. A. Dance Committee, '26, '27

Alice Elizabeth Downs, "Al"

"I chatter, chatter as I flow

To join the brimming river."

Tennyson

Ambition: To succeed

Activities:

Special Chorus, '25, '26

Tormentor, '24, '25, '26

Picture Committee, '27

Health Play, '24

Kenneth Leon Dudley, "Dud"

"Oh, what an endlesse work have I
in hand." Spenser

Ambition: To be an electrical
engineer

James Anthony Dulong, "Doc," "Jim"

"Life is as tedious as a twice-told
tale." Shakespeare

Ambition: Airplane pilot

Activities:

Usher at Senior Play, '27

Joseph Francis Dunn, "Franny"

"Daring ever meets with friends."

Homer

Ambition: To crush Norton

Activities:

Football, '24, '25, '26

Class Basketball, '24, '25

Treasurer of Junior Class, '26

2nd Team Basketball, '25, '26

Traffic Squad, '26, '27

Katherine Farr Esty, "Kitty"

"Her eyes the glow-worm lent thee."

Herrick

Ambition: To grow tall, and be a
sewing teacher

Walter Kilburn Freeman

"For what I will, I will, and there's
an end." Shakespeare

Ambition: Electrical engineer

Activities:

Senior Play Cast, '27

Orchestra, '26

Debating Club, '24, '25

Chairman Gift Committee, '27

Clarence George Gay, "Gay"

"I have a heart with room for every
joy." Bailey

Ambition: To rest in peace

Activities:

Class Basketball, '24, '25

Varsity Basketball, '26, '27

Varsity Baseball, '26, '27

Property Com. Senior Play, '27

Vice Pres. Radio Club, '26
 Traffic Squad, '26, '27
 Fire Squad, '26, '27

Glenna Gleason, "Glen"

"And her sunny locks
 Hang on her temples like a golden
 fleece." Shakespeare
 Ambition: To be the first woman
 president of U. S.

Activities:

Vice Pres. of Class, '26, '27
 Junior Woman's Club, '23, '24, '25,
 '26, '27
 Secretary Junior Woman's Club,
 '26, '27
 Class Hockey, '24, '25, '26
 Varsity Hockey, '24, '25, '26
 Cheer Leader, '25, '26, '27
 Junior Senior Reception Com. '26
 A. A. Dance Committee, '27
 Special Chorus, '23, '24, '25, '26, '27
 Class Basketball, '24, '25, '26
 Varsity Basketball, '26
 Mannequin, '27
 Office Work, '24, '25, '26, '27
 Soccer, '24
 Usher Graduation, '24, '25, '26, '27
 Junior Relay Team, '26
 Teacher's Cabaret, '24

Rosalys Goddard, "Rosie"

"I would be friends with you and
 have your love." Shakespeare
 Ambition: To be a Helen Wills

Activities:

Varsity Basketball, '26, '27
 Class Field Hockey, '27
 Senior Play Com. (Publicity) '27
 Picnic Committee, '27
 Tennis, '26, '27

Edna May Godfrey, "Ed"

"D. Pedro: A pleasant-spirited lady.
 Leon: There's little of the melan-
 choly element in her." Shakespeare
 Ambition To be happy

Activities:

Junior Woman's Club, '25, '26
 Senior Play Committee (Ticket,
 Property)

Elizabeth C. Goodwin, "Betty"

"Friendship! mysterious cement of
 the soul,
 Sweet'ner of life, and solder of

society."

Blair

Ambition: To travel

Activities:

Junior Woman's Club, '25, '26, '27
 Class Basketball, '26
 Teacher's Cabaret, '25
 Special Chorus
 Junior Prom Committee, '26
 Usher, Graduation, '26
 Senior Ring Committee, '27

Gladys Harrison, "Giggles"

"For she was jes' the quiet kind
 Like a stream that keeps a summer
 wind

Snowhid in January."

Lowell

Ambition: Artist

Activities:

Candy Committee, '27
 Fashion Show Committee, '27

Harriet Louise Hasty

"Society became my glittering
 Bride." Wadsworth

Ambition: To share Cookie's mil-
 lions

Activities:

Junior Woman's Club, '24, '25, '26, '27
 Class Secretary, '25
 Soccer, '24
 Class Basketball, '25
 Indian Club Exhibition, '25, '26
 Varsity Basketball, '26
 Teacher's Cabaret
 Special Chorus
 Junior Reception Committee, '26
 Usher, Graduation, '26
 Home Room Collector, '27
 Senior Play Committee (Chairman,
 Publicity)
 A. A. Dance Committee, '27

Pearle Marie Hayward, "Pearl"

"On things she mused within her
 thoughtful mind." Dryden

Ambition. To travel around the world

Activities:

Pioneer Board, '27
 Senior Play Publicity Committee
 Faculty Honors

Roland Wright Holden, "Hokey"

"I shall be a gen'l'm'n myself one of
 these days, perhaps, with a pipe in
 my mouth, and a summer-house in
 the back garden." Dickens

Christina Hopkins, "Happy"

"I think happy life consists in tranquility of Mind." Cicero

Ambition: To be a lawyer

Activities:

Jr. Woman's Club, '25, '26

Robert Edward Horrocks, "Bob"

"Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily." Shakespeare

Ambition. To successfully entrap the savage whooflegoofflemu Hbest.

Activities:

School Orchestra

Dorothy Howland, "Dot"

"A am a sketcher; See here my doing:

Curves of mountain, bridge,
Boat, island, ruins of castle."

Tennyson

Ambition: Artist

Activities:

Jr. Woman's Club, '25

Senior Play Committee (Scenery and Publicity)

Carroll Parker Hoyt, "Garb"

"I must have liberty

Withall, as large a charter as the world,

To blow on whom I please."

Shakespeare

Ambition: Aviator

Activities:

Football, '25, '26

Senior Play Committee (Tickets)

A. A. Collector, '27

Pioneer Collector, '26, '27

Special Chorus, '24, '25, '26

Double Quartet, '25, '26

Traffic Squad, '26

Fire Squad, '26

Banquet Committee, '27

Dorothy Hurd, "Dot"

"Sketching with her slender pointed foot

Some figure like a wizard pentagram
On garden gravel."

Ambition: Artist

Activities:

Cartoonist for school paper

Posters

Senior Play (scenery)

Ednamay Kelso, "Eddy"

"Who does not think

Of thy blue eyes' sweet smile." Heine

Ambition: To succeed in something worth while

Activities:

Jr. Woman's Club, '26, '27

Senior Play, '27

Indian Club Exhibition, '26

Special Chorus, '25, '26

Grace Kelso,

"I'm heartily pleasant." Middleton

Dudley Bradstreet Killam

"He has a wonderful talent for packing thought close, and rendering it portable." Macaulay

Ambition: To be an attorney

Activities:

Debating Team, '24, '25, '26, '27

Traffic Squad, '25, '26, '27

Senior Play Committee, '27

Capt. Fire Squad, '25, '26, '27

Ass. Editor of Pioneer, '27

Class Honors, '27

Literary Editor Pioneer, '26

Usher Junior-Senior Reception, '26

Elizabeth Kinsley, "Kinkie"

"Serene and resolute, and still, and calm, and self possessed." Longfellow

Ambition: To be an old maid

Activities:

Class Basketball, '24

Orchestra, '24, '25

Junior Senior Reception Com., '26

Senior Dance Com., '27

Graduation Chorus

Junior Woman's Club

Elizabeth Bertha Knight

"No beauty's like the beauty of the mind." Cooke

Ambition: To know the gold from the dross

Activities:

Round-up Board, '24

Basketball Squad, '24

Patriotic Pageant, '24

Pioneer Board, '25, '26, '27

Editorial Editor, '26, '27

Junior Woman's Club, '25, '26

Prize Play, "Patent Medicine," '25

Secretary Junior Woman's Club, '26

Graduation Chorus, '25, '26

Christmas Cantata, '26
 Senior Woman's Club, '27
 Fashion Show, Senior Woman's
 Club, '27
 Valedictorian

Cecil Raleigh Latham, "Ce"

"The first of virtues is to restrain the
 tongue." Plutarch

Ambition: To be a success

Activities:

Baseball, '25, '26, '27

Costume Committee, '24

John Elbridge Lindsay, "Jack"

"Think not I am what I appear."

Byron

Ambition: Mechanic

Activities:

Usher, Junior-Senior Reception, '26

Edna Louise Little, "Teddy"

"Sweet are the thoughts that savor
 of content;

The quiet mind is richer than a
 crown." Greene

Ambition: Artist

Activities:

Junior Woman's Club, '24, '25

Indian Club Exhibition, '25, '26

Senior Play Candy Committee, '27

Lillian F. Little

"The music of the brook did silence
 all conversation." Longfellow

Ambition: To travel

Activities:

Soccer, '24

Indian Club Exhibition, '25, '26

Class Basketball, '24, '25

Varsity Basketball, '26, '27

Hockey, '25

Junior Woman's Club, '24, '25, '26,
 '27

Junior Prom Committee

Senior Party Committee

Gladys Elizabeth Livingstone, "Skeezix"

"A happy-tempered bringer of the
 best out of the worst." Browning

Ambition: Singer

Activities:

Soccer, '24

Hockey, '24, '25

Varsity Hockey, '26, '27

Class Basketball, '26, '27

Sportsmanship Brotherhood, '26

Tormentor Board, '25

Senior Play Ticket Committee, '27

Banquet Committee, '27

Carl Moore Lougee, "Lou"

"And what he dares to dream of
 dares to do." Lowell

Ambition: To satisfy someone

Activities:

Baseball, '25, '26, '27

Class Basketball, '26

Traffic Squad, '26, '27

Fire Squad, '26, '27

Tormentor, '24, '25

Gym Exhibition, '25

Head Usher, Senior Play, '27

Class Banquet Committee, '27

Madeline Nancy Lyons "Maddie"

"In friendship I early was taught to
 believe." Byron

Ambition: Physical Instructor

Activities:

Soccer, '24

Class Basketball, '24 (Captain)

Class Hockey, '25

Mgr. Hockey, '24, '25

Varsity Hockey, '25, '26

Varsity Basketball, '25, '26, '27
 (Captain '27)

Tennis Team, '26

Junior Women's Club, '26, '27

Vice President of Class, '25, '26

Class Treasurer, '27

A. A. Dance, '26

Senior Play Committee

Junior Girl

Special Chorus, '26

Sportsmanship Brotherhood, '26

Phophecy

Virginia Louise MacBrien, "Jin"

"No childish play

To me is pleasing; all my mind is set
 Serious to learn and know and thence
 to do." Milton

Ambition: To rival Cicero

Activities:

Class Basketball, '24, '25

Class Hockey, '25

Teachers' Club Cabaret, '25

Health Play, '25

Field Day, '26

Indian Club Exhibition, '25, '26

Junior Woman's Club, '25, '26, '27

Varsity Basketball, '26, '27

Senior Play Committee, '27
Faculty Honors

Florence Isabelle MacCaughey

"Flossie" or "Mac"

"Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day."
Longfellow

Ambition: To be an organist

Activities:

Senior Play Costume Com. '27

Elizabeth Manning, "Beth"

"She cheerful, fresh, and full of joy-
aunce glad." Spenser

Ambition: To travel anywhere and
everywhere

Activities:

Senior Play Committee (Property)

Junior Women's Club, '25, '26, '27

Class Field Hockey, '26

Manager Varsity Field Hockey, '26

Indian Club Exhibition, '25, '26

Teachers' Cabaret, '25

William Mathieson, "Bill"

"Thou art a cat, a rat, and a coward
to boot." Cervantes

"I did but jest." Shakespeare

Ambition: Professional athlete

Activities:

Football, '25, '26

Class Basketball, '25

Varsity Basketball, '27

Picnic Committee, '27

Stanley Maxwell, "Mac"

"Far may we search before we find
a heart so manly and so kind." Scott

Ambition: Projectionist

Activities:

President of Camera Club, '26

Helen Frances MacKay, "Hylie"

"What sweet delight a quiet life
affords." Drummond

Ambition: Stenographer

Activities:

Candy Committee, '27

Office, '27

Dorothy Mercer, "Dot"

"A merry companion is welcome and
acceptable to all." Burton

Ambition. To be a successful private
secretary

Activities:

Junior Women's Club, '24, '25, '26,
'27

Senior Play Candy Committee, '27

Special Chorus, '26

Teachers' Cabaret, '25

Hockey, '25

Office, '27

Field Day, '26

Alfred Manning Merritt, "Rabbit"

"Great manliness and love of sports,
A grave, wise thoughtfulness and
truth,

A merry fun."

Masefield

Ambition: To live and let live

Activities:

Class President, '24

Class Basketball, '25

Health Play, '24

Football, '25, '26, '27

Baseball, '25, '26, '27

Special Chorus, '25

Second Basketball, '26

Class Track, '26

Gym Exhibition, '26

Torch Oration, '26

Acceptance of Spade, '26

Class President, '27

Basketball, '27

Track, '27

"Miss Civilization," '27

Torch Oration, '27

Dorothy Mock, "Dot"

"Patience is the passion of great
hearts." Lowell

Ambition: Medical profession

Activities:

Chairman Candy Committee, '27

Marguerette Elizabeth Morrill,

"Margie"

"Can any wind blow rough upon a
blossom

So fair and tender?"

Fletcher

Ambition: To be the wife of the
mayor of North Reading

Activities:

Senior Play Candy Committee, '27

Newell Howes Morton, "Newt"

"Just of thy word, in every thought
sincere

Who knew no wish, but what the
world might hear."

Pope

Ambition: To get somewhere

Activities:

Pioneer Board, '27
 A. A. Collector, '27
 Football, '25
 Usher, Junior-Senior Reception, '26
 Dramatics, '26, '27
 Pioneer Collector, '27
 Debating Club, '24, '25
 Traffic Squad, '26, '27
 Class Secretary, '26
 Election Committee, '27

Robert Benjamin Mount, "Bob"

"Who can enjoy alone?
 Or all enjoying, what contentment
 find?" Milton
 Ambition: To be some good to the
 world, not a mere hinderance

Activities:

Class Basketball, '24, '25
 Varsity Football, '25, '26, '27
 Junior Prom Committee, '26
 Junior-Senior Reception Com., '26
 Junior Class Relay Team, '26
 Senior Track Team, '27
 Class Will, '27
 Debating Club, '26
 Member Hi-Y Club, '27

Frances Musgrave, "Fran"

"The music soars within the little
 lark
 And the lark soars." E. B. Browning
 Ambition: Lawyer
 Activities:
 Junior Women's Club

Priscilla Newell, "Bunny"

"A glad blithsomeness belonged to
 her." New Princeton Review
 Ambition: To be an aviatrix of non-
 stop flight to North Reading
 Activities:
 Senior Chorus, '26
 Senior Play Candy Committee
 Junior Women's Club, '24, '25
 Fashion Show Committee, '27

Robert D. Norton, "Bob"

"There is no wisdom like frankness."
 Disraeli
 Ambition: To clean up Wall Street
 Activities:
 Class Basketball, '25, '26
 Football, '27
 Special Chorus, '25, '26
 Male Octet, '27

Picnic Committee, '27
 Senior Play Ticket Committee, '27

Barbara Towle Nutter, "Barb"

"A quiet conscience makes one so
 serene!" Byron

Ambition: To be happy

Activities:

Class Basketball, '25, '26
 Soccer, '24
 Special Chorus, '25, '26, '27
 Junior Prom Committee, '26
 Pin and Ring Committee, '27
 Junior Women's Club, '24, '25, '26
 Girls' Tennis Manager, '26
 Fashion Show, '27

Fletcher George Parker, "Fritz"

"A young cowt (colt) will canter,
 be it up hill or down."

Ambition: To be or not to be

Activities:

Special Chorus, '25
 Chairman Ring Committee, '27

Eula Eleanor Parsons

"She was all good humour, spirits,
 sense and agreeability."

Mme. D'Arbley

Ambition: To swim the Atlantic
 Ocean

Activities:

Special Chorus, '24, '25, '26
 Class Basket Ball, '24, '25, '26, '27
 Varsity Basketball, '27
 Class Hockey, '25, '26
 Varsity Hockey Team, '26
 Teachers' Cabaret, '25
 Senior Play Committee

Louise Porch

"There studious let me sit,
 And hold high converse with the
 Mighty Dead." Thomson

Ambition: To place between that
 which has been and that which is to
 be an untransitional space.

Activities:

Junior Women's Club
 Rotary Club Exercise
 Senior Women's Club
 Pioneer, '26, '27
 Motto Committee, '27
 Fashion Show, '27

Allen Putnam, "Al"

"A little nonsense now and then

Is relished by the wisest men."

Disraeli

Ambition: 10,00 (up not down)

Activities:

Debating Club, '24, '25, '26, '27

Tormentor Staff, '25, '26

Camera Club, '25, '26, '27

Assistant Manager Baseball, '26

Traffic Squad, '25, '27

Senior Play, '27

Class Historian, '27

Evelyn Anne Riley, "Bunny"

"Bright eyes, Light eyes! Daughter of a Fay."

Buchanan

Ambition: To be a private secretary

Activities:

Junior Women's Club, '25, '26, '27

Basketball, '25, '26, '27

Senior Dance Committee, '27

Field Day Drill, '26

Special Chorus, '26

Christmas Play, '25

Marjorie Ritchie, "Midge" or "Marge"

"A heart as soft, a heart as kind,

A heart as sound and free

As in the whole world thou canst find."

Herrick

Ambition: To travel—do something exciting

Activities:

Soccer, '24

Class Basketball, '24

Hockey, '25

Indian Club Exhibition, '25, '26

Manager Basketball, '27

Junior Women's Club, '24, '25, '26, '27

Senior Play

Secretary Senior Class

Special Chorus, '25

Usher Graduation, '26

Collector, '27

Martha Louise Roberts, "Bob"

"Of thi fairnisse, of thi swetnise, of thi lotleschipe (littleship) we knowe."

Anonymous

Activities:

Senior Dance Committee, '27

Edwin Noah Sanborn, "Ed"

"He seemed

For dignity compos'd and high exploit."

Milton

Ambition: Civil Engineer

Activities:

Class Basketball, '26

Football, '26, '27

Property Committee, '27

Senior Ring Committee, '27

Bernard Schimpfke, "Buggy"

"Oh, it is excellent to have mighty strength."

Shakespeare

Ambition: To be successful in whatever I take up

Activities:

Baseball, '25, '26

Football, '25, '26

Publicity Com. Senior Play, '27

Senior Track, '27

George Nelson Noyes Siegars, "Red"

"'Tis but a worthless world to win or lose."

Byron

Ambition: To be an English Instructor under Mrs. Lyla Davis?

Activities:

Football, '25, '26

Basketball, '26, '27 (Captain)

Junior Prom Committee, '26

Business Manager Pioneer, '26, '27

Orchestra, '24, '25, '26

Class Basketball, '25

Junior-Senior Reception, '26

Traffic Squad

Duncan Henry Stanley

"A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind."

Garrick

John Stanley

"He is a good fellow in intention and a likable one in person."

North American Review

Ambition: To savvy Milton

Activities:

Debating Club, '25, '26, '27

Debating Sec., '27

Debating Team, '26

Class Basketball, '26

Senior Track, '27

Merritt Winters Skidmore

"Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind."

Homer

Ambition: Bookkeeper

Activities:

Special Chorus, '25, '26, '27

William St. Louis, Jr., "Saint"

"Law, Brer Tarry!" sez Brer Fox.

Reading



h School



Arlington Studio

sezee, "you ain't see something yit.
Ef you wanten sho' nuff see some-
thing, you des oughter go 'longer me.
I'm de man w'at kin show you some-
thing," sezee. Harris

Ambition: To be tall

Activities:

Varsity Football, '24, '25, '26

Senior Play, '27

Faculty Play, '27

Class Basketball, '25

Class Track, '26

A. A. Collector, '26

Class Will, '27

Usher, Junior-Senior Prom, '26

Debating Club, '23, '24

Muriel Steele

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair." Tennyson

Ambition: Interior Decorator

Activities:

Senior Play Ticket Committee, '27

Junior Women's Club, '27

Class Basketball, '27

"Miss Civilization," '27

Fashion Show, '27

Usher at Teachers' Club Plays, '27

Gloria Stevens, "Glo"

"Zealous, yet modest." Beattie

Ambition: To be a success

Activities:

Junior Women's Club, '27

Class Basketball, '24

Varsity Basketball, '25, '27

Class Hockey, '25,

Varsity Hockey, '26, '27

Relay Team, '26, '27

Health Play, '25

Chairman Property Com., Senior
Play, '27

Picnic Committee, '27

Cheer Leader, '26

Tennis, '27

Pioneer Board, '27

Robert Stevens, "Steve"

"He'd undertake to prove, by force
of argument, a man's no horse. He'd
prove a buzzard is no fowl, and that
a toad may be an owl, a calf an
Alderman, a goose a Justice and
rooks, committe-men or trustees."

Butler

Ambition: To be in Montana in 1923

Activities:

Debating Club, '26, '27

Football, '25, '26

Arthur Stevenson, "Sam"

"I never, with important air,
In conversation overbear."

Ambition: To travel

Activities:

Scenery Committee, Senior Play, '27

Ermel M. Sturges, "Sunny"

"Sweet as dew." Preston

Ambition: Private Secretary

Activities:

Junior Women's Club, '27

Eleanor Surette

"One firm and standing in her pur-
poses, not heau'd off with each wind
and passion." Bp. Earle

Ambition: Nurse

Activities:

Costume Review Committee

Philip Benjamin Swain, "Flip"

"What better fare than well content."
Shakespeare

Ambition: To attend school regularly

Activities:

Football, '26

Senior Staging Committee, '27

Edward Tasney, "Ted"

"So blithe an debonair." Milton

Ambition: Sport reporter

Activities:

Camera Club, '24, '25, '26

Scenery Committee, '27

Baseball Managar, '27

Emery Taylor, "Em"

"He is liked because he is likable."
Thackery

Kennison Thaxter

"I would help others out of a fellow-
feeling

James Tibbetts, "Jim" or "Tib"

"The music that can deepest reach,
and cure all ill, is cordial speech."

Ambition: College education in
Science

Activities:

Camera Club, '26

Orchestra, '27

Operetta, '27

Scenery Committee, '27

Margaret Tolman, "Midge" or "Marge"

"Those eyes, affectionate and glad,
that seemed to love whate'er they
looked upon." Campell

Ambition: Travel the world round

Activities:

Soccer, '24

Hockey, '25

Teachers' Cabaret, '25

Christmas Cantata, '26

Christmas Play, '26

Special Chorus, '26

Chairman, Scenery Committee, '27

Junior Woman's Club, '27

Pinafore Scenery

Substitute for Mr. Halpin, '26

Field Day Drill Exhibition, '26

Helen Turner, "Dutch"

"But ah, she dances such a way!

No sun upon an Easter day

Is half so beautiful a sight!" Suckling

Ambition: To eat, dance, and be
merry

Activities:

Soccer, '24

Class Basketball, '24, '25, '26, '27

Senior Play, '27

Junior Woman's Club, '24, '25, '26
'27

J. W. C. Vice President, '26, Presi-
dent, '27

Orchestra, '24, '25, '26

Special Chorus, '25

Pioneer, '26, '27

Fashion Show, '25

A. A. Dance, '27

Clifton Hugh Turner, "Tip" or "Tippy"

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?

Come here my beamish boy!

O frabjous day! Callooh! Calloy!

He chortled in his joy." Dodgson

Ambition: To find what I am best
suited for in the line of work.

Activities:

Debating Club, '24, '25

Football Manager, '26

Usher, Senior Play, '27

Alfred Tyler, "Al"

"Happy am I, from care I'm free!

Why aren't they all contented like
me!" Opera of La Boyadere

Activities:

Football, '26

Track, '27

Senior Play Ticket Committee, '27

Stephen Wadsworth, "Steve"

"A bold, bad man!" Spenser

Ambition: Always to be sober

Activities:

Football, '24

Class Track, '26

Orchestra, '23

Doris Frances Wall, "Dot"

"Surely never did there live on earth

One of kindlier nature." Wordsworth

Ambition: To be a success

Activities:

Special Chorus, '26

Operetta, '27

Publicity Committee, '27

Russell Elwin Ward

"Rusty" or "Peg"

"The sea! the sea! the open sea!

The blue, the fresh, the ever free!"

Cornwall

Ambition: To be something worth
while

Activities:

Class Basketball, '24, '25

Captain Sophomore Class, '24, '25

Pres. Sophomore Class, '24, '25

Senior Play Property Com., '27

Varsity, 2nd Team Basketball, '25,
'26

Helen Louise Warren

"The gentle mind by gentle deeds
is known." Spenser

Ambition: To be a teacher

Activities:

Motto Committee

Ruth Westcott, "Ruthie"

"A face with gladness overspread!

Soft smiles, by human kindness
bred!" Wordsworth

Ambition: To be President

Activities:

Office Work

Ellen Wiberg, "Spooks"

"My favored temple is an humble
heart." Bailey

Ambition: To be a musician

Activities:

Candy Committee, '27

Banquet Committee, '27

Joseph Wright, "Joe"

"His heart as far from fraud as
heaven from earth." Shakespeare

Ambition: To be an oil magnate

Activities:

Physical Training Exhibition, '25

Lawrence Zwicker, "Laurie"

"Cheerful at morn he wakes from
short repose,

Breathes the keen air, and carols
as he goes!" Goldsmith

Ambition: To be E. Pluribus Unus

Activities:

Class Basketball, '23

Vice President of Class, '23

Varsity Basketball, '24, '25, '26, '27

Treasurer of Class, '24

Double Quartet, '24, '25

Varsity Football, '25, '26, '27

Junior Prom Committee, '26

Junior-Senior Reception, '26

President of Class, '26

Pioneer Collector, '27

A. A. Collector, '27

Banquet Committee, '27

Publicity Com. of Senior Play, '27

R. H. S. Track Team, '27

SENIOR CLASS ELECTIONS

Smallest—Martha Roberts

Most Attentive—Louise Porch

Prettiest—Barbara Nutter

Most Sociable—Madeline Lyons

Most Studious—Elizabeth Knight

Most Adorable—Enide Sturges

Most Poetic—Pearl Haywood

Quietest—Helen Brown

Noisiest—Frances Musgrave

Most Trustworthy—Madeline Lyons

Cleverest—Frank Beecher

Jolliest—Elizabeth Goodwin

Most Bashful—Joseph Wright

Wittiest—Frank Beecher

Best Traveling Salesman—Alfred Tyler

Most Bewitching Eyes—

Marjorie Ritchie

Most Sparkling Teeth—Carrol Hoyt

Best Natured—Madeline Lyons

Sweetest Little Thing—Martha Roberts

Tallest—Clarence Gay

Most Artistic—Dorothy Hurd

Class "Collegian"—George Siegars

Best Farmer of the Year—

James Tibbets

Most Accomplished Personage—

Louise Porch

Most Innocent—Christine Hopkins

Most Knowing—Elizabeth Knight

Teacher's Favorite—Louise Porch

Jazziest—Helen Turner

Best Prize Fighter—William St. Louis

Best Minister—Walter Freeman

Most Solemn—Arthur Stevenson

Biggest Flirt—Helen Turner

A Future Financial King—

Robert Norton

Movie "Shiek"—Joseph Wright

Most Contented—Glenna and Bob

Most Popular—Alfred Merritt

Most Talkative—Frances Musgrave

Speediest—Alfred Tyler

Class "Dude"—Robert Norton

Junior Boy—Richard Pomfret

Junior Girl—Thelma McClintock

Daintiest—Donald Carter

Most Gentlemanly—Joseph Byram

Laziest—George Siegars

CLASS PROPHECY

On one of the warm, mild evenings of the spring just past, I was studying with more or less enthusiasm an extremely difficult math. problem in co-operation with one well versed in such matters. Complications ensued as they will under such trying circumstances. Neither I nor my young lady companion could bring forth the least light on the subject in question. Our concentration was nil and an atmosphere of unrest pervaded the whole room. I noticed that her glance strayed continually toward my bookcase. Following her glance I discovered that she was closely studying a small, extremely dusty green-bound volume almost hidden by other volumes of much greater size. I wondered greatly thereat. Finally she arose and took out the volume under survey. After considerable scraping the book was revealed to be a copy of Smith and Lily's Rhetoric which I re-

called having found in school, used it a few times and then brought home to lie unused until now. I took it from her, turned a few pages discovering nothing but the cut and dried phrases of your school-boy's English book.

"For the love of Pete" I sighed "Put up that book and let's get down to work."

I turned to the paper laden table and Maddy started to replace the book. Hearing a grunt of astonishment from me, she looked around. It was small wonder that I was startled. There before us stood the most wierd figure that I had ever seen. This figure seemed almost an apparition. It stood about four feet two, or three, enveloped in a black cloak of innumerable folds which somehow failed to conceal the short gnarled bowed legs. The head was positively massive, covered with a matted mass of tousled black hair. Keen black eyes peered from beneath shaggy black brows. What could be seen of the face was a veritable mass of wrinkles, wrinkles denoting ages of bitter, trying experience. One claw-like hand was extended before him continually moving in a small circle. The other was hidden inside the swathing cloak.

I stood for a moment feeling great surprise not untinged with awe. Finally I found my voice.

"Well" I inquired nervously "Who or what are you?"

The strange figure spoke. The voice was deep and growling and failed to reassure me in the least.

"I," he growled, "Am the modern reincarnation of Arthur's wonderous magician, Merlin."

My relief was great. I knew, of course, now, that I was dreaming. "Is that so?" I observed politely. "Well, what can we do for you?"

"Nay" he growled "The favor is mine to do."

He sidled up to the table, took up Smith and Lily's Rhetoric and made a few mysterious passes around it with a slim black wand. Turning to us he

spoke.

"You two are blessed of the gods. Yours is a fortunate fate as you have been selected to receive the blessing which I am forced to bestow on someone." He blew his nose violently and went on. "In this book which I hold in my hand there are exactly one hundred and nine pages. Each one is dedicated to the future of one of your classmates. The power to reveal the secret of these pages is mine and mine alone."

I did my best to look politely interested. "Pray do so," I begged.

"I must," he roared. "The fates decree it."

He went on, growling and rumbling as he spoke. "Belittle not the one who is about to bless you with the vision of the future."

He fumbled inside his cloak bringing forth a little round black box. This he opened and poured a heap of dull green powder into my ash tray. Again his wand described its magic circle while he mumbled mysterious and broken phrases none of which I could catch. The heap of powder began to glow and smoulder, then burst forth into a bright steady flame. The strange man stepped back triumphantly.

"There," he cried, "Now you have but to tear the pages from the book, place them in that flame and the future of each and every one of your classmates will be revealed to you."

My cynicism had fled. I sat breathless. Incessant and painful pinching had convinced me that this was not a dream. Maddy was as spellbound as I.

"Set to," cried the magician imperiously. "Time is short."

At that he snapped his fingers and on the opposite wall a large silver screen appeared. Excitedly I tore a page loose, crumpled it and thrust it into the flame. There was a small flare, a puff of smoke, and a figure appeared on the screen. I was greatly thrilled. The figure moved and acted true to life, and seemed just like an

ordinary moving picture show. I could hear Maddy gasping beside me. Then I cried out, "Why it is our beloved and esteemed president, Al Merritt."

I watched the screen for a while and to my horror I became convinced that Alfred's pursuits were of a shady character. He is now President of A. M. Merritt & Co., Insurance Collectors. Any man possessing an ancient and timeworn auto of which he desires to be rid of has but to hand it over to Al. After he has driven it for a while it is easy to collect the insurance. As I watched, I saw that Al had lost none of his former skill in this line.

Another page followed the first. Another picture showed on the screen, a picture of active hardy life, life in the raw. A bucking broncho twists and turns, pitching madly like a wild thing, stirring the dust, and furrowing the earth. Who is the lean rangy cow-puncher who sits calmly astride this fiercely plunging animal? None but our old friend Nasty Norton. He is the pride of the O-bar-O. There is not a horse in the country that can unseat him. His famous legs easily account for his success.

This picture faded and another took its place as I replenished the fire. A massive football field was before me. Powerful teams plunge up and down in signal drill, and galloping backs strike terror into the heart of the tackler. The dominant figure who looks so capable is the coach. He is the greatest coach in the country. Larry Zwicker attained his reputation through his ability at teaching his young charges to carry the ball beyond the five yard line. If you ask him, he will explain just why this habit is useful.

The next picture showed an immense baseball park. The New York Yankees, leading the league were playing the Boston Red Sox. Our friend Merlin explained to us that the Yankees had reached this enviable position through the ability of four players. I saw these players in action. They were Spud

Conti, Art Conti, Cee Latham, and Clarence Gay. You can see for yourself that they are a flashy bunch.

Just to keep the game from being one-sided, Carl Lougee, catching for the Sox, strode to the plate and hit a home run. At this performance I saw somebody in the background go wild with glee. It turned out to be Teddy Tasney, manager of the Sox.

Perhaps some of you in the near future will go to the New Metropolitan Theatre in New York. Here the world's greatest artists play, holding the elite, critical audiences spellbound. In my vision of a performance held there, I saw some rare talent. Glavisia Livingstoni, the foremost diva of the Opera Co. rendered a little selection. This marvellous soprano seemed familiar to me. It was none other than our own Gladys Livingstone. She has sung before all the royalty of Europe.

A second Fritz Kreisler starred at this performance. Surely that face was familiar to me and I had seen that piano accompanist before. Of course, it was George "Red" Siegars and his accompanist was Helen Turner. I recalled that Dutch long ago, used to like to accompany "Red" anyway.

High up in the projection room, the young man, an artist in his line, who held the dazzling spotlight steady had once been a member of R. H. S. '27. Stanley Maxwell is the world's greatest projectionist.

The application of fresh pictures nearly brought a tear to my eye. I recalled two girls who had ambitions for great wealth. Leonice Cook once expressed a desire to marry a millionaire. It was a fierce contest between her and Harriet Hasty, but eventually Cookie won the wealthy E. Sassafras Guzzlewill, the Saurkraut King. Harriet, however, was not foiled. She sued Guzzlewill for so much heart balm that all he has left is his insurance. Let us hope that Cookie does not try to collect this in the usual way.

The magic screen revealed to me the massive garage of our little mechanic,

Red Dunn. Red cures a mean flivver just as he did in the good old days. He is shown before his palatial garage with his head mechanic, John Stanley.

The torn leaves upon my fire were producing a strange effect. The screen took me all around the country. The next revelations were in Hollywood. Carroll Parker Hoyt, the greatest young dramatic actor in the business did a little scene for my benefit with his new leading lady, Ednamay Kelso. All the passion and fervor which Hoyt showed in his early youth were brought out perfectly here.

On the next lot Hokie Holden stopped with his face, a custard pie flung from the accurate hand of his brother comedian, Bob Dewey. These two make a great team, and their act received my entire approval.

Danny Chamberlain, although he smokes a villianous pipe, brings forth some of the best sellers every year. As an author, Dan is undeniably good. Perhaps the training of Mrs. Davis is in some slight measure responsible.

Two fiery debaters stood and belowed at each other before a large and intelligent gathering. Dudley Killam has the affirmative; resolved, prohibition is a benefit to the U. S. Joseph Byram ardently defends the negative. Each of these orators pleads nobly. However the Judge, our friend Douglas Daniel, declares Killam to be the winner. This may be explained by the fact that Doug has a big interest in a large bootlegging concern.

In New York there are numerous big red stores sometimes referred to as Woolworth's Five and Ten Cent Stores. We will visit one of these. A few of our old girl friends hold high positions here. There in charge of the perfume counter was our old friend, Ruth Colby. Ruth knows her goods to the last degree as she did back at R. H. S.

Frances Musgrave has complete dominion over the novelty counter. She delights in selling pink elephants to worn out grandfathers. No masher

ever bothers her but once. The candy department is well handled by Evelyn Riley. What she doesn't eat she sells.

The next page was dedicated to sports. Buggy Schimpfke, our own stalwart Buggy, soon after his graduation from Reading High, toppled the heavyweight champion from his throne. Now he successfully defeats all contenders. The mournful lad all bruised and beaten, that you see is Bill Mathieson. Bill was down but not out (for more than an hour).

Even Egypt did not escape the curse of the class of '27. A little group of tourists, the souvenir collecting kind, passed through this country, creating quite a stir. Betty Goodwin, Dorothy Mock, Betty Manning, and Gloria Stevens were quite taken by the Great Pyramid. And the Pyramid was more or less taken by them.

There is more to the party. Here we have Doris Wall, with the aid of Christina Hopkins, luring away the Sphinx. Egypt will bless the day this party leaves, although the evidence points that they will not leave much.

This flashy young man is the cleverest salesman in the world. Robert Horrocks can sell boiled hams in Palestine. How did he get that way? No one knows.

Ralph Johnson seems to be in tough shape. His sweetheart has just told him that he isn't fit to sleep with a pig. But we know better. Ralph is fit to sleep with a pig.

Steve Wadsworth is now president of the Green Flivver Taxi Co. He learned all about green flivvers in his youth. Also for some association of sentiment, Steve refuses to hire any drivers unless they are named Jesse.

Conflicting ambitions were the downfall of this girl. Political aspirations cannot enter into the life of a home girl. Glenna Gleason, desiring to be President of the U. S. lost the love of her anamoratu. Now she sits alone at home knitting and feeding the cat.

Strange as it may seem, Robert B.

Mount, Jr., is only a shadow of his former self. He was disappointed in an "affair de coeur" early in life. You can see for yourself that Bob is a bit peaked.

Louise Porch is now president of the Amalgamated Mucilage Corporation. Miss Porch finds ample use for her executive ability at the head of this concern and her sticktoitiveness has enabled her to corner the world's mucilage supply.

In her outer office she has the most efficient corps of stenographers in the country. They are Helen Brown, Beatrice Bryden, Edna Godfrey, Gladys Harrison, Helen MacKay, Dorothy Mercer, Margaret Morrill, and Ruth Westcott reading diagonally from left to right. These girls are all stickers.

Perhaps some day when you are doing nothing in particular this young lady will call on you. As a young girl Elizabeth Knight appreciated the usefulness of continual energy. Her later career has developed this idea. She goes from home to home dutifully instilling energy into each and all. She sells Wiggly Chewing Gum to keep you busy in spare moments.

Who is this garl who downs those cream puffs, sundaes, and iced fruits? It looks like Muriel Steele. I recall that she had an ambition to become an interior decorator. She seems to be doing a good job at decorating one interior.

The magic screen showed me that two of my classmates are now on the bench. Newell Morton is the rural justice of Podunk County and holds his seat with great pomp and dignity. I had the privilege of seeing him try Johnny Lindsay, who had been arrested for speeding.

The other bench dignitary is not as worthy as his honor Judge Morton. Fritz Parker has established a world's record for holding down park benches. I watched his innocent countenance as he slept blissfully. Unfortunately for him, Officer Ainsworth came along and

arrested him for vagrancy.

Alfred Tyler still plods ceaselessly from house to house selling his wonderful magazines. Eventually, Al hopes to earn sufficient money to enter some college.

A peaceful New Hampshire scene was spread before me. Despite the hair in their ears I recognized Elmer MacKay and Jim Tibbetts. These lads raise a mean cow.

I wish I could successfully interpret to you the feelings which I had upon seeing the future of so many classmates shown to me. Despite the intense excitement he was experiencing, F. Reginald had given me the magic book to kindle the prophet's fire and sat back to back with keen interest. Time is so short you will pardon the brevity as I relate to you just what I saw. I tore off one of the pages just as my companion had done and immediately became engrossed in the magic screen.

The picture shown upon the screen was Victor Bearse. He is now president of the little red stores commonly known as the Great Atlantic and Pacific Co. His private secretary, Thelma Brown, will tell you that he is the most efficient and the cleverest man in the business.

Oh, by the way, the days of Susan Lenglen and Helen Wills are gone. Now it is Rosalys Goddard. She is the queen of all court stars. The arm does it.

Also along the line of sports I discovered that Gertrude Ederle has had her little fling. I understand that Eula Parsons intends to start on her Atlantic Ocean swim as soon as weather settles.

No, Leon Dudley has not shrunk. This is one of his pets. Dudley is some electrical engineer.

My interest was growing and as I applied fresh fuel to my magic fire, a great secret was revealed to me. I saw before me a little gloomy room. It was the headquarters of New York's

greatest political boss. He was conversing with his campaign manager. Allan Putnam, running for Mayor, slaps his manager, Clifton Turner, on the shoulder and advises some of their boosters be sent out to stuff the ballots. Consequently six hirelings were sent out to do their work. Kenneth Barrett, George Burke, James Dulong, Merritt Skidmore, Duncan Stanley, and Arthur Stevenson are the best in their business. Putnam will be Mayor if they are at all capable.

The intricacies of political life were further revealed to me. The magic screen brought forth a view of the smoky city of Pittsburgh. There was trouble in the mills. Phillip Swain, leader of a delegation of mill hands, confers with the capital leader, Edwin Sanborn. Other delegates of the labor party, Robert Stevens, Joseph Wright, and Norman Clark urge drastic measures. Sanborn, however, is always just. He settles all his disputes with the pacificism with which his early career was marked.

Rural scenes of beauty and simplicity were shown. Here is the foremost school of art in the country. Reading High's star artists, Dorothy Hurd, Dorothy Howland, Ethel Anderson, and Marion Allard transform the awkward students into masters in their line. The four are easily the best quartette of art teachers in the country.

Perhaps sometime you will visit this wonderful theatre. It is a far cry from the old Reading Nickelodeon, but it still has the same manager. You can see that Emery Taylor has come up in the world. He looks proud. Also, by the way, our own Florence MacCaughey is the organist. She had wonderful early training.

The influence of the Reading Library still holds. Barbara Nutter balances the books for Gypem & Co. She does a good job too.

This ministerial looking person? Oh yes, Walter Freeman, the undertaker. Walter does a big business and seems

to thrive on it.

There is some trouble here. The Thumb Tack Queen of Wall Street, Alice Downs, is involved in an embezzlement scandal. Things look dark for the lady trillionaire but let us hope that through the skill of her famous woman lawyer, Virginia MacBrien, she will get off.

The Heavenly sisters, Lillian and Edna Little, now keep the Free Home for Decrepit Mice. Under the gentle and loving care of these two, the mice are readily transformed to playthings for contented kittens.

Martha Roberts, our big girl, now runs one of the discrete modiste's shops in Paris. Two of her models Ermil Sturges and Majorie Ritchie are known the world over. Here you might see Elizabeth Kinsley purchasing a few dozen frocks and gowns for next week's wear.

Katherine Esty is now the chief cook of the royal household. She keeps the King of England in good humor with her wonderful and tasty dishes. The little girl peeling potatoes is in a large measure responsible for Miss Esty's success. Dorothy Hezelton can peel potatoes with the best of them.

If you ever visited the Santa Flora Grade School in California you would find several former R. H. S. girls putting the children through their educational paces. Louise Briggs has charge of the drawing department, Helen Warren explains the intricacies of mathematics endeavoring to teach that 2×2 make 4 and not 7. Margaret Tolman teaches Language, expressing due horror at such words as "aint" and "shant." Ellen Wiberg manages the gym classes. The whole school loves their dear teachers.

Blanche Anderson answered an advertisement for a travelling companion for an old lady. She received the position and the old lady turned out to be Grace Kelso. They are now touring the west in luxurious comfort.

Gradually the pages of my little

book had been lessening. There were just half a dozen left. I placed three of these in the flame. The hospital of Dr. Russell Ward was shown. His head nurse, Priscilla Newell and his assistant nurse, Eleanor Surette are two of the most efficient nurses in the country. Rusty performs a mean operation himself. His patients sometimes recover.

I saw Maddy reach out to grasp one of the last three pages. Friend Merlin interfered here. He grabbed the book and hugged it to him.

"Nay," he cried, "these are your own futures and you cannot see them."

"That suits me," I cried, "But the third one must be Bill St. Louis's. I want to see that."

The magician started back terror-stricken and shuffled his number nines nervously. His face was a picture of abject misery.

"Alas," he sobbed, "It can never be." Like a flash he darted to the window and without a word climbed out. But not before I had seen this view. At last I know Big Bad Bill's fate. The legs had exposed him.

Desiring to acquaint our classmates with what we knew, Maddy and I boiled down the ashes of our fire, made them into plates and showed them again on the magic screen. You have seen the result. Do not blame us for the fault is not ours. We, too, were compelled.

F. B. and M. L.

CLASS HISTORY

A poor ragged historian
Sat at his desk
Absently scratching
The spots off his vest.
With no apologies to F. Reggie

The Class of 1927! What a wonderful class we are. Our record will go down in history, we hope, as the greatest class that ever graduated. At least we think so and—"As a man thinketh, so

he is."

We were sentenced as inmates of this great institution far, far back in September 1923, and then—we made four great mistakes—altho our teachers insist we made a great many more than four.

The First Mistake

Our first mistake was undoubtedly our worst. Nobody took any notice of us, so we decided to make ourselves known. In a very few days the school property had a serious case of "'27-itus"—'27s were chalked on every conceivable surface. Books, desks, blackboards, and walls all bore our inscription. A gigantic '27 was written high on the wall of the gym. But alas! We reckoned without consequences. A selected group of Seniors chose our "Laurie" Zwicker as their objective, chased him nearly to the Highland School, brought him back only about half dressed, and forcibly assisted him to erase every vestige of that glaring '27, while we sat in the bleachers, helpless to aid "Laurie."

We finally settled down to business and elected "Al" Merritt, president, "Laurie," vice president, and "Cookie," secretary-treasurer.

"Gubby" White represented us on the diamond and our class basket-ball team was runner-up for the championship, losing the play-off to the Seniors. The girls' class basket-ball team, however, won the cup, resulting in much rejoicing.

Some of us may remember that it was in this dark age that the English classes went to see "The Merchant of Venice." No doubt most of us were more interested in the thrill of coming home on the last train than in the play. Imagine dear little freshmen abroad at the outlandish hour of midnight.

We were well disciplined when we were freshmen. Whenever we became restless, Mr. Halpin would gently warn us, by pointing to the window, and saying, "Remember, it's a long way to the ground!"

Oh boy! We are a great class!

The Second Mistake

After being let out on parole for two months we came back to serve another term. We voted "Rusty" Ward for president, with "Maddie" Lyons, vice-president, "Laurie," treasurer, and Harriett Hasty, secretary.

Football was revived in good old R. H. S. and "Al," "Bill" Mathieson, "Bob" Mount, "Franny" Dunn and "Steve" Wadsworth turned out. "Steve" started out like a whirlwind, but, unfortunately, broke his ankle, putting him out of the game for the rest of the season.

In basket-ball we contributed "Laurie" and "Franny" to the varsity, while our class team "walked away" with the championship. The girls' class team came out on top in basket-ball as well as in field hockey. To the varsity hockey team went "Cookie" and "Maddie," "Glen" Gleason, "Kinkie" Kinsley and Lillian Little. The girls also organized a soccer team, and a great number of candidates turned out. Besides those girls already mentioned were "Barb" Nutter, "Dutch" Turner, "Midge" Ritchie, "Mig" Tolman and "Skeezix" Livingstone.

Then spring rolled around and "Gubby," "Al," "Buggy" Schimpfke and "Ce" Latham reported for baseball.

What a wonderful class we are!

The Third Mistake

Our junior year began with "Laurie" as president, "Maddie," vice-president, "Franny," treasurer, and "Newt" Morton, secretary. A very large number of candidates reported for football. In addition to those who played in the sophomore year were "Newt," "Saint" "Reggie," "Buggy," "Red" Siegars and "Bob" Stevens.

When the floor took the place of the gridiron, "Laurie," "Franny," "Bill," "Art" Conti, "Red," and another revolutionist, "Gegga," won places on the varsity basket-ball team.

We made a great showing in baseball with the famous "all-junior infield" consisting of "Spud," at first, "Ce," holding down the keystone sack, "Gub-

by," at short, "Al," on the hot corner, and "Lou" and "Buggy" dividing honors behind the bat.

The girls showed up exceptionally well, also, putting seven players on the varsity hockey squad. Five were veterans from the preceding year, and the other two were "Euly" Parsons and Gloria Stevens. The class basket-ball team captured the cup and the only additions to the long-standing varsity were "Rosie" Goddard and "Jin" McBrien. Our first important social function was the Junior Prom, which was a brilliant success, besides adding a few figures to our bank-roll.

The Pioneer Board was well sprinkled with Juniors. Louise Porch and Elizabeth Knight wrote the editorials, "Dutch" swapped papers with other schools, while "Ralphie" Charlton and "Dud" Killam helped out on the literary end, and "Red" Siegars was assistant business manager.

Another event of importance last year was a field day, in which the Class of '27 took a large part. "Steve" easily won the 100 yard dash, and then he was too bashful to sit still long enough to have his picture taken. "Jack" Lindsey took second place in the dash and "Reggie" tied in the shot-put. Our team won the relay race.

Two juniors, Elizabeth Knight and Louise Porch, were honored by being admitted to the Reading Woman's Club, because of excellency in junior English.

I'll tell the world we're a great class.

The Fourth Mistake

During the summer we heard of the tragic fate of one of our classmates, Harry Upton, who was drowned. Harry will always be remembered as one of the fastest tennis players and one of the best all-round boys in school.

This was the only sad event in our history. The Seniors were at last in undisputed control of the student body. "Al" took the chair, not the electric chair, (he hasn't got that yet), and "Glen" was elected to take his place, if he should. "Maddie" held the bank-book, while "Midge" read the minutes.

New faces appeared among us this

year. "Sunny" Sturgis came to us from Hingham and not a few fellows think she is a lot "hotter" than just "sunny." Dorothy Mock hails from Woburn and "Scotty" Steele from Saratoga, N. Y. "Dan" Chamberlain is that good-looking shiek from Providence. Leon Dudley used to go to school in Dover, N. H. "Al" Tyler comes from Claremont in the same state. From the "far north" comes "Em" Taylor. "Em," brother of our history teacher, lived in the wilds of Maine, up in the "big sticks," where men are men and women are lumber-jacks.

All the men on the first string football squad were seniors except two. The team was captained by "Laurie," and "Tippy" Turner was manager.

Seniors constituted the basketball team for the most part, also, with "Red" captain and "Bob" Dewey manager.

The Senior Dance was a colorful affair, altho it did not help us financially.

But the Senior play, "Come Out of the Kitchen," was a smashing success, especially out in the kitchen sink with Ralph on the job. The play went off smoothly under the coaching of Mrs. Prentiss and help of Miss Pratt, except that someone spilled the cocktails on the floor before the show, and the actors got nothing but plain grape juice.

The Seniors were again well represented on the Debating Team by Dudley Killam and Robert Stevens and this team won a clear victory over Wakefield.

"Ted" Tasney made up a good schedule, and the baseball team has ended its season under the leadership of "Spud" Conti.

Out of seventeen members of the Pioneer Board twelve were Seniors headed by editor Louise Porch.

It wasn't so long ago that we journeyed to Boston to see "MacBeth" at the Repertory. It created quite an impression on us, in fact, it effected a couple of Seniors so much that they tried to drink out of the flower basin. In spite of the fact that a few of the couples stayed until the last train, they

were well chaperoned, in fact, too well (for them).

Class meetings, class meetings, and more class meetings—it seemed as if there was one every day. We have had a picnic and a banquet and tomorrow we graduate.

Masefield says: "The days that make us happy make us wise." We have spent many happy days here. Let's hope they have made us wise.

reuct,s

A. P.

In the name of God, Amen. Be it remembered that we, the 1927 Class of Reading High School, in the Town of Reading, County of Middlesex, Commonwealth of Massachusetts, being of sound and disposing mind and memory (rumors to the contrary notwithstanding), and about to depart from a safe and sheltered harbor to challenge the vast and terrifying dangers of an unknown sea, do declare this to be our last will and testament, hereby revoking all other wills heretofore made by us.

After the payment of our just debts, we bequeath and devise as follows:

First. To our school we give a pledge of loyalty. Our highest aim is to prove worthy of its splendid traditions. Our pride in it is equalled only by our determination to add lustre to its fame.

Second. We bequeath unto the faculty our heartfelt gratitude for the patience, understanding and sympathy that have guided and directed our laggard minds toward the goal of knowledge. The fact that their success has not been proportionate to their earnest, unselfish effort on our behalf is entirely our fault, and we are just beginning to realize that it is also our misfortune. But, be our faults what they may, ingratitude is not one of them, and we do hereby warrant this legacy to be pure gold, studded with the jewels of an enduring affection.

Third. To the three lower classes we extend the hand of fellowship and bid them welcome, in numerical order, to the exalted station we are this day vacating. We leave them a record in

which no one but ourselves could possibly take any measure of pride whatsoever. We counsel them to search diligently for the footprints we have made in the precious dust of these classrooms and corridors, in order that they may be scrupulously avoided. With this parting injunction we bequeath and devise unto them, their successors and assigns, the fate they so richly deserve for not heeding (as of course they will not) the warning which our horrible example constitutes.

Fourth. To the several individual members of the faculty and classes, including our own Class, we bequeath and devise as follows:

A. To Miss Pratt, our Class Adviser, we leave our sincere appreciation of the able way in which she has guided the destinies of our hectic class.

B. To Mr. Taylor, our favorite teacher, we leave the memory of a happy year spent in his company.

C. To Mr. Aldred, our much loved coach, we leave our good wishes for his continued success in building up future athletic teams.

I. To Charles Dukelow, the captain of next year's football team, we leave our fine football record, secure in the knowledge that it will be kept unblemished.

II. To Si Weeks, we bequeath this rubber hat, which we hope will fit his head on all occasions.

III. To Gus MacLeod, a set of dumbbells, to further develop his muscular frame.

IV. To Elizabeth Knight, our honored valedictorian, we bequeath this bookmark, so that she will never lose her place.

V. To Bob Norton, we leave this ladder, which we hope will enable him to come down off his high horse.

VI. To Leonice Cook, we leave this gavel, which should enable her to enforce her authority.

VII. To Alfred Tyler, we gladly bequeath this strong tow rope, which we are sure he will have much use for if he still hangs to that chariot of his.

VIII. To Ermel Sturges, that girl with the baby face, we leave this little

bonnet to keep the sun from burning her tender skin.

IX. To Clarence Gay, the red-headed six-footer of our class, we leave this asbestos hat, which will keep him from setting the world on fire. Along with the hat goes the old pump handle, for the purpose of giving his arm a rest while he dances.

X. To Carol Hoyt, we bequeath a lariat, so that if he can't get a girl one way, he can another.

XI. To Dorothy Howland, the girl with the beautiful clothes, we give this wardrobe trunk, in the hope that it will help her to keep them in the pink of condition.

XII. To Helen MacKay, the wee girl with the wee voice, we leave a megaphone, so that she can make Coach Taylor who is slightly deaf understand her.

XIII. To Ralph Johnson, the boy who is never on time, we leave this kiddy-car, so that he can make better time in going up to Hanscom Ave.

XIV. To Frank Beecher, we leave an electric warming pad, to keep the water on his brain from freezing so every little thing won't slip his mind.

XV. To "Newt" Morton, we bequeath a little book entitled, "How to Get 'A' in Latin."

XVI. To Franny Dunn, a degree of Master Mechanic.

XVII. To "Sleepy Sam" Stephenson, we leave this Big Ben, with the hope that he will cherish it and it will be the means of arousing him.

XVIII. To Lawrence Zwicker, we bequeath, due to his poor eyesight, a pair of field glasses, so that he will know when he has reached the goalline.

XIX. To Marjorie Ritchie, the fickliest girl in the class, we leave seven little boys—one for every day in the week.

XX. To Glenna Gleason, we leave a pair of shears, so she may always have a permanent "Bob."

XXI. To Helen Turner, we leave a "Teddy" (bear).

XXII. To Ralph Charlton, we leave a can of paint for his passion-eight.

XXIII. To George Siegars, we bequeath a baton as a start toward his

orchestra.

XXIV. To Fletcher Parker, a shovel, with which we hope he will be able to uncover the true spirit that lies within him.

XXV. To Roland Holden, we leave six inches of altitude.

XXVI. To "Al" Merritt, we bequeath a non-skid racing car.

XXVII. To Russell Ward, a peg leg, in case of injury to his sturdy limbs.

XXVIII. To "Don" Carter, who aspires to be a teacher, we leave our sympathy—he'll need it.

XXIX. To Robert Stevens, we leave Captaincy of the left side of the line.

XXX. To Martha Roberts, a balloon, so that she may get up in the world.

XXXI. To Harriet Hasty, we leave this weather vane, so that she may change her mind every time the wind changes.

XXXII. To ourselves, we give the one thing which possesses absolutely no value to any other person, but which to us is more precious than all the gold and diamonds ever mined, more precious than all the pearls that have come out of the Orient: the priceless memory of four supremely happy years; the memory of friendships and comradeships that will go with us into the far places of the earth; a memory that will sustain and hearten and inspire us when disappointments crowd around us and adversity, perhaps, may threaten to crush us utterly. Through the blackness of despair, this memory will shine as a beacon light to lead us upward from the depths to the far, high peaks of achievement. And, since the inevitable end of all triumphs and defeats is the peaceful grave, our last request is that this memory remain forever inviolate and be buried with us.

In testimony whereof, we the Class of 1927, have hereunto set our hand and seal this 24th day of June, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and twenty-seven, at the place first above written, in the presence of three witnesses:

1. Richard Pomfret
2. William Carter
3. Francis Merritt

on the 24th day of June, A. D. nineteen hundred twenty-seven.

We, the undersigned, hereby certify that the Class of 1927, in the person of Robert B. Mount, Jr., and William St. Louis, Jr., exhibited to us the foregoing instrument and then and there to each of us acknowledged and declared the same to be the last will and testament of the Class of 1927 and requested us to witness the execution thereof, whereupon the signature and seal were attached thereto, and the signature is the genuine signature of the testators' duly empowered attorney.

R. B. M. and W. St. L.

A PROPOSED CLASS SONG

She took us in as freshmen,
A hopeless, hectic crew,
She gave us some assignments,
To see what we could do.
We started out like scholars,
But stopped when half-way through.
Now having seen our record,
She lent her steadying hand,
To lead us from the depths,
To a Sophomoric land.

Thru many trials and struggles,
Bold seniors we became
And earned by our achievements
Place in Reading's Hall of Fame.
Some capture that elusive goal,
While others miss success.
But whatever is our station
When the ebb of life is low,
Our thoughts of days in R. H. S.
Will never from us go.

Chorus:

So while we're gathered here,
Let us sing this joyful song,
In praise of dear old Reading
Who never led us wrong.
'Though we may wander far
From her ivy-covered walls,
Don't let her e'er forget
That we're thinking of her yet,
Dear old Reading
The Praeceptor of our Adoloscencia.

W. St. L.

The Willis Pharmacy

The store where Quality is the first consideration
in all things

QUALITY

SERVICE

COURTESY

YOU ARE ALWAYS RIGHT WITH US

FRED F. SMITH

Hay, Grain and Poultry Supplies

Hardware

Builders' Supplies

Auto Accessories

Lime, Brick, Cement and Drain Pipe

Paint, Oil and Varnish

TELEPHONE 0450

READING SQUARE

Our Advertisers are our main support, patronize them

Smith's Spa

Opp. Reading Depot

ICE CREAM

CONFECTIONERY

Obey that impulse

to keep on saving from week to week. You've got a good start—you like the idea—keep up the good work. $4\frac{1}{2}\%$ and safety at this bank.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
of Reading, Mass.

PERCY N. SWEETSER

COAL

ALEX LINDSAY

Vulcanizing Tires Tubes

THOROLA AND ATWATER-KENT RECEIVERS

RADIO SUPPLIES

Our Advertisers are our main support, patronize them

AUSTIN'S LUNCH

READING SQUARE

QUALITY NOT QUANTITY WELD'S DELICIOUS ICE CREAM

Week Days—Open 5 a. m. to 1 a. m.

Sundays—Holidays—Open 7 a. m. to 1 a. m.

R. A. Lufkin

190 MAIN STREET

Choice Provisions

Butter—Eggs Fruit—Vegetables

Your Satisfaction our Success

SIMPKINS' MARKET

GEORGE CUMMINGS, Prop.

Exclusive but not expensive

Highest quality of Beef, Pork and
Lamb—Choice Steaks

Reading 0310

37 Haven St.

M. F. CHARLES

Jewelry

Stationery

Kodaks

S. R. Stembridge

Company

45 High Street

FILLING STATION

Goodrich Silvertown Balloon

Tires and Tubes

Railroad Market

A. C. Graupner, Sr.

Choice Meats, Groceries

& Provisions

Tel. 1162

15 Haven St.

Reading, Mass.

Free Delivery

TORRE'S

FRESH STRAWBERRY

ICE CREAM

READING SQ.

Our Advertisers are our main support, patronize them

ADAMS COMPANY

WOMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S FURNISHINGS

READING

G. H. Atkinson Co.

GROCCERS

QUALITY GOODS MAKE SATISFIED CUSTOMERS

BESSOM'S

THE ONE PRICE STORE

Quality Merchandise in Men's and Boys'

Clothing and Furnishings

Ask to see our All Wool Line when in need of Suit or Overcoat

Made to your measurement at no additional cost

Tel. 0306-M

75 Haven St.



JOHN ST. GARAGE

Mose Parker & Bert Field, Props.

First Class Automobile Repairing
MOTOR OILS AND GREASES

15 John St., Cor. Union

Phone 25-J

Residence 0948-W

Our Advertisers are our main support, patronize them

ART SHOP

Kodaks

Supplies

Novelties and Jewelry

LENDING LIBRARY

Cards for all occasions

ROCKPORT

FISH MARKET

IF IT SWIMS WE HAVE IT

McPHERSON DANIEL

Tailor

Steele Furniture Co.

“on the square”

READING

10,000 square feet of floor space

MARY ANN SHOP

Dresses

Hats

Tom Boy Skirts

Sweaters

Spring Coats

Suits

Silk Hosiery

Compliments of

CLAPP & LEACH, Inc.

“The Electric Store”

The Electric Store
for Electric Goods

Kingman & Richardson

Real Estate—Insurance

Reading Square

Tel. 1080

THE SOFT WATER LAUNDRY

Your clothes laundered in “Rain Soft Water” sweet and clean.

READING WET WASH LAUNDRY

“The Laundry That Satisfies”
Telephone Reading 0179-W

Our Advertisers are our main support, patronize them

LESS WORRY FOR THE TRAVELER

To lose your baggage, through accident, fire or theft, would always mean annoyance—but not necessarily serious financial loss.

Not if you have Tourist Baggage Insurance. It costs very little and it protects you against the loss of baggage and personal effects in the care of transportation companies, on train or shipboard, in hotels, wherever you are.

You'll have less cause for worry—If you have this sensible protection, especially while away on your vacation.

Prentiss & Parker

Reading Office
Masonic Block
Tel. Reading 0249

Boston Office
40 Broad Street
Tel. Main 7880

L. F. QUIMBY

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE SERVICE

34 Haven St. Tel. 1050

MEMBER

Mass. R. E. Exchange

Reading Board of Trade



"KEEPS THE FOOT WELL"
For Women

We are headquarters for Gents' Furnishings,
Women's and Children's Hosiery, Boots, Shoes,
and Tennis Footwear. Douglas Shoes for Men.

C. J. WESSON

Successor to Chase & Finnegan

Reading Square

THE READING CHRONICLE

THIS BOOK FROM OUR PRESS

Our Advertisers are our main support, patronize them

Compliments of

Reading Greenhouses and Nurseries

FLORAL AND NURSERY PRODUCTS

HOW TO BE SMART LOOKING

All young men wish to look their best on all occasions.

There are many young men who do not have the knack for selecting the right kind of clothing. Lots of this type come to us and leave it to our judgment as to the model that will suit them best.

“If it's at Wright's it must be right.” See our line.

AL WRIGHT'S MEN'S SHOP

Corner Main & Haven Sts.

Phone 1179-M



THE Co-operative Bank is a Massachusetts Institution—originated here and developed to a high degree of safety under Massachusetts Laws and Regulations—affording the opportunity of establishing financial independence through systematic saving. IF YOU ARE NOT FAMILIAR WITH THE WORKINGS OF THE CO-OPERATIVE BANK, INQUIRE AT

Reading Co-operative Bank

195 Main Street

Reading, Mass.

John H. Bates, Inc.

Telephone 1150 - 0945

Corner of Haven and Linden Streets
Reading

Cadillac and Studebaker Cars

All New Models Now on Display

Our Advertisers are our main support, patronize them

Quality

Service

Arlington Studio

Portraits of Distinction

Class Photographer of 1927

394 Boylston St.

Boston, Mass.

Phone Kenmore 1519

Our Advertisers are our main support, patronize them

CANDY LAND

ICE CREAM and

HOME MADE CANDIES

Reading Square

Established 1821

Tel. Reading 0071

CUMMINGS EXPRESS

COMPANY

J. E. FROST, Treas. and Mgr.

Reading's Best Equipped
Furniture Movers

for Economical Transportation



Lynch Moter Sales Co.

INC.

For

Economical Transportation

281 Main St.

Reading, Mass.

THOSE DIMES

and nickels that go so easily should be working for
you in a Mutual Savings Bank.

Start a Savings Bank Account Now

Mechanics Savings Bank

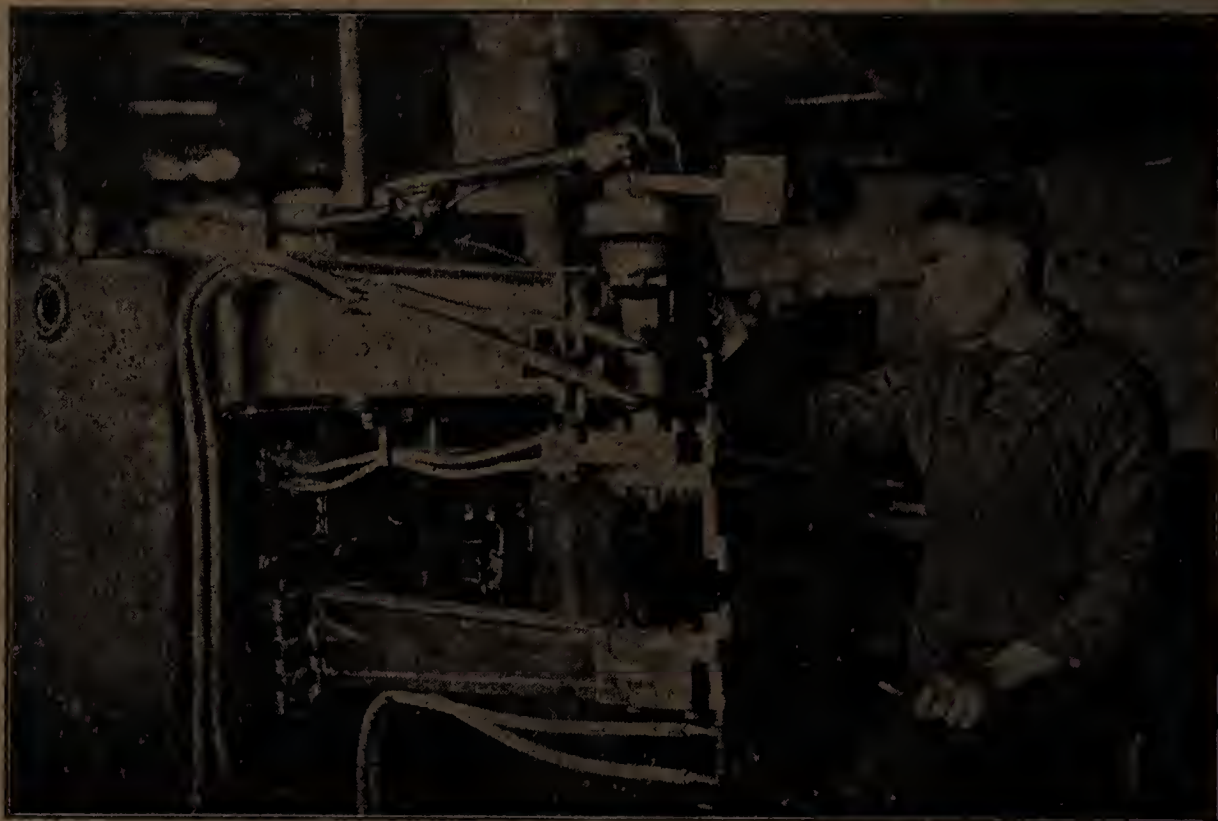
195 Main Street

Reading, Mass.

Our Advertisers are our main support, patronize them

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

SCHOOL OF ENGINEERING



Operating a Spot Welder, United Shoe Machine Corp., Beverly

Four Year Professional Courses in

CIVIL ENGINEERING
MECHANICAL ENGINEERING
ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING
CHEMICAL ENGINEERING
ADMINISTRATIVE ENGINEERING

Leading to the Bachelor's Degree

THE COOPERATIVE PLAN

Theory and practice combined. A chance to earn while you learn.

REQUIREMENTS FOR ADMISSION

Graduates of the Reading High School who have included algebra to quadratics, plane geometry, physics, and four years of English in their courses of study will be admitted without examination.

REGISTRATION

Students admitted in September or January may complete the Freshman year before the following September.

Catalog and information sent upon request.

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

Department of Admissions

MILTON J. SCHLAGENHAUF

Boston 17, Massachusetts

Director.

THE PIONEER



READING HIGH SCHOOL
FALL NUMBER

1926-27

The Willis Pharmacy

The Store Where Quality is the First
Consideration in All Things

Quality

Service

Courtesy



the o
syste
THE
QUI

195 1

HOD

PAINT

HE Co-operative Bank is a Massachusetts Institution—

safety
ording
through
WITH
K, IN-

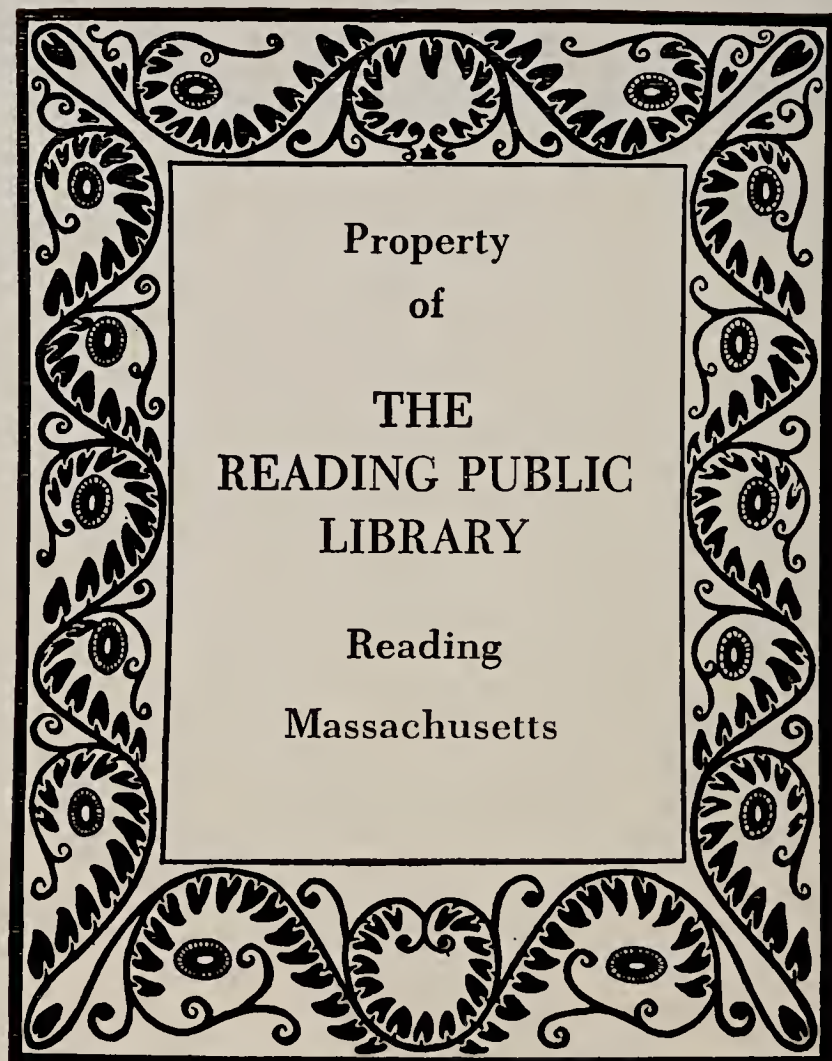
Mass.

SHOP

ading

mas Cards

em



Free 1926-27 Pioneer C.1

The Pioneer

1926-'27



The chief difference between a wise man and an ignorant one is, not that the first is acquainted with regions invisible to the second, away from common sight and interest, but that he understands the common things which the second only sees.

STARR KING

(Sight and Insight)



FALL NUMBER

20c. copy

BY PUPILS OF READING HIGH SCHOOL

50c. year

READING PUBLIC LIBRARY
READING, MASSACHUSETTS



The Pioneer Board



EDITOR

Louise Porch '27

ASST. EDITOR

Dudley Killam '27

EDITORIAL EDITOR

Elizabeth Knight '27

NEWS EDITOR

Malcolm Weeks '28

JOKE EDITOR

Newell Morton '27

EXCHANGE CRITIC

Helen Turner '27

LITERARY EDITORS

Gloria Stevens '27

Arthur Moyer '28

Eleanor Crafts '28

Frank Beecher '27

Hope Williamson '29

Donald Carter '27

ATHLETIC EDITOR

Ralph Charlton '27

POEM EDITOR

Pearl Hayward '27

ALUMNI EDITOR

Muriel Mussells '26

BUSINESS MANAGER

George Siegers '27

ASST. BUSINESS MANAGER

Boyd Parker '28

INTERNATIONAL NEWS EDITOR

Robert Dewey '27

FACULTY ADVISERS

Elizabeth A. Batchelder

Hermon T. Wheeler

Francis Greenhalgh

Luke Halpin

HONORARY MEMBER

Helen Beals



Editorials

TREES WITH CHARACTER

In the spacious yard behind my home there stands an ancient, battle-scarred warrior, the apple tree whose respectful appellation has been for many years "Old Hundred." Each winter he has surrendered to the blast one of his ugly, knotted limbs until now, as he stands there so gaunt and bent in the October sun, only one limb remains. This worn gray limb points with sincere pride to the sky. For how many years has it resisted winter's blast and summer's heat! How many of its companions has it seen

wrenched and severed forever from life! Has it not reason to be proud? Still bravely stands "Old Hundred" although we have threatened to cut him down. When we looked again and saw his grim perseverance, his indomitable courage we said: "Would there were more human beings like thee, Old Hundred. There you stand, ancient, battle-scarred, your limbs all gone, save one. Yet you live on. Only as a victim of the elements shall you die. No mortal hand shall end a life so courageous as yours."

In front of "Old Hundred" there stands another apple tree. This one is

young and small, without blemish. The soil around its tender roots has been cultivated; it has been pampered. Few storms or winters to try its strength has it encountered. Yet how boldly it spreads its branches! How disdainfully it looks upon its venerable neighbor and seems to say: "What is your mission in this garden? Surely it is not to beautify it, for you are ugly. It cannot be to bear fruit, because your fruit is small and bitter. Look at my beautiful spreading branches; I am young and possess beauty and power; you are old and ugly.

Yet, in spite of its youth, that tree does not possess what is most valuable—character. Its strength has not been tried, as has the strength of "Old Hundred." As a result it does not know its power or weakness. It does not show those marks of struggles with wind and rain which arouse respect for an indomitable nature. How true this is in life! The aged, whose strength has been tried, whose faces are lined and seamed from opposition to adversity, are scorned by the tender, bold youths on account of their apparent uselessness.

E. H. '27.

AMERICA'S LOST PRESTIGE IN EUROPE

That America saved Europe in the war only to starve and engaged in Europe's quarrels only to enslave her, many Europeans think today, who less than ten years ago praised the United States as a nation of ideal people, but who now call her a race of hypocrites and blood-suckers. This contrast is too sudden to be entirely credible, because no nation could live up to the standard set by America in 1918, and then be as America is pictured in 1926.

The main reason for the fall of American reputation in Europe has been the instance of the United States on the repayment of her war loans to her allies.

The rejection of the Versailles Treaty by the United States was a rude shock to Europe for she discovered that "one could not trust the United States to fulfill an engagement made by her Presi-

dent." Europe soon received another shock for, "it was discovered that while American political engagements with Europe could be repudiated months afterwards, European financial engagements with America could be insisted on years afterwards."

It is doubtful whether anything is gained by under-statement, and to France at least the contrast between American rejection of the agreement to protect her against Germany, and the American insistence on the re-payment of war loans, was offensive and little less than a betrayal to France. This statement led to the French occupation of the Ruhr; because the French franc had collapsed and France had to have some means to pay her war debt.

England had less reason to complain than France. British finance was in a sound condition as compared with France.

America's charity toward the distressed areas of Europe during the war was great and generous, yet it is true that charity is often the luxury of the rich.

R. D. '27.

THE IMPORTANCE OF WORDS

There are 515,000 words in the English language. The average man can get along with 800 words but he is not considered well educated if his vocabulary is so restricted.

Not so long ago Dr. Frank Horace Vizetelly, lexicographer and managing editor of the New Standard Dictionary, said, "I learn that the average well educated man knows about 8,000 or 10,000 words, although he won't use all of them very often or indeed be able to give an exact definition of most of them. The ordinary uneducated man will be familiar with 3,000 to 5,000 words, even if he doesn't give them much intelligent experience. For commonplace purposes both men can get along handsomely with 2,000 words."

It is said that Shakespeare, the Emperor of the mental universe, used about 23,000 words.

Woodrow Wilson, former president of the United States, is known to have used

in his speeches 6,221 words but in three books he wrote—The State, Congressional Government, and his History of the United States—he used more than 60,000 different words.

The importance of a command of a large vocabulary is shown by the fact that modern writers such as H. G. Wells, George Bernard Shaw and G. K. Chesterton can probably use from 100,000 to 200,000 words.

Men and women, in all walks of life, are handicapped by the lack of words or are advanced by the command of a large and varied vocabulary. Therefore, we should, in every possible way exert ourselves to attain an adequate vocabulary which may serve us in the future.

D. B. K. '27.

AVIATION

Aviation is fast becoming an important factor in the world's progress. There are thousands of people connected in some way with aviation. If you should go into Boston on a sunny day and take the boat for Nantasket, you would see a great number of seaplanes and landplanes. I took the boat once and counted ten seaplanes and five landplanes on the way down and coming back there were more.

Just before the World War the construction and development of aeroplanes practically stopped throughout the world except in Germany. In 1914 the World War broke out and planes had to be hastily constructed. In these, safety and endurance were not considered. When the war closed many commercial companies bought up obsolete war planes. They found that they ate up their profits because they were cheaply made. They got out of order and cracked up frequently. This reduced the popularity of aviation.

Recently Ford took an interest in aviation and he has done much to bring back its popularity. Fokker, another great aviator, is constructing, what he claims to be a foolproof plane. It was one of these planes in which Commander Richard Byrd recently flew to the North Pole and back again. The air mail

which runs between Boston and New York and Boston and Chicago used a smaller type of Fokker plane.

Many men and boys are making models of aeroplanes. I know a boy, that was in Reading High up to last January, when he was confined to bed with illness, who makes some of the finest models out of cardboard that I have ever seen. Recently some California boys had an air meet where men and boys flew their best models. This sort of thing stimulates interest in aviation.

An airplane is an intricate thing. The latest aeroplanes are built with a metal called duraluminum although most planes are built of canvas and wood. In the wings there are some movable surfaces called ailerons. These are used to bank the plane when it is turning. The tail or control surfaces consist of rudder, fin, stabilizer and elevators. All of the control surfaces are operated by two sticks in the pilot's cockpit. These sticks are the rudder bar and joy-stick.

When an aeroplane hops off it runs along the ground until it reaches the speed of eighty miles per hour, then the tail comes up and a short distance farther the planes hops off. The pilot then mounts immediately into the air upstairs. When a plane comes down the pilot pancakes and throttles down until he is headed into the wind and is about ten or twelve feet off the ground. Then he levels off. Then at the last hovering moment he jerks back the joy-stick and lands lightly on three points.

A. Norton Prentiss.

THE ABSENT LINK

There is too slight a feeling of sincerity and love between students and teachers in the High School. Too great is the feeling of "master and superior" contrasted with "student and inferior."

Teachers and pupils are human beings and should be regarded as such by one another, not treated as mechanical devices which go on until their parts are worn or their contributions to mankind are no longer needed.

It is in High School that the genera-

tion of today make firm or weaken their foundation for life, therefore it is up to the teachers to give their best to their pupils, and up to the pupils to give their best to their teachers in order that their foundations for life may be laid without flaws and unnecessary weakness.

The teachers do not bring out the "best" in their pupils. They do not teach them that they are working for their benefit and are trying to cooperate with them. The pupils do not regard their teachers as benefactors but rather as rulers, superiors, who have the upper hand and the final word.

In the High School there is not the link between the pupils and teachers that should connect the ideals, interests, and aims of both. There is not the

feeling of cooperation but more the tendency to "pull away from each other." It is this "pulling" in the wrong direction that crushes the foundations of the pupils and weakens the efforts of the teachers.

Thus, it is necessary for both to use years of their life after High School and teaching repairing the weak spots and filling in the cracks of their foundations and lives. Perhaps these years can be put to better advantage if there is "the absent link" between teachers and pupils in school.

The idea of "working together," "striving for the same goal," and the link of "cooperation in general" or the feeling in sincerity and love is absent in the High School.

G. S. '27.

"Active in indolence, abroad we roam
In quest of happiness which dwells at
home:
With vain pursuits fatigued, at length
you'll find,
No place excludes it from an equal
mind."

—Horace.

"How oft in vain the son of Theseus
said,
The Stormy sorrows be with patience
laid;
Nor are thy fortunes to be wept alone,
Weigh other's woes, and learn to bear
thy own."

—Ovid.

"For he that but conceives a crime in
thought,
Contracts the danger of an actual
fault."

—Juvenal.

"There are few who have at once
thought and capacity for action.
Thought expands, but lames; action
animates, but narrows."

—Goethe.

"Of all the woes that load the mortal
state,
Whate'er thy portion, wildly meet thy
fate,
But ease it as thou canst."

—Pythagoras.



A Page of Poetry

A STREAM

A ripple, a whirl,
 Quiet splashes, a swirl,
 And queer, pleasant noises
 With this wat'ry twirl.
 A sparkle, a gleam,
 A little sunbeam
 On its surface; you know it—
 'Tis a rippling stream.

OCTOBER

Golden pumpkins fat and round,
 Resting on a stubby ground,
 Corn stocks that are field mice's shields,
 Act as sentinels round the field,
 Red cheeked apples in the trees,
 Dropping with each gentle breeze,
 Maples, yellow, fiery red,
 Show'ring leaves upon your head,
 Squirrels gath'ring in their share
 Of nuts, the winter's cold to bear,
 Cold at morning, warm at noon,
 Big, bright stars, and yellow moon,
 Hottest sun and sky bright blue
 October ought to mean to you.

P. H. '27.

THE FOOL

There is a man in an old town
 Whom people call the Fool
 Because he's not as bright as some
 They mock him, as a rule.
 He likes to wander in the woods
 He knows them all by heart.
 He knows the birds and all their songs
 What trees they're in, what part.
 He sees a nest ten yards away
 He knows what birdie made it
 How many little eggs it holds
 He'd never want to raid it.
 He does odd jobs about the town
 He barely earns his living
 But when some family needs help
 He's near the first in giving.
 His look is always far away
 His answers all are queer
 He never harks to what you say
 He never seems to hear.
 They say they're right to call him fool,
 Because his mind is odd;
 But though his mind is very low
 His heart is next to God.

P. H. '27.



Jokes

The purpose of these jokes is to strike your bone of humor so to enable your mouth to move nearer your ears and if they succeed they have fulfilled their purpose, but if your jaw remains stationary, find some jokes you will smile at and give the others the chance also.

Mr. Taylor—"Who reigned at this time?"

Wright—"Queen Anne was King."

Mrs. Davis (in assembly period)—
"Please take your singing seats."

This must be that hidden talent ensemble.

Coach Taylor (in History)—"What is the lowest ranking in the army?"

Chamberlain—"A Private."

Wonder if it hurts to crack a joke?

Nonsense and More of it

Shool! Shool!

Shool thy rool.

Shool thy shackerrack,

A sillybellee cool.

First time I saw

A sillybellee eel

Des came bibalo

A booslow reel.

That Sis Ki Yi Cheer bewildered one of our opponents. Evidently they only heard the "Hold 'Em" part as they walked backward fifteen yards which is a good penalty.

Do you know how to make your coat last?

It is simple. Just make your vest and pants first.

Why could Samson have made a good actor? Because he could so easily have brought down the house.

N. M. '27.

I was asked this summer which hand I would rather have cut off. I decided that in cutting off the right hand he would cut off the wrong one, and if he cut off the left one he would cut off the right one. Then the right one would be left which didn't seem right, so I asked that both be left.

My Theory in Regard to Evolution

Darwin says that man descended from monkeys. Still another says that monkeys descended from man. I say that in reality, monkeys descend from trees.

According to a Spanish student, idioms are things you forget.

Albert Kimball '25.

Caesar Crossed the Rhine

First person—"Did you know that Caesar was in love with an Irish maid?"

Second person—"No, how did you find out?"

"First person—"Well, when Caesar came to the Rhine he proposed to Bridget (bridge it)."

D. B. K. '27.



The other day we ran across this little poem, written by a former football player of Reading High; which, altho it was printed last year, so clearly expresses certain things that have happened in this year's game, we thought would be well worth reprinting.

Old Faithful

Swift as a graceful fawn pursued,
Constant and fierce as a southern feud,
Not like the fickle lights that flicker
Is Reading's "Old Faithful," Larry
Zwicker.

Strong his way, and stronger still
The arm that carries out his will,
Like a battering-ram of ancient Sparta,
It clubs men to earth for his Alma
Mater.

Furious as a mountain wind,
The "Reading Wonder" breezes by,
Leaving rafts of foes behind,
A-gazing at the autumn sky.

FOOTBALL

Victory Number One, 20-0

Reading High started its football by successfully, emphatically and decisively defeating Woodbury High School of Salem, N. H., by a score of 20-0.

The Aldred charges got away to an early lead by scoring in the first few minutes of play. The Reading line opened up some wonderful holes in the opponents' line and scoring resulted.

Captain Zwicker and Angus McLeod starred for Reading. Zwicker got loose twice for long runs, one of 45 yards and another of about 35 yards which resulted in touchdowns.

The second team was called in during the second and fourth periods. They carried on the work of the first team very well, showing that Reading has reserve strength.

The game would have been more interesting but for the extreme heat. The mercury hovered around 92 all through the game and everyone knows that that is not the right weather for flashy football.

The First Defeat, 13-0

Reading vs. Manchester

Saturday, October 2, Reading journeyed to Manchester for the second game of the season. The Manchester team was out of Reading's class, so the game was merely a test for our team. The fact that our team held the Manchester demons to a measly 13 points, showed that Coach Aldred had built up a good team from the remains of last year's team.

Manchester entered the game expecting to amass 40 points or more and to use about four teams to do it, but it

got the surprise of its life when it had to work its first team all the time and then gained only 13 points.

Reading played a wonderful defensive game as a team but the work of Zwicker, Merritt, Beecher, McLeod and Dukelow was especially commendable.

Although the score shows that Manchester won the game, from the mental and moral standpoint it was a great victory for Reading. Except for a little stage-fright at the beginning of the game the team played like veterans.

A Tie, 7-7

The game between the Reading team and its most aggressive rival was rather a surprise. After the three defeats Stoneham had suffered, they should have been beaten easily, but their team didn't seem to think so. The game was a fight from start to finish and belonged to either team.

Reading had the ball in scoring territory several times but lacked the necessary punch to put it over, more than once. Stoneham on the other hand, only got the ball down in scoring territory a few times, once they put it over and the second time the Reading team held like a stonewall. The game ended with the ball perilously near our goal line. The game ended with the score 7-7.

Victory Number Two, 27-0

On October 16 Reading played Howe High of Billerica. Howe is a small school but has had some good football teams in the past. This year Reading outplayed them in every way and won easily. The air attack was introduced in this game and several touchdowns resulted from completed passes.

Zwicker played his usual great game for Reading and threw most of the passes in addition. It did not take

long to pile up points and the game ended with Reading in the lead, 27-0.

Victory Number Three, 6-0

On October 23 Reading played one of the best games of the season against Johnson High. Johnson sent a fighting team on the field and it was aided by all the breaks that can take place in a football game.

Reading marched practically the length of the field time and again only to lose the ball on downs just as they reached scoring territory. A long punt would even things and the march would have to begin over again. The half ended with the ball on Johnson's 12-yard line after an 80 yard march up the field. Reading's passing attack was working fine and gaining a lot of ground but it always seemed to be at the wrong time.

The second half was a repetition of the first except that after fighting their way to the ten-yard line, a pass to Merritt scored for the team.

In this game the team showed to more advantage than any other this season except the Manchester game and although the earned yardage should have made several touchdowns, the breaks were against us. The final score was 6-0.

R. C. '27.

FIELD HOCKEY

Wednesday, Oct. 20, Reading was defeated by Swampscott, 2-0. In spite of the rain there were quite a few spectators.

The line-up was:—

L. Cook rw	lhf G. Livingston
G. Burns ri	rhf P. Parker
G. Stevens c	rf E. Crafts
G. Gleason li	lf M. Lyons
A. Tebeau cf	g S. Harnden

Leonice Cook '27.



Alumni



Post Graduates at School This Year

Margaret Adams, Cornelia Cell, Priscilla Pratt, Muriel Mussells, Charles Ellis.

Alumni at Schools and Colleges

Evelyn Lewis '26—Byrant & Stratton.

Florence Baker '26—Westfield Normal.

Lois Baker '26—Westfield Normal.

Marion Scanlon '26—Wilfred Academy.

Mildred Scanlon '26—Wilfred Academy.

Marion Meuse '26—Burdett.

Leone Doucette '26—Burdett.

Helen Reed '26—Chandler's Secretarial.

Mary Daniel '26—Radcliffe.

Natalie Berle—Radcliffe.

Helen Abbott '26—Radcliffe.

Russell Barnes '26—Worcester Technology.

Albert Hodson '26—Mass. Nautical School, Boston, Mass.

Marcia Ham '26—Boston University.

Katherine Sweetser—Kendall Hall.

Shirley Upton—Miss Lesley's School,

Cambridge, Mass.

Frances Fowler—Rogers Hall, Lowell.

John Howard—Mass. Agricultural.

Esther Southwick—Scott Carbee Art School.

Winslow Horton—Tufts.

Frances Porch—Smith College.

Louise Richardson—Lesley's Normal School.

At Work in Reading

Dorothy McClintock—Maxwell's.

Virginia Merrill—Steele Furniture Co.

Dorothy Cronin—Reading Co-operative Bank.

Harlan Hook—Prentiss & Parker.

Boyd Stewart—First National Bank.

Kathleen Merritt—Municipal Light.

At Work Out of Town

Virginia Parsons—N. E. Telephone and Telegraph Co.

Constance Hendon—Heyward-Wakefield Co.

Allan Maxwell—Boston & Maine.

Helen Conefy—Boston & Maine.

Elmer Goodwin—Boston & Maine.



News

DOCTOR O'BRIEN

At eleven-thirty Monday morning, November 1, a special chapel was called by Mr. Sussmann. We entered the hall wondering what surprise was in store for us.

On the platform were seated the well-known Dr. Halligan, Mr. Sussman and a stranger. When Dr. Halligan introduced the stranger, we were pleased to discover that it was none other than the famous Dr. O'Brien, well-known football official of the country, having officiated in the Harvard-Dartmouth game 1926, and many other important contests during his nineteen years of acting as referee.

After telling us many interesting little experiences he told us the most important things necessary for a school to have, if they want a winning team.

This talk came just at the opportune time because Reading met its rival, Wakefield, Saturday, Nov. 6, and the

students needed a little talk from some big football man to spur them on.

The courtesy of the Reading Rotary Club and the kindness of Mr. Sussmann is appreciated by the students who were able to hear Dr. O'Brien.

M. W. '28.

On Friday afternoon, the 22d, the whole school gathered in the hall for a very interesting talk by Mr. Ray Crowell.

Mr. Crowell has been in Africa for four years on missionary work. He intimated that he did very little hunting in that time, but by looking at his display of skins and horns he must have had wonderful luck.

Mr. Crowell emphasized the fact that there were no tigers in Africa.

Among Mr. Crowell's collection were skins and horns of different African animals, crude garden tools, weapons, woven grass mats, and musical instruments.

William Willson '27.



Stories

STONE STEW

Amblin' Ambrose arose from his reclining position, yawned audibly and widely and stretched his ragged arms in luxurious content. Ambrose was prepared to fare forth and face the world in the continual battle of wits. He lived by wits alone and at times his fare was poor.

Ambrose was a hobo. He was a very ragged hobo. His present suit had been disdained by a scarecrow as unworthy of adorning its person, but to Ambrose it was a veritable tuxedo. It was his dress suit, sport clothes, hunting costume and night wear. The pants had been originally constructed for a man of great stature. They hung over Ambrose's nether limbs in flapping folds which would have allowed about three more of the same size to be enclosed therein. The legs had been hacked off sufficiently to allow two very seedy shoes, which weren't mates, to function. Ambrose was next to shirtless. A once flashy underjacket, tied in various places with string, hung about his shoulders. He was vestless but a dark gray, well patched coat engulfed his torso. The arms of this coat had been treated in the same manner as had been accorded the pants. To top this perambulating mass of rags a dented black derby rested on top of Ambrose's head. This headpiece was prevented from covering his head only by the intervention of his ears upon which the hat rested.

Ambrose was a small man, kept from being rotund only by the constant scarcity of food and demand for continued travel. He had a flat nose, made so by an irate "brakey." His mouth

was usually open in an engaging smile, which, when he desired to deceive innocent women or angry farmers, could become bland and smooth. His eyes were a chestnut color, merry and keen. His face, though somewhat battered and the worse for wear, was one to inspire liking for its owner. He had a habit of peering up from under the brim of his overlarge hat, with open mouth, that was strangely whimsical. Often, as he ambled, his shirt would slip down and to coax it up again he shrugged a single shoulder in a continued and fantastic manner. Altogether Amblin' Ambrose was a remarkable character.

An hour or so ago he had alighted from his parlor car, a C. M. & St. P. freight car and had proceeded to take a siesta. The urgings of hunger had awakened him, so gathering up his few possessions, he set off toward the nearby village, shrugging his left shoulder to edge his recalcitrant shirt into its intended position.

The shirt having been tamed, Ambrose ceased his shrugging and shuffled aimlessly towards his destination. He fumbled in one of the spacious pockets of his coat and produced a bright red oblong tin box which he forced open, disclosing a few cigar stubs of various and doubtful brands. He selected the longest, a Fleur de Cabbageo, and lit it eagerly. He puffed contentedly and placed the box back in his pocket.

Finally he arrived in the outskirts of the village and thereafter proceeded cautiously, for he knew the extent of his popularity with certain species of dogs and small-town constables. He came to a small house well in from the road and decided to try his luck at getting a meal. He discarded his cigar with much

audible regret and approached the house. He knocked boldly and in a moment the door opened. Ambrose gallantly doffed his hat and smiled blandly.

"Good day, Madam," he said brusquely. "Could you spare a poor, down-at-the-heels gentleman a little food?"

The woman's answer was brief and to the point. She whistled shrilly and called "Here Brutus! Here boy!"

Ambrose's hasty flight was remarkable for its lack of dignity and for its speed. He had no desire for close acquaintance with any canine called Brutus. He sighed regretfully, after having arrived safely in the road, and continued his way.

At the next house he again tried his luck. Here the door opened violently and an amazon-like woman stepped out into the yard, her arms dripping with suds.

"Well?" she demanded, towering above her visitor.

Ambrose clasped his hands behind his back, and, rocking on his heels, grinned broadly.

"Could you spare a hungry gentleman a few morsels of food, my dear madam?" he queried politely.

"The dear madam" pointed grimly at a pile of wood beside a low shed.

"If you're hungry," she stated, "split up some of that wood."

Ambrose doffed his hat and backed away bowing.

"Madam," he said with a pitying sigh, "I am merely hungry—not desperate."

He then conducted his exit with all the dignity of a gentleman of leisure.

He named over a few choice words in connection with his luck and continued his way. He was a philosophical soul, however, and was undiscouraged.

"Ambrose, m'son," he addressed himself, "I guess you'll have to employ the old 'Stone Stew' trick upon these simple rustics."

With this cheering idea in mind, he brightened visibly and walked up to the next house with much confidence. Here he paused and muttered an old luck catechism. Our hero was upon the threshold of a crisis. He knocked loud-

ly and stood waiting.

Ambrose could have shouted with joy when he gazed upon the one who opened the door. It was not a typical tight-fisted farmer's wife as he had expected but a massive friendly looking German woman with her square arms held akimbo.

"Vot can I do for you?" she asked. Then peering closely at him she added "Nien, nien, I don't gif you no food. Go away."

"My dear madam," protested Ambrose indignantly; "you do me a great wrong. I am not one of those shiftless mendicants who lives only upon the generosity of others. I am an honest man. I merely would request a favor of you."

The other looked dazed. "Yuh?" she said. "Vot?"

"I merely desire the use of your kitchen for a short while in order that I may make a stone stew."

"Stone stew?" repeated the German vacantly, "I don't know vot iss a stone stew."

"Madam," smiled Ambrose entering brusquely, "if you will but watch me I will proceed to demonstrate the chief fare of a weary gentleman."

Disconcerted by his *sauve* manners, the woman allowed him to enter. Ambrose set to work as though he owned the house.

"Madam," he said, in a business-like way; "follow my operations closely."

He took a small kettle from a shelf and poured in some hot water. Then he held up a small, round stone.

"It is my intention," he said, smoothly, "to make an edible stew from this stone. Naturally I shall expect a little aid from you. You will help me of course."

"Ja," answered the other, chuckling. This little tramp amused her. His appearance alone tickled her almost impregnable funnybone.

"Ja, I help you. Gewiss."

Ambrose plopped the stone into the "stew" and stirred it carefully.

"If you could lend me er—a small piece of meat," he hesitated, then smiled, "to er—flavor,—you know."

The big woman blinked doubtfully

but complied with the request. Ambrose cut the small piece of meat into still smaller pieces and, smiling benignly, stirred his boiling stew. The woman set to shelling peas, watching him closely and chuckling constantly. Ambrose, undisturbed, continued his work. Suddenly he looked up as though startled. The woman looked at him anxiously.

"Vots de matter?" she asked, blinking.

"Oh, how careless of me," Ambrose chided himself, "I nearly forgot. A small potato would er—improve my stew so much, yes? I thank you, madam."

The woman complied with much dubiousness and Ambrose's stew began to vaguely resemble a stew.

An hour passed wherein Ambrose had "borrowed" many things, "just to add a little, you realize, madam." Finally the stew was finished and set to cool. The poor woman was almost in agony. For some strange reason she had done everything he had asked. What was this man? He made her comply against her will.

"Mine Gott," she muttered, as Ambrose poured his stew into a dish and prepared to enjoy it. "I tink he vas play a trick on me."

Ambrose looked up with a questioning smile as he heard her mutter. He noticed a grim look on her simple face and applied himself attentively to his food, feeling vague misdoubts. He finished, smacked his lips and arose. His ready smile was a little doubtful. The German's silence had been grim and unpromising. She spoke and her voice seemed to boom.

"Dat vos a stone stew?"

"Yes, my dear madam, that was a stone stew," smiled our hero.

His continual smile was interrupted. A heavy hand was laid upon his neck. The woman dragged him away from the door, towards which he had been edging, and held his nose almost into the recently employed soup dish.

"But dere's the stone," she said. "Vy don't you eat der stone?"

Ambrose struggled vainly. He was helpless in this massive woman's grasp.

"You play a trick on me, huh?" con-

tinued his captor. "Py chimminy you vill ead der stone."

Holding him helpless she forced open his mouth and dropped the stone in.

"Svollow id, svollow id!" she commanded grimly.

Ambrose twisted and turned in vain. There was no escape. He gurgled helplessly and gulped. The stone disappeared down his throat. The woman released him and he stood still, a look of dull horror on his face. He stood thus for a moment until there came an almost imperceptible splash. Ambrose shrieked, grabbed his hat and fled. The woman, staggering from laughter, leaned in the doorway and watched him as he pursued a rapid and irregular course down the dusty road. He finally disappeared from sight, his overlarge hat bobbing oddly on his head.

The woman wiped away the tears with her apron and laughed.

"Py chimminy," she gasped, laughing. "He vos play a trick on me. But I tink I vas play a goot trick on him, ja."

F. B. '27.

THRILLS AND HEART THROBS!

I had always wanted to go up in an aeroplane, so, when my chance came, I jumped at it. The pilot tucked me away in the seat and strapped me in tightly. With a roar the motor started, and then we glided over the ground and "hopped off." My heart was racing with the motor as we mounted higher and higher.

For the first mile or so we flew at a moderate height and speed. Then, suddenly, things began to happen. The plane gathered speed and mounted up, up, up. We passed through the clouds and continued to mount higher. It seemed to me that we were miles in the air. Suddenly the motor stopped dead, and we began to fall. However, we did not fall far, as the motor started again almost immediately. My heart was beginning to beat faster.

The pilot decided that I needed a thrill, so he commenced to loop-the-loop, do nose-dives, and other dare-devil

stunts. At one time I happened to glance up and to my surprise and bewilderment beheld terra firma spread out above me. When I looked down I saw the sky. To say that I was puzzled would be putting it mildly. I was completely befuddled. At another time I looked down and saw both sky and earth.

Suddenly my senses cleared. I was sure of one thing. I smelled smoke! In another instant my eyes were burning from it. At that moment I spied flames rapidly consuming the wings of the plane. I turned to warn the pilot, but to my amazement found his place empty. Looking down with terror I beheld him descending slowly by parachute. My heart nearly stopped beating. The foul wretch had left me to perish or be saved as best I could. By this time the plane was falling very fast and within a few moments would crash to earth. Feverishly I began to work at the straps that held me in my place and succeeded in freeing myself. As the flames were now racing wildly over the plane, I took a deep breath and jumped. I thought I'd rather be killed in a fall than be burned to death. It was a terrible sensation to be falling through space like that. I thought I'd die before I reached the earth by the way I felt. Suddenly a church spire appeared directly below me. What new horror was this? My foot touched the end of the spire when some one suddenly laughed. I seemed to remain suspended in midair with one foot on the church spire. Again some one laughed and this time a voice said, "Whatever are you doing? Wake up." And "wake up" I did, to find myself standing at the foot of the bed trying to climb onto the bed post, and mother, convulsed with laughter, calling me in time for school.

H. W. '28.

THE BIXBY PEARLS

In the city of New York at the festive hour of six, an office door decorated with the legend "Otto Bolt—Private Agent" was slowly closing. The impetus for this movement was being furnished by the huge paw of the male animal owning

the right to the title. If the paw was huge, more adjectives would have to be invented to describe the rest of the massive frame. Six feet four inches from the floor; a shock of black hair gave the impression of even greater height by attempting to elevate itself in a vertical position. Mr. Bolt never wore a hat, probably because his bullet-head was so well clothed with black thatch. The most prominent features of the face under the thatch were a broken nose and an out-thrust jaw which suggested football battles. The thick head was supported by a bull neck and a colossal pair of shoulders. From these shoulders a suit of dark, baggy material was draped over the gigantic body giving an impression of much greater bulk on an already prodigious frame.

On the face of Mr. Otto Bolt was an impression of deep thought as he closed the door of his office. That afternoon the soothing peace of Mr. Bolt's office had been rudely shattered by the advent of a small energetic man whom Mr. Bolt promptly placed as one of the class of society sponges commonly known as English butlers. This gentleman, masquerading under the cognomen of 'Enry Anby, had remained closeted with the "private agent" until five minutes to six when he had made a precipitous departure to the street, six floors below. The thoughtful expression decorating the heavy features of the detective was caused by the fleeing of the fond dreams of food which had occupied the man's mind at the time of the intrusion of Hanby. Placing thoughts of food to one side, however, Otto Bolt turned his attention to the news conveyed to his ear by Bixby's butler. The Bixby pearls had been stolen. Mr. Hanby had discovered the crime, and wishing to spare his employers the notoriety of a police inspection, he had come to the office of Otto Bolt with this story. At about a quarter past five that afternoon, he had passed from his quarters beyond the kitchen to the dining room to prepare the room for the evening meal. In the course of setting the table his glance had fallen on the portrait of his master's uncle and he had noticed that it

was slightly askew. In setting the picture upright he had heard a sharp, scratching sound as if the picture were scraping against something on the wall. He had lifted the picture from the wall and the shattered remains of a wall safe had appeared to his astonished eyes. All the family had gone to a bazaar that afternoon and were not expected back until about seven o'clock because they expected to make a short visit later in the afternoon. Hanby had discovered that the safe had been completely cleaned of all its contents except a small scrap of paper which bore this message crudely printed in pencil: "At last we're square. K. Z." Realizing the importance of his discovery, Hanby had gone in search of professional assistance and as a result Mr. Otto Bolt, with his mind taken up by the missing pearls to the exclusion of all thoughts of food, was locking his office and preparing to visit the scene of the robbery.

Mr. Bolt had tarried behind the excited purveyor of the news to lock up and for several other purposes, foremost among which was to search his unique filing cabinet which contained all available information about every jewel known to be kept habitually in the vicinity. Listed under the heading—"Bixby Pearls"—were the following facts: string of 59 matched pearls with a large black pearl in the center, strung from Persian crown jewels by the order of Prince Khalab; stolen in 1719, but recovered ten years later; sold in a revolution to a Jewish merchant whose ancestors sold them to a New York broker; sold at auction to Mr. Jacob W. Bixby whose picture covered their resting place. Fortified by these facts, Mr. Bolt set out to follow the steps of Henry Hanby.

When he arrived at the house on Fifth Avenue, he calmly ascended the steps and entered the hall. Meeting no one in the hall, he proceeded in the general direction of the rear of the house hoping eventually to find the dining room. After passing through several rooms of doubtful character, he entered one which could not be mistaken. Across the dining-room was an excited group of servants gathered around the central figure

of Hanby, who was evidently explaining how he discovered the absence of the safe's contents. He listened to the monologue for a few minutes, but he could not overcome the temptation to assert his presence for long.

"Well, Hanby, are all the servants here?"

Hanby had given a slight start when his lecture was thus rudely interrupted by the deep, booming voice of the great hulk which seemed to more than fill the doorway. However, he answered promptly.

"Oh! Why, yes, sir. That is, h'all but Marie, sir, who went 'ome last night sick and who 'as not returned yet, sir."

"All right. We'll begin the inspection. Since the servants are all here, keep them here. I'll want to question them."

Mr. Bolt crossed the room to the picture of Mr. Jacob W. Bixby, and carefully removed it and placed it on the table. He viewed the steel crater in the wall, seeing that the door of the safe had been blown out by dynamite, carrying with it the upper hinge but leaving the lower one fastened to the wall. Inside was the crudely penciled message which Hanby had mentioned. He carefully removed it, examined it, and finally placed it in an inside pocket. Who, what, where was K. Z.? He ceased his speculation and began examining the wall and floor near the safe. Apparently pleased with what he saw he turned to the frightened group of servants in the opposite corner of the room. He looked over the conglomerate types from the Irish chauffeur to the Chinese cook, and decided that he'd get little useful information from them.

"Hanby, you said all the servants were on the premises last night but Mrs. Bixby's personal maid Marie, didn't you?" asked Otto.

"Yes, sir," responded Hanby. "Do all the servants sleep in this part of the house?"

"Why, no, sir. H'all but Milton, my assistant, Marie and myself sleep h'in the servants' cottage h'in back. H'as you know, sir, Marie was h'away last night, so Milton h'and I were alone h'in

this h'end of the 'ouse, sir. I sleep very soundly, sir, and I was not awakened, sir. I feel I ought to tell you, sir, that yesterday I stopped a very queer person going from the 'ouse. 'E said 'e 'ad the wrong 'ouse and would go out the back way. 'E looked like h'an Oriental, sir."

"Thanks. All the servants may go but Milton. Well, Milton, you were sleeping near here, last night, did you hear an unusual noise at any time during the night?"

"H'about three o'clock, sir, I 'eard a dull thud, but I thought h'it was only the cat, sir."

"How did you know it was about three o'clock?"

"Why-ah-I-er-I'd just been walking h'off an h'attack of h'insomnia and I 'ad glanced at my watch, sir."

"Are you subject to these attacks?"

"No, sir. That is—not often, sir."

Otto turned to Hanby, to Milton's obvious relief, and told him to take him to Marie's room.

The only thing that seemed to impress Otto in Marie's room was her dressing table. He fingered the toilet articles and smelt of the different powders and perfumes for quite awhile. At last he asked Hanby:

"Where is Milton's room?"

"Right next to this one, sir. Do you wish to see it?"

"Never mind. Where is yours?"

"Downstairs. I wish you would visit h'it. H'it is very easy."

"Lead the way."

Hanby's room was directly behind the dining room with the kitchen between. Preferring a room on the lower floor, Hanby had gained permission to have this one furnished to suit his taste. Across one corner was a small iron bed. In another corner was a large arm chair and a reading lamp. In the center of the opposite wall was a bureau. In the middle of the room was a small table with a row of books on it. Otto carefully walked around the room, the keys he had been jingling in his hand dropped to the floor. He stooped to retrieve them, but Hanby got them first. He handed them back to Otto who said:

"I see you are left handed."

"Why—yes, sir. 'Ow did you know?"

"You picked the keys up with your left hand, and handed them to me with the same hand."

At this moment Milton appeared at the door.

"Mr. Bixby will see you in the front room, sir. He has just returned."

"Fine. Let's see, now, while we're getting to the front room, let us hear a little more about the Oriental."

"As I said, 'e came in the front door and was going right on through when I met 'im. 'E stopped when I spoke to 'im and 'e said 'e was in the wrong 'ouse and would go right out the back dooor. I was h'escorting 'im to it and we passed through the dining room. 'E was very interested in Mr. Bixby's picture. 'E said 'e was a portrait collector. 'Ere, sir, this is the room."

Otto followed Hanby into one of the front rooms and saw an elderly Wall Street financier seated in an arm chair.

"My name is Bolt. Hanby got me to investigate this case. I will get your pearls before noon tomorrow. In the meantime suspicion points to an Oriental. I must leave now for there are several things I must do. Good-day, sir."

"You're in rather a hurry. Of course you know the only valuables we keep here are the pearls. If you get them back you will be suitably rewarded. Good-day."

Otto Bolt returned to his office and fussed around awhile, seeming to be aimlessly searching through ledgers and files. He yawned several times, and finally went home to bed, apparently with the mystery where he had taken it up.

The next morning at ten o'clock Mr. Otto Bolt stood in front of Mr. Bixby in the same room he had left the night before.

"It was very simple, sir. The door had been drilled upward and slightly to the right, shown by the fact that the upper hinge was gone and the lower hinge was still there, the result of having the powder high and to the right. This showed me that the job had been

done by a short left-handed man. The paper meant nothing at the time so I put it in my pocket. Around the safe on the wall and floor, was quite a lot of powder as though a vanity case had been spilled and indifferently cleaned up. In Marie's room were several kinds of powder, one of which matched the scent of that of the wall. There was also a broken vanity case lying on the dressing table. On the wall paper near the safe was a long scratch which might have been made by the edge of the door, but when I saw Milton's fingernails I decided that door had nothing to do with it. While I was in Hanby's room, I dropped some keys which he picked up left-handed. When I had stooped over, I caught the odor of burned gunpowder on the blankets of the bed. That explained why you were not disturbed by having your safe blown while you were in the house. When I left here, I placed suspicion on the unlucky Oriental purposely so that Hanby and his confederates would not escape. I followed the Oriental lead this morning and convinced myself that it was a circumstance seized by Hanby who knew the history of the pearls, to avert suspicion. Last night I looked through several lists of international crooks, and on one list was the name of Karl Zaaber which explained the initials. Zaaber and two of his assistants evidently placed themselves in your household as soon as he escaped from prison. He speaks of the taking of the pearls as part of

it."

"Karl-Zaaber," interrupted Mr. Bixby. "I remember I helped put him away for forty years. You say he escaped? Well, did he escape from you?"

"No. He signed a confession this morning when I confronted him with the evidence. His confession implicates Milton and Marie. They are in the next room. Do you want to speak to them?"

"No, lock them up. But where are the pearls?"

"Oh yes. Zaabar refused to tell me, but a muddy pair of shoes under the bed did tell me. I went for a walk in the garden this morning and found your pearls under one of the shrubs. They were not carefully hidden. I guess Zaabar had to hurry."

"You say Marie was in this?"

"Yes. Through her confidential position in the household, she gained the location of the safe. On the night of the robbery she went home sick to avoid suspicion, but she came back and helped with the job. She was to have disposed of the safe door, but was too slow doing it. I found it at her husband's lodging in Harlem. The evidence was overwhelming, and so Zaabar confessed and you will need some new servants. That's all, I think. A policeman just got the prisoners."

"Just a minute. Your fee?"

"I'll send a bill. Good-day."

R. C. '27.

EAT ICE CREAM FOR A DAILY DESSERT

Cook's Ice Cream

19 Pearl Street
READING, MASS.

Tel. 1034-M

Special Delivery

Obey that impulse

to keep on saving from week to week. You've got a good start — you like the idea—keep up the good work. $4\frac{1}{2}\%$ and safety at this bank.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
of Reading, Mass.

PERCY N. SWEETSER

COAL

ALEX LINDSAY

Vulcanizing Tires Tubes

THOROLA AND ATWATER-KENT RECEIVERS

RADIO SUPPLIES

Our Advertisers are our main support, patronize them

AUSTIN'S LUNCH

READING SQUARE

QUALITY NOT QUANTITY WELD'S DELICIOUS ICE CREAM

Week Days—Open 5 a. m. to 1 a. m.

Sundays-Holidays-Open 7 a. m. to 1 a. m.

R. A. Lufkin

Choice Provisions

Butter—Eggs Fruit—Vegetables

190 MAIN ST.

Your Satisfaction our Success

SIMPKINS' MARKET

GEORGE CUMMING, PROP.

Exclusive but not expensive

Highest quality of Beef, Pork and
Lamb—Choice Steaks

Reading 0310

37 Haven St.

M. F. CHARLES

Jewelry

Stationery

Kodaks

S. R. Stembridge Company

45 High Street

FILLING STATION

Goodrich Silvertown Balloon

Tires and Tubes

QUALITY MEAT SHOP

H. A. Phillips

C. J. McLean

MEATS and PROVISIONS

Fruits and Vegetables

Tel. 1062

69 Haven St.

TORRE'S

PINEAPPLE ICE CREAM

READING SQ.

Our Advertisers are our main support, patronize them

ADAMS COMPANY

WOMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S FURNISHINGS

READING

G. H. Atkinson Co.

GROCCERS

QUALITY GOODS MAKE SATISFIED CUSTOMERS

WENDELL BANCROFT & CO.

COAL

LUMBER

HARDWARE

ATLAS CEMENT — BRICK — DRAIN PIPE

BESSOM'S

THE ONE PRICE STORE

Quality Merchandise in Men's and Boys'

Clothing and Furnishings

Ask to see our All Wool Line when in need of Suit or Overcoat

Made to your measurement at no additional cost

Tel. 0306-M

75 Haven St.

Our Advertisers are our main support, patronize them

ART SHOP

Kodaks

Supplies

Novelties and Jewelry

LENDING LIBRARY

Cards for all occasions

ROCKPORT

FISH MARKET

IF IT SWIMS WE HAVE IT

McPHERSON DANIEL

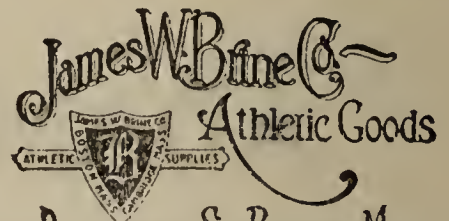
Tailor

Steele Furniture Co.

“on the square”

READING

10,000 square feet of floor space



286 Devonshire St. Boston Mass.

**THE HIGHEST QUALITY
ATHLETIC GOODS**

Manufactured

Catalogue on request

Compliments of

CLAPP & LEACH, Inc.

“The Electric Store”

The Electric Store
for Electric Goods

Kingman & Richardson

Real Estate—Insurance

Reading Square

Tel. 1080

READING WET WASH

Prompt Service Always

A telephone call will bring you speedy relief from your laundry troubles. Every piece guaranteed delivered to satisfy the most particular housewife.

Our Advertisers are our main support, patronize them

1927 Number Plates

We are ready and glad to aid you in securing your plates, certificates, policies and registration blanks in compliance with the 1927 Massachusetts Compulsory Security Act. **DON'T WAIT UNTIL THE TWELFTH HOUR.** Come now and fix it up.

Archer R. Prentiss

Harold F. Parker

P R E N T I S S & P A R K E R

Reading Office

Masonic Block

Tel. Reading 0249

Boston Office

40 Broad Street

Tel. Main 7880

L. F. QUIMBY

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE SERVICE

34 Haven St.

Tel. 1050

MEMBER

Mass. R. E. Exchange

Reading Board of Trade



K e d s

FOR BASKET BALL

CHASE & FINNEGAN

"The Service Store"

George F. Chase, Prop.

THE READING CHRONICLE

THIS BOOK FROM OUR PRESS

Our Advertisers are our main support, patronize them

Compliments of

Reading Greenhouses and Nurseries

FLORAL AND NURSERY PRODUCTS

A L W R I G H T ' S
MEN'S SHOP

10 Haven Street

Exclusive Agents for LEOPOLD MORSE CLOTHING

DRESS WELL AND SUCCEED

Blue Serge Suits in Single and Double Breasted Models

\$28.50

\$33.50

\$38.50

Styles of Today, With a Touch of Tomorrow

*WILL YOU LET US SUIT OURSELVES
IN SUITING YOU WITH AN UP-TO-DATE
LINE OF SHOES AND FURNISHINGS
FOR SPORT, DRESS AND PLAY?*

Ask for High School Discount

ESNER'S
“on the square”

Bates Motor Sales Company

Corner of Haven and Linden Streets

Reading

STUDEBAKER CARS

All New Models Now on Display

Our Advertisers are our main support, patronize them



TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE.
NUACE

MOUNTING CORNERS

"The Best by Every Test"

The NuAce Corner is an artistic device for holding prints, snapshots or post cards in albums or elsewhere. Place one on each corner of print, moisten, and press down. Print is easily removed, if desired. NuAce are very strong; glue is guaranteed.

NuAce are now made in five colors: BLACK, WHITE, GREY, and SEPIA—100 to package; GOLD 60 to package. Only one style and size.

Price 10c a package

For sale where Photo Goods are sold and at the 5 and 10 Cent Stores

Made only by ART ACE COMPANY

12 Gould Street

The Reading Greenhouses

Flowers for all Occasions

Phone 0701

143 So. Main St.

Established 1821

Tel. Reading 0071

CUMMINGS EXPRESS

COMPANY

J. E. FROST, Treas. and Mgr.

Reading's Best Equipped
Furniture Movers

THOSE DIMES

and nickels that go so easily should be working for you in a Mutual Savings Bank.

Start a Savings Account Now

Mechanics Savings Bank

195 Main Street

Reading, Mass.

Our Advertisers are our main support, patronize them

EXCHANGE

YOUR REAL ESTATE

When you cannot sell readily, try our exchange dept. This is another demonstration of our Service. With 60 offices and agencies all over New England many times we can exchange your place for just what you would purchase if you could sell for cash..

For illustration we have the following to exchange for Reading property: 40-acre farm Kingston, N. H.; 10-room house, slate roof, \$6500; 200-acre farm near So. Royalton, Vt., stock and tools, \$7500; another 150 acres, \$5500; 6-room cottage, 3 years old, A-1, \$7500; Medford, 7-room house, 1 year old, Weymouth, \$7800; Store and 2 tenements, Kingston, Mass., \$6500; Store and 2 tenements, Whitman, Mass., \$7000; beautiful 1-acre country place, 5 minutes to Rye Beach, \$8500, rents \$450 for July and August.

And

Of course many others, but whatever your idea is, either to trade, buy or sell talk it over with

CAP GRAY, Mgr.

"ON THE SQUARE"

Reading, Mass.

Chamberlain & Burnham, Inc.

W. Franklin Burnham, Pres. and Treas.

THE PIONEER



READING HIGH SCHOOL
SPRING NUMBER
1926-'27

KATHERINE GIBBS SCHOOL

SECRETARIAL & EXECUTIVE TRAINING FOR EDUCATED WOMEN

NEW YORK BOSTON PROVIDENCE
247 Park Ave. 90 Marlboro St. 155 Angell St.

ONE-YEAR COURSE includes technical, economic, and broad business training, preparing for superior positions.

TWO-YEAR COURSE including six college subjects for students not desiring college, but wishing a cultural as well as a business education.

Attractive residence school in Boston ideally situated at 151 Commonwealth Avenue. The school is within easy walking distance of Boston's shops, theatres, churches and leading hotels. A location that is both quiet and convenient.



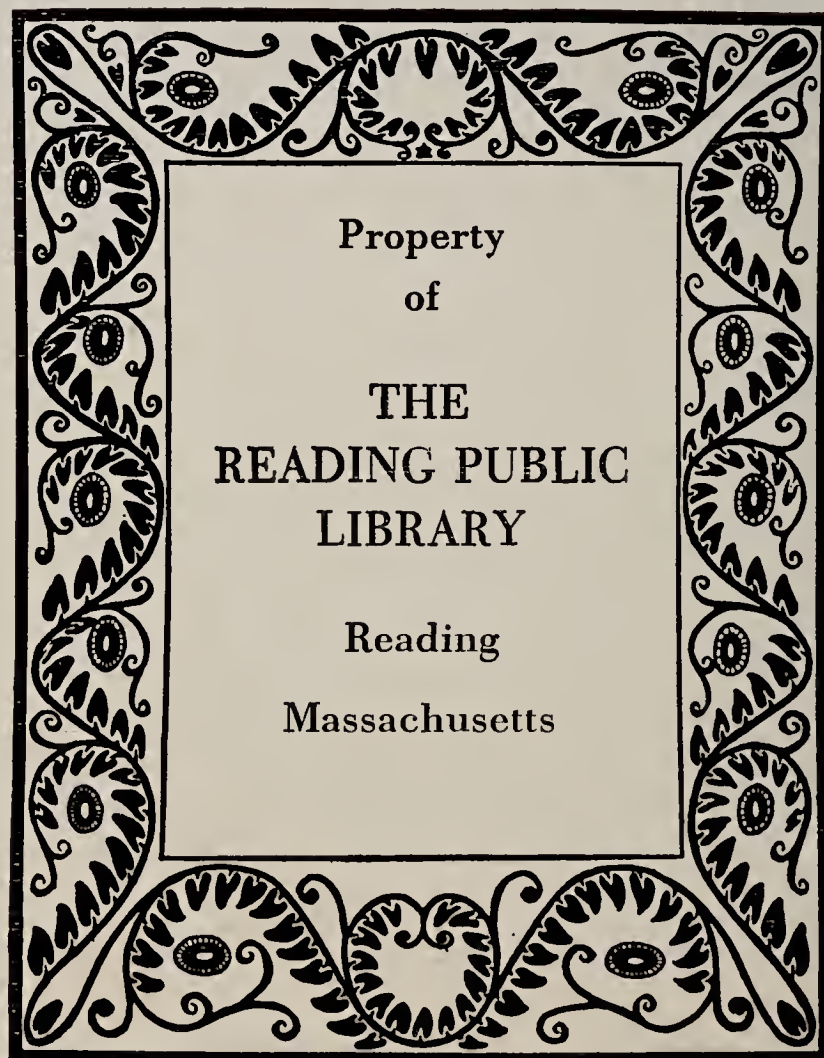
THE Co-operative Bank is a Massachusetts Institution—
originated here and developed to a high degree of safety
under Massachusetts Laws and Regulations, affording
the opportunity for systematic
THE WO
QUIRE A

195 Main

When You
The Latest
and Bir
You will find
THE SON

63 H

Our A



s.

HOP

ngerie

* 574.9405
Pioneer

Spring 1926-27

C. 1

The Pioneer

1926-'27



A man is not a wall, whose stones are crushed upon the road; or a pipe, whose fragments are thrown away at a street corner.

The fragments of a human intellect are always good.

GEORGE SAND

(Handsome Lawrence)



SPRING NUMBER

20c. copy

BY PUPILS OF READING HIGH SCHOOL

60c. year

READING PUBLIC LIBRARY



The Pioneer Board



EDITOR

Eleanor Crafts '28

ASST. EDITOR

Frank Howard '28

EDITORIAL EDITOR

Norton Prentiss '29

NEWS EDITOR

Lucille Cate '29

JOKE EDITOR

Alfred Kimball '28

EXCHANGE CRITIC

Esther Malonson '28

LITERARY EDITORS

Frank Heselton '28

Isabelle Parker '28

Hope Williamson '29

Ruth Frost '29

Wilmer Young '29

Walter Ingalls '30

Theron Johnson '29

Arthur Moyer '28

ATHLETIC EDITORS

Whitman Morton '28

Alice Hodson '28

BUSINESS MANAGER

Boyd Parker '28

FACULTY ADVISORS

Elizabeth A. Batchelder

Hermon T. Wheeler

Frances Greenhalgh

Luke Halpin

HONORARY MEMBER

Helen Beals



Editorials

HAPPINESS

What is it that man persistently seeks but rarely finds? What is that elusive, alluring state of being toward which man strives during his earthly course and in bewilderment gives up the quest? It is that state of mind which we call "happiness" and if man did but know it, happiness is not the elusive substance he deems it to be. Unknown to the bearer, perhaps, the germ of happiness exists in every human breast. At some time, despite the vain desiderations, hopes and fears of man,

this spirit becomes manifest and he desists a moment from his toils to wonder. To what end is he striving? To gain fortunes and glory perhaps—consequently, happiness. But what happiness will fame or fortune produce for him if now he feels an inexpressible joy when he breathes the first pungent odors of spring and hears the first chirpings of the birds, when he contentedly sits before his door on a summer evening and watches the shadows of night softly close upon the landscape? These feelings are the precursors of happiness. If man would only allow them to develop! If now, in

spite of his toil and striving, the germ of happiness stirs his soul, how powerful it might become if he allowed it to penetrate his whole being, if occasionally he forgot the mundane, worldly things, in order that happiness might completely possess his soul!

E. K. '27.

FORT TICONDEROGA

Five years ago I visited Fort Ticonderoga. We entered the little town and soon came to the Black Watch Memorial, a little brick house where the relics of the Highland Regiment are kept. We then proceeded to the very historic fort which was begun in 1756, and was called at first Fort Carillon, because the French sentries thought they heard the church bells of France. The sounds were later found to be a waterfall. In 1758, Abercrombie attacked the uncompleted fort but was repulsed with great losses.

In 1759 Sir Jeffry Amherst attacked the fort, which was badly weakened because the greater part of the garrison was with Montcalm at Quebec. Boule-marque, realizing the impracticability of defending the fort, blew up the powder magazine, destroyed the two stores and retreated. In 1775, Ethan Allen captured the fort, then called Ticonderoga. In 1777 Burgoyne drove out St. Clair, leaving the fort in the hands of the British until the surrender of Yorktown.

We now come to the fort reservation, at the entrance of which is a stone lodge. In this reservation there are many deer.

We then continue to the fort which is entered by the original sally-port. The fort is of Vauban star type. When I was there, the west barracks (officers' quarters) was the only fully restored section. They have done much since then. On the ground floor is a mess-room, a small kitchen and a scullery. The upper story is a museum.

Northward toward the boat-landing is the hull of the schooner "Revenge,"

one of Benedict Arnold's fleet. It contains many interesting relics such as cannon balls and arms of various kinds, also a skeleton with a bullet in its back-bone.

So after a very interesting tour we left by the Montcalm ferry.

N. P. '29.

SPEAKING OF FADS

How many of us can answer the following questions? Are we all as dumb as we look?

1. The Pyramids are in _____
2. Inability to pay debts is called _____
3. Antoine Watteau was a French _____
4. Air brakes are used on _____
5. Radium was discovered by _____

Can you locate:

1. Loch Lomond.
2. Hoboken.
3. Gibraltar.
4. Moscow.
5. Passaic.

Which statements are true?

1. A telescope makes things look larger.
2. Jason went to seek the Golden Gate.
3. The U. S. Naval Academy is located at West Point.
4. Larceny is a term used in medicine.
5. Styx was the name of a river.

Who wrote:

1. "Ramana."
2. "The Bat."
3. "Rip Van Winkle."
4. "Pudd'nhead Wilson."
5. "Exöelsior."

Answers on Page Nine

R. H. S. DEBATING

On Wednesday evening, April 6, the Reading High Debating Team won a clean-cut victory over the Wakefield High team. The subject was, Resolved: That the United States should cancel

the Allied War Debts. Wakefield upheld the affirmative and Reading the negative.

The first Wakefield speaker, George Tuttle, '27, introduced the subject and then launched forth on the moral side of the question. He brought forth some fine points to prove that the war was just as much America's as the Allies'. Reading's veteran of last year, Robert Stevens '27, also took up this issue in the first negative speech and broke down many of Wakefield's points by his clear and logical arguments.

Wakefield's second speaker, Clifford Chatterton '27, roamed about in budgets and incomes while attempting to prove that to cancel would benefit world trade relations. He delivered his arguments well. However, Dudley Killam '27, introduced so many good arguments on this subject and on others that he took a trifle over the allotted nine minutes.

The third Wakefield speaker, John Butler '27, stated that cancellation would mean a loss of only two dollars a year from each person with an income of five thousand dollars in the United States. He also said that by cancelling, the United States would keep the good-will of Europe. However, he did not state that there are one hundred and seventeen million people in America with an income of five thousand dollars, and that after four years the loss would gradually increase. The third Readingite, Gilbert Soule '28, delved into the subject much deeper than the Wakefield boys and brought in the German reparations. He proved that these alone were enough to pay the debts. He drew much applause from the audience by stating that "While America is not a Shylock, there ain't no Santa Claus!"

During an intermission in which there were well-rendered selections given by members of the Wakefield Glee Club, Dudley Killam and Alternate Frank Heselton produced a fine rebuttal. This rebuttal, extremely well delivered by Killam, effectually broke down any argument that Wakefield had brought up, and there was much applause when

proof of a point questioned by Wakefield was produced.

John Butler and his alternate, Thomas Gleason, did not attempt to strengthen their arguments but merely assailed Reading's. This fact was fatal to their chances. Their rebuttal was very weak.

The very responsive audience of over three hundred was very partial to Reading. The debate was judged by debating instructors from Woburn, Winchester and Wilmington. After the debate the two teams were treated to refreshments.

The results of this debate speak well for Miss Clarissa Brown's coaching, and with her as instructor next year, Reading High should produce another first class team.

F. R. H. '28.

AROUND TOWN

The Short Cut—across the Congo Church yard.

Daddy Long Legs—Clarence Gay.

The Age of Innocence—Sweet Sixteen.

The Fascinating Stranger—David Bowers.

The Flirt—Phyllis Gray or Helen Turner.

Innocents Abroad — Miss Pratt's Tourists.

Oh Money! Money—everybody's wish.

The Big-Town Round-Up—the Exposition.

The Tryst—almost any corner of the corridors.

Sinners in Heaven—Room 8 Girls.

Behind Locked Doors—the detention room.

Certain People of Importance—we wonder! (?)

A Damsel in Distress—Ruth Wescott without her compact.

The Doors of Dread—to Mr. Sussmann's office.

A Close Shave—Gladys Livingstone's boyish.

Snooky Hollow—the corridors after dark.

To the Last Man—The Debating

Team.

Warning! Deficiencies.

A Man Under Authority—Mr. Sussmann.

Freckles—Frannie Dunn.

Penrod—Frannie Merritt.

The Thundering Herd—Between periods—this way to lunchroom!

One Minute to Play—R. H. S. vs. Wakefield.

Comedy of Errors—a freshman.

Show Boat—Al Tyler's roadster (?)

There have been rumors that Mr. Halpin's last period Math. III class is trying to excel last year's class in brilliancy (?)

Did you know that just because the hero was fat, lots of girls didn't like Macbeth?

We heard that two "high hat" senior boys wanted to take a drink at the flower fountain in at the Reportory.

Speaking of Macbeth, we hear that altho certain people stayed until the last train, they were well chaperoned home.

Someone was heard to ask if a certain young man had been convinced that Lady Macbeth was of a different character than he thought. (Remember the old proverb about changing your mind.

Since Coach Taylor is always saying, "Ask me another," we want to know if a zebra is a black animal with white stripes or a white animal with black stripes.

"Freckles" wishes she were a lemon so that she might get a squeeze or two.

H. T. '27.



Poetry

THE STREAM

Beside a bubbling stream I sit
And muse and meditate.
The queer, soft noises of the stream
Seem a story to relate.

It tells me of the couples, who
On its banks have sat and dreamed;
Of things imagined seen in it,
As past them it has streamed.

It tells me of a little child
Who comes there every day,
To pick the flowers from its bank—
Laughing, happy, always gay.

It tells me secrets of the woods,
Of butterflies, and flowers,
Birds in their nest, who to their mate
Will warble,—sing for hours.

And by its mossy banks, I think,
Forever could I dream,
And hear of life as it is told—
In the language of the stream.

Some one is sad,
Some one is blue.
Why don't you give them
A smile or two?

Some one has troubles,
Misfortunes occurred.
T'would help them a lot,
If you spoke a kind word.

Are you doing your duty
Toward those who need cheer?
Are you giving courage
And being sincere?

A word kindly spoken,
And a smile from you—
Who is there can tell
How much good it will do?

SPRING'S WELCOME

With howling winds and waving trees
With flying leaves with every breeze,
With birds again upon the wing,
March boisterously welcomes Spring.

A little rain, a bit of sun,
And April's work is nearly done.
Sweet flowers grow and gay birds sing,
And joyously they greet the Spring.

In May, from sun and gentle rain,
The world is bright with flowers again.
And birds now gaily nest and bring
Joy to the world, for now 'tis Spring.

The winds of March, the April showers,
The singing birds, the blooming flowers,
Each blade of grass and everything,
Must do its part to welcome Spring.

P. M. H.



Jokes

A native of Portugal should not be called a Portugese. He should be called a Portugoose.

(Note: If one desires to be more particular, the male Portugoose should be called a Portugander).

“Do you know what the old horse you sold me did?”

“No, what did he do?”

“Why, he up and died on me.”

“That's funny; he never did that for me.”

Latin (? ?)

Translation: During the consulship of nothing, etc.

Did you know that one of Caesar's greatest battles was the battle of Zama?

N. M. '27.

EPITAPH

Here lie all the bones
Of good, old Gregory Jones,
Who worked so long and hard
In North Reading's navy yard.

Why are square meals served on round plates?

She: “Do you like codfish balls?”

He: “I don't know; I never attended one.”

Teacher: “It gives me great pleasure to give you 80 in your examination.”

Pupil: “Well, then, why not give me a 100 and enjoy yourself.”

A. K. '28.

Help

Lucky: “When will Scotchmen swim the English Channel?”

Strike: “When they will have built a toll-bridge across it.”

“Fare, Please”

S: “Hear about the latest tragedy in the New York subway?”

O: “No.”

S: “A Scotchman got into one of those ‘Pay-as-you-leave cars’, and he starved to death.”

Allan Putnam '27.

School Life, Melrose, Mass.:

Your various covers are very clever and we like especially the way your School News is written.

The Purple Pennant, Courtland, N. Y.:

We think that if more space were given to stories and poetry and not so much to athletics, your paper would be better balanced.

As Others See Us

We like the cover of your paper, because it is original. Your paper contains much interesting material.—“The Blue & White,—Methuen.

Hasn't R. H. S. any clubs? Your

magazine has a good Athletic Department, but a few more jokes would add greatly.—“School Life”—Melrose High School.

Interesting paper, but we could find no exchanges. We liked your cover very much.—“Authentic”—Stoneham High School.

We like your magazine and think your page on poetry and literature especially good. We would appreciate your comment on our paper.—“La Vie de l'Ecole”—Milray, Penn.

The quality of your contributions is good. The paper is well proportioned and you have an attractive cover.—“Reflector”—Woburn High School.



News

Elizabeth Knight was chosen valedictorian and Ralph Charleton, salutatorian. For faculty honors Pearl Haywood and Virginia McBrien were elected; Dudley Killam for class honors. If any one was to argue whether boys or girls were smarter, it certainly wouldn't do them any good to refer to those having the highest marks in the graduating class of 1927.

Those making up the orchestra are practising hard for the Reading High School, but—Mr. Woods, desires, requests and implores new volunteers.

Friday, April 29, at Assembly, the members of the girls' and boys' basketball teams received their certificates, and the Middlesex League Championship cup was presented. Reading has won the first leg for permanent possession of this cup. Also Lawrence Zwickler was awarded the Hood Medal for sportsmanship.

Answers to Questions

(From Page Three)

1. Egypt.
2. Bankruptcy.
3. Painter.
4. Trains.
5. Madame Curie.

1. Scotland.
2. New Jersey.
3. On the coast of Spain.
4. Russia.
5. New Jersey.

1. True.
2. False.
3. False.
4. False.
5. True.

1. Helen Hunt Jackson.
2. Mary Roberts Rinehart.
3. Washington Irving.
4. Mark Twain.
5. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.



Stories

THE SWAN SONG

There is a small village on Cape Cod, where for several years, I have spent my summers. It is a lovely little place, peopled with simple folks who are wholly delightful.

On a large hill overlooking the town sits a great white house which has a very deserted look about it. Never have I seen a light in any of the windows. I asked my friend, Jim Thayer, one of the old-timers, about this lonesome-looking house, and he told me a strange, sad story.

Years ago a family lived in that great house. There was a man, a woman, and their only son, who was a beautiful boy and a born musician. Music was his very being, and the harp was his means of expressing what was in his soul. He could make the instrument seem to talk, laugh, or weep, almost like a person. In other respects he was a very normal, healthy boy, and he was well loved by his playmates and school friends.

Then came an awful day when he was brought home unconscious. While climbing a tree, he had stepped on an unsafe branch, and had crashed thirty feet to the ground. The doctors shook their heads over the broken form. The boy would live, but he must always be a hopeless invalid. It was a terrible trial to the loving parents to see their son crippled, but they did their best to smile for his sake.

After the first months of pain and suffering the boy became reconciled to his new life and bore it patiently. He was still able to play his harp, and this was his greatest consolation.

Three years passed, and the boy

seemed to be as strong and healthy as his condition permitted.

Suddenly, however, he began to decline. Everything was done for him, but he grew steadily weaker. Sometimes he was even too tired and weak to play on his beloved harp. It was evident that he could not live. He was fading like a crushed flower.

One day he asked to have his harp brought to him. He played a few snatches from some of his favorite pieces, but he was pitifully weak, and he lay back exhausted. For a long time he lay motionless, and his nurse thought he was asleep. Suddenly, however, his eyes flew open, he sat up, and began to play. At first he played feverishly. Then a strange, sweet melody, which seemed to come from the depths of the boy's soul, brought tears to the eyes of the nurse. The haunting tones continued, now soft, now loud. The strains were heard in other parts of the house, and in some mysterious way seemed to draw listeners to the room from which the plaintively, sweet sounds were coming. The music became strained and passionate, as though the soul of the player were struggling for expression. Then came a passage of wild, sweet notes, which wrung the hearts of the listeners with its sadness. In the middle of this passage the fingers faltered, and the music ended in a discordant crash.

The boy fell back among the pillows, and when they reached him he was dead. Like the swan, he had made his most beautiful music at the moment of death.

They laid him to rest in the village cemetery, and a year later the broken-hearted parents went away. They were

unable to bear the emptiness of the great house. When they returned they lived in a smaller house in the village. But never would they sell or rent the great house on the hill. So it still stands empty and lonely, and some superstitious people believe that the swan song of the dead boy-musician may still be heard wailing through the house.

H. W. '29.

THE MYSTERY OF ROOM 513

On the thirteenth day of April in the year of nineteen hundred, Mrs. Taber, a Protestant missionary from the States, and Marcia Taber, her only child, arrived at the city of Paris. They had been doing missionary work in Asia for ten years.

Marcia was very much excited over the Great Exposition which was to open next day. Mrs. Taber had a headache but she had them frequently so Marcia was not at all disturbed over it. At the hotel they were only able to get two single rooms on different floors.

Marcia helped her mother get settled, then went to her own room. She noticed the number of her mother's room was 513 and her room was 713. After she got settled and lay down she thought it was a good thing she was not superstitious because it was April 13th, room 513 and 713. Suddenly all she could think of was the bandy-legged porter, the thin chambermaid, the hotel clerk, the cab driver, the elevator man and the bell boy, all of whom she had seen coming to her room from the train. They seemed to be dancing around her saying, "April 13th! Room 513! Room 713! It's a good thing you aren't superstitious!"

Suddenly she awoke. It was very dark. She turned on the lights and looked at her watch. It was midnight. She should have dined with her mother at seven o'clock.

Hastily she put her clothes on and went down to her mother's room but no one was there. The room was empty,—there was not a piece of furniture in it.

She met the chambermaid and the

elevator man, both of whom said they hadn't seen her mother, and the clerk in the lobby said the same. The manager came in and she tried to tell him how she had overslept and on going to her mother's room had found it vacant. He took up the register book. Her name was there, but above it there was a Frenchman's name in the place where her mother's had been written. When she saw this she fainted. After a time she regained consciousness. Claude Willet, the vice consul from the States, was by her. He had the bell boy come in, and he asked him who was with Marcia. He said that no one was with her. Willett said he was going to speak to the chambermaid while they waited for the porter and the cab driver to come, but Marcia called him back. She didn't want to be left alone.

The cab driver came and said the same thing. Marcia happened to see Monsieur Chupin, the manager, touching his head with a finger at her.

"You think that I am mad, Monsieur Chupin!" she cried. "You think that I am mad. But you don't, do you, Mr. Willet?" At which he assured her that he believed she was very sane.

The porter then arrived. This was her last hope and when he said, "Mademoiselle was unaccompanied," she took two blue stubs of the railway tickets from her pocket and then with a cry, being overcome, she fainted.

Claude Willet took it upon himself to look out for her. He was a graduate of Princeton University. He was very busy with the opening of the Exposition but he visited her at the hospital every day. After three weeks she opened her eyes while he was there and asked if they had found her mother.

Claude was to dine with his mother and Gail Bainbridge that night but he forgot about that now. She told him the story all over again. He was in hopes that she might remember that something had happened to her mother but she was sure nothing had.

He remembered his engagement and went. He told his mother and Gail they would have to visit her. Mrs. Willett

had selected Gail Bainbridge as her future daughter-in-law but now her plans were rather broken up. Claude and Marcia enjoyed all the sights and went to the theatres together but nothing was ever heard of Mrs. Taber.

One day six months after the disappearance of Mrs. Taber, Claude was talking with Monsieur Chupin about the Exposition which had just ended. Chupin said he was pleased at the way a Frenchman can handle a situation such as the one when Mrs. Taber, signed to Room 513, disappeared. After Madame had called for ice water, she called for a doctor who found she was ill with the deadly bubonic plague. So he and the doctor decided it would be dreadful to have it spread around the city.

Claude was stunned. "What did you do?" he asked.

"The first thing we did was to put a drug in Marcia's ice water to make her sleep. Then we moved Mrs. Taber to a pest house and took all the furnishings from her room. All the men that had waited on them were told just what to say and the hotel register was altered. In a short time she had died and had been buried," Chupin told.

Willett was finally able to speak. "Then Mademoiselle was sacrificed so that Paris might entertain the world. Wasn't there anything you could do?"

"No, nothing." Chupin told how at different times the plague had spread around the city.

Claude hurried back to Marcia. He was sure now that she was sane. He told her the story, leaving out as much of the unpleasant truth as he could. She wept a little, but was glad that her mother was at peace.

"DITTO"

"What's that, Robbie?"

"Dunno," came the answer.

The two boys, Robbie and Jimmy Evans, were walking along, looking from side to side, searching for some dog on whose tail to tie a tin can, or a snake to curl up on Old Man Jones' door step and get him "mad as hops," when they

noticed a new shiny fence around a small tree.

"Come on. Let's go over and shake it," said Robbie.

"Nothin' doin'," came the answer. "It's on Old Lady Spinney's front lawn and I ain't gonna have the cops after me."

"Aw come on!" Robbie urged. "She's probably gone to Mis' Smith's funeral. She always goes just 'cause she wants to know who goes, so Ma says, but she never goes to weddings 'cause she has to take a present."

"All right, then."

So as fast as their legs could carry them, they started. The shaking was going along fine. The fence was bent into an unheard of shape. The ground was covered with leaves, when a sharp tap was heard on the window of the house. The boys looked. There was Old Lady Spinney! She hadn't gone to the funeral after all! Without stopping to take the next breath, they started down over the front lawn.

That night, shortly after supper, Old Lady Spinney was aroused from her evening snooze by the sharp ring of the door bell. She went to the door and opened it. There stood the two boys.

Robbie opened the conversation: "Ma said you called up all 'roused up' 'cause we came here and shook the tree, so she made us come over tonight and apologize. She said you must have been a very perculiar child if you were all you said you thought children should be."

Then he stood back to let Jimmy make the first apology.

"Ma sent me—er—I'm very sorry I shook the tree," began Jimmy, standing first on one leg then on the other, twisting his thumbs and every now and then giving the side of the house a kick. "I'll not bend the fence any more."

At this Mrs. Spinney bit her lip. Her mind turned toward the fence, or rather the pile of wire in the back yard. One more bend would never be noticed. Then she turned to Robbie.

"Ditto," said Robbie, not hesitating in the least.

R. F. '29.

THE "GANG"

"He jumped an' grabbed the gun an', jimminy crickets; if the robber didn' jump out the window and break it! The cop was gonna send him a bill fer break-in' it but he couldn't find him."

"Who told ya that?"

"Oh, I heard that a long time ago when I was in the fifth grade last year."

This conversation was carried on in the clubhouse of the "Gang." Hoot Summers was the captain. His real name was James, but he believed in ghosts, as many children do, and his playmates nick-named him, "Hoot."

Others in the "Gang" were: Joe Sharp, Bill Rodgers, Sam Flinch, and Percy Mack.

Hoot Summers had a mother and a sister.

Sam Flinch, a cast-off, lived with a cross old lady, his stepmother. Sam stayed away from home as much as possible.

Percy Mack was more of a Percified lad with girlish ways. He was admitted into the club because he gave the other members a dollar. He was the only child in his family and was very rich. This was the only reason he was in the "Gang."

Their chief support came from Percy and from trapping in the winter months.

The "Gang" had been fixing up the clubhouse all summer. The last task was to patch up the cracks and holes on the walls.

Sam spoke first, "Well now, wha'dya s'pose we'd better do for these holes?"

"Oh, I know," said Bill, "le's git some ole canvas from Pete McGint's chicken coop!"

"It's a go! We'll get it tonight about seven o'clock. It's dark then," suggested Joe.

Percy spoke up, "Oh no, boys! That would not be just. That would be stealing and besides I'll tell if you do it."

Hoot stared at Percy, "Now lissen, you chicken-hearted shrimp, if you want to belong to this here club ya gotta do what is voted for. Now if you wanna

'vamoose' from this club you tell on us! We don't wanna get ya out 'cause yer our only finanshle support but jestice is jestice. Now take yer choice, tell on us and leave, or keep still an' stay in!"

Hoot felt quite big now. He had given the longest speech then he had ever made in his life.

"Well, I shan't tell, but it's very evil. Anyway I cannot get out of doors after six o'clock," replied Percy.

"We kin do without yer anyway, but you just keep it low."

"All right."

The "Gang" then broke up for the time being and all went home.

When Hoot arrived home, he had a hot supper of corn chowder waiting for him. He told his mother that the "Gang" were to have a meeting that night at seven o'clock. His mother was always willing that he should have a club because when he was told to do a thing he did it promptly.

"Now Hoot," said his mother, "don't stay out after eight."

"All right, Ma," and he kissed her goodbye.

On the way to the clubhouse he met Bill, who lived a few houses away. They went to Sam's house, got him, and then to their valued place. There they met Joe and started for Pete McGint's henyard.

First they ran to his house to see if he was eating his supper. He was, so the boys went to the chicken coop, slipped the canvas off and ran as fast as their legs could carry them.

The four boys landed at their shack quite out of breath. By the light of a candle the pieces of canvas were cut and patched over the holes.

The clubhouse was finished. It was small but cozy. A chimney stuck out the side with a fireplace at the bottom on the inside. A table stood in the middle of the wooden floor that had an old moth-eaten blanket for a rug. There was one window. On the walls were pictures of Washington and Lincoln, showing that the boys were patriotic. On the roof was a pole on which a bell was attached. A rope was tied on the bell. This was

a meeting caller.

The "Gang" had worked hard all summer, and now the house was furnished and finished.

After a quiet meeting all went home.

The next day was Thursday, a supposedly lucky day for Hoot. The boy got up at quarter of seven (earlier than most boys during vacation) to get wood for his mother. His mother had to support the family as the father was dead, and so she took up dressmaking at home. Mary, the daughter, swept and cleaned at different houses in the neighborhood.

After getting the wood and having his breakfast, Hoot decided to have a meeting. Down to the clubhouse he ran. The place looked beautiful to him. Then he tolled the bell. In a short time three panting boys came running into the tiny building, Sam, Joe, and Percy. Where was Bill? No one had seen him this morning.

"Well, let's get him," said Hoot.

It was agreed. They ran to Bill's home. Mrs. Rodgers said he hadn't got up yet but that they could go up and see if he was awake. Up they went into Bill's room. There he was, sound asleep.

"I tell ya," said Sam, "le's tie a string aroun' his toe an' keep pullin' it tighter and tighter. Whatcha say, huh?"

So they tied the string around Bill's toe. Hoot took one end, Joe took the other, and pulled. Bill squirmed. The boys pulled again with a quick jerk. With a yell Bill leaped into the air more frightened than hurt. The other boys roared with laughter. Rubbing his eyes, and feeling his toe, Bill sat up.

Mrs. Rodgers came running up stairs to see what the trouble was. When she heard the story, she too laughed and told Bill to hurry up and dress because breakfast was ready.

The clubhouse was a success and many neighbors went to see it. Pete McGint also went to see the place. He had missed the canvas, but had said nothing. However, when he came, the boys rather shivered and shaked. Pete immediately discovered the "lost" canvas.

"So you're the ones that took my canvas, was you? Well we'll see about this," and with a sharp turn he walked out of the shack. He had to because he coun't hold in his laugh. The boys looked at each other in dismay.

"Maybe he'll call a cop."

"An' we'll get ten years."

"Maybe he'll fine us," added another.

"Now," said Percy triumphantly, "dident I tell you it was evil to do it?"

"Aw, applesauce!" chorused the bewildered boys.

"I tell ya," said Hoot, "let's we take up a collection and get a new canvas for him, 'fore he gets a cop."

So a collection was taken up, (Percy paying about two-thirds of it) and a large piece of canvas was bought.

Pete laughed heartily one afternoon when he opened his back door to see six innocent looking and dirty-faced boys holding a piece of canvas. He told them to come in and gave them a great feast.

W. I. '30.

STEVE'S AMBITION

"When I'm station-master," began Steve balancing himself on the edge of a truck, "I'll —"

"Now then, what are you doing?" demanded a young porter. "Stop that noise, and sweep the platform."

Steve silently obeyed. "When I'm station-master," he began again, "I'll give you the gate."

Steve swept and swept; he also whistled. Up went the station-agent's window.

"Stop that noise!" he commanded. "If I have to tell you again, you'll go, mind that."

Steve Baxter was a young lad of sixteen. He had curly brown hair, fair skin, and bright blue eyes. He had been raised in an orphanage, and sent out to make his own way in the world only the year before. He was smart, quick and

obedient, but no one recognized these characteristics and was always picking on him.

"Yes," Steve muttered to himself, "It's always like that. Sometimes I think I'll run off and go to sea. But there wouldn't be much chance for a fellow like me. I don't know, I'll——"

"Steve, stop dreaming," a harsh voice broke in on his thoughts. "Run over to the Shipping Yards and help the men load."

Over at the Yards, Steve was shouted at and bullied until one would think he was the most objectionable fellow in the world.

"Say," began one of Steve's persecutors to another, "the Boss has fired Ed Mills. I shouldn't wonder if we saw more of him—he sure looks bad."

"Stand away, Brayton, the piles acoming," shouted Steve and he shoved the man aside. There was a crash, a cry, and the unconscious form of Steve on the floor, a heavy trunk on his leg.

How tenderly they raised him, the men who five minutes before had scarcely a good word for the lad.

There were no friends to grieve, and when Steve came to in the hospital, nurse explained that it was a necessity for his leg to come off. Steve shut his lips tightly and said nothing. But it was a hard day for the lad when he was dismissed and he came back to the station on crutches.

"Hi, there, how you're feeling?" questioned the young porter. "Want to see the agent? I'm afraid you won't get you'r job back."

"Alright," muttered Steve, as he stumped forward.

Brayton came running up and grabbed his hand. "Hello, little un. Glad to

have you back. As long as I've a roof over my head, you needn't worry. I'll get you a leg some day and you'll never know the difference."

The station-agent did see Steve, but when Steve suggested the possibility of being a porter some day, he kindly but firmly told him that it was only out of kindness that they kept him at all.

Steve helped the men all he could and somehow when he was around, there seemed to be less swearing, but why, the men could not say.

One evening after Steve had worked hard all day, he crept into the shed and fell to thinking. "I'll never be a porter, now," he began. "I guess I'll never be anybody." Two tears crept down his cheeks. Tired and hungry he fell asleep.

It was late when he awoke to find someone near by, swearing and stumbling over the cases of hay.

Steve recognized the figure of Ed Mills, and he watched him wind his way around the cases, dropping something as he went.

Ed Mills passed but he did not see the crouched figure of Steve.

Steve examined the floor. Ed had dropped powder! He intended to light it from the outside.

Ed went out and shut the heavy door behind him, but first snapping the catch lock.

Steve knew he was alone in that gloomy shed with the hay and the powder. He was a resourceful lad and abandoning his crutches he crept to the case of mineral water nearby. He crept around the room wetting the powder. He could hear Ed swearing and striking matches from the outside.

But what was that? Approaching

footsteps and a stealthy retreat on the part of Ed.

The station-master with two of the porters and a gray-haired man in a tall silk hat whom Steve recognized as a Director.

"I think it was here, sir," began the agent, when he saw Steve. "What are you doing here, stealing?"

"No, sir," began Steve, and to his own amazement began to cry.

But Barton was beside him in a moment. "I'm sure he wasn't stealing," he exclaimed. "Why, there isn't a better lad than Steve. What were you doing, lad?"

But the porters had been exploring around, and it needed only a few words from Steve to explain matters.

"You're a brave fellow," said the Director. "Not many young men would have cared to be in your place. Why, bless me, how did you lose your leg?"

But that was not the end. The company made Steve a handsome present for his prompt action. The Director had him educated and taken into his office and there is every chance of his becoming not only a station-agent but a Director eventually.

Doris Wall '27.

THE FORTY-NINERS

In the spring of the year 1849, gold was discovered in the mill stream at Sutter's Mill in California by a boy working there. A discovery was made in Oregon about the same time. The secret leaked out, as all news will, and spread like wild-fire over the country. Stories circulated of fabulous wealth found overnight.

Everybody went who could leave. Adventurous spirits took their cattle and money and the things they needed most and left to settle in California or Oregon. Honest, enterprising, steady men went wild, and set out in a mad dash for the gold fields. Also all sorts of thieves, tramps, gamblers, and other desperate characters went.

Most of them went across the country driving their cattle and carrying their possessions in covered wagons. Some went in ships to Central America, walked across and worked up the west coast, and some went all the way around Cape Horn.

All met hardships. Those who went overland had the shortest route, but they encountered Indians, often hostile to their passage, unknown and wild country, deserts which took their toll of men as well as animals, and mountains.

Those who went to Central America and across, had a sea voyage, and a land trip across the Isthmus where terrible fevers took the lives of many. The survivors of the fever must go up through an unknown country or take another sea voyage with small chance of getting a ship. Those who went around Cape Horn had a very rough, long, and dangerous passage.

With the arrival of all the different types of men, it was found that law and order were needed. A vigilant society was formed which eventually brought peace and quiet, if the exciting business of gold mining may be called quiet.

California was more rapidly populated than Oregon by the rush. In fact, it became so thickly populated that in a few years it was admitted to the Union, while Oregon was admitted much later.

The gold rush opened a new country,

showed the necessity for railroads, and It also led to several Indian wars.
interested people in the "Great West."

T. C. Johnson.

Alumni



Dear Reading High:

When I used to read letters from alumnae at college, when I was still back in high school, I never thought that I'd be writing a letter myself, some day, telling about the glories of my own college. But now that I am in a position to do this, I'm glad that I have the Peggy Robinson, who will be leaving chance. Radcliffe certainly is wonderful, and I can understand, now, how the other alumnae could speak for their colleges in such terms of high praise.

We have quite a group of Readingites at Radcliffe now, in all the different classes. In the senior class there's Radcliffe in a month or so. Then in the junior class there's my sister Marjorie, and she's certainly enjoying herself. The sophomore class has Beth Fowler, Frannie Leuchtman, and Ruth Winslow, and 1930 contains Mary Daniel, Sylvia Mussells, Helen Abbott and myself. It's surprising how little that

Reading crowd seems among a thousand or so other girls! But Reading is well represented in all departments. Peggy Robinson is editor of the year-book, Marjorie got the Phi Beta Kappa prize as ranking member of the junior class. Beth Fowler is on the varsity basket-ball squad and Frannie Leuchtman and Ruth Winslow are on the varsity swimming team.

I've done several things this year that I never dreamed of doing last year; in Zoology, for example, I've skinned a cat and studied its anatomy, and picked the skeleton of a salamander clean. In baseball I've actually made a home run once and I've learned to tread water in the swimming pool. So you see it isn't all just studying books!

Well, this will help to take up space in the Pioneer, at least, and I wish you all the best of luck.

Sincerely,

Natalie Berle.

IN OLD MARSEILLES

An old house stood in old Marseilles
Shabby and unconcerned.

A mother, sweet and loving, there
Whose hair to gray had turned.

There was a lad in this old house
Who a seafaring life would lead,
So he said good-bye to his mother, dear,
She was very sad, indeed.

“I wish you would not go,” she said,
“For at times the sea-storms rage.
What if your ship should go down, and
you
Be drowned—with me at my old age?”

“Fear not of that,” the son replied,
“I’ll be all right, don’t cry,”
And then he kissed her, left her saying,
“Good-bye, mother dear, good-bye.”

The old house still stands in old Mar-
seilles
Still shabby—unconcerned;
An aged mother waits and waits;
Her son has not returned.

Smith's Spa

Opp. Reading Depot

ICE CREAM

CONFECTIONERY

Obey that impulse

to keep on saving from week to week. You've got a good start —you like the idea—keep up the good work. $4\frac{1}{2}\%$ and safety at this bank.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
of Reading, Mass.

PERCY N. SWEETSER

COAL

ALEX LINDSAY

Vulcanizing Tires Tubes

THOROLA AND ATWATER-KENT RECEIVERS

RADIO SUPPLIES

Our Advertisers are our main support, patronize them

AUSTIN'S LUNCH

READING SQUARE

QUALITY NOT QUANTITY WELD'S DELICIOUS ICE CREAM

Week Days—Open 5 a. m. to 1 a. m.

Sundays—Holidays—Open 7 a. m. to 1 a. m.

R. A. Lufkin

190 MAIN STREET

Choice Provisions

Butter—Eggs Fruit—Vegetables

Your Satisfaction our Success

SIMPKINS' MARKET

GEORGE CUMMINGS, Prop.

Exclusive but not expensive

Highest quality of Beef, Pork and
Lamb—Choice Steaks

Reading 0310 37 Haven St.

M. F. CHARLES

Jewelry

Stationery

Kodaks

S. R. Stembridge

Company

45 High Street

FILLING STATION

Goodrich Silvertown Balloon

Tires and Tubes

Railroad Market

A. C. Graupner, Sr.

Choice Meats, Groceries
& Provisions

Tel. 1162 15 Haven St.

Reading, Mass.

Free Delivery

TORRE'S

COFFEE ICE CREAM

READING SQ.

Our Advertisers are our main support, patronize them

ADAMS COMPANY

WOMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S FURNISHINGS

READING

G. H. Atkinson Co.

GROCCERS

QUALITY GOODS MAKE SATISFIED CUSTOMERS

BESSOM'S

THE ONE PRICE STORE

Quality Merchandise in Men's and Boys'

Clothing and Furnishings

Ask to see our All Wool Line when in need of Suit or Overcoat

Made to your measurement at no additional cost

Tel. 0306-M

75 Haven St.



JOHN ST. GARAGE

Mose Parker & Bert Field, Props.

First Class Automobile Repairing
MOTOR OILS AND GREASES

15 John St., Cor. Union
Phone 25-J Residence 0948-W

Our Advertisers are our main support, patronize them

ART SHOP

Kodaks

Supplies

Novelties and Jewelry

LENDING LIBRARY

Cards for all occasions

ROCKPORT

FISH MARKET

IF IT SWIMS WE HAVE IT

McPHERSON DANIEL

Tailor

Steele Furniture Co.

“on the square”

READING

10,000 square feet of floor space

MARY ANN SHOP

Dresses

Hats

Tom Boy Skirts

Sweaters

Spring Coats

Suits

Silk Hosiery

Compliments of

CLAPP & LEACH, Inc.

“The Electric Store”

The Electric Store
for Electric Goods

Kingman & Richardson

Real Estate—Insurance

Reading Square

Tel. 1080

THE SOFT WATER LAUNDRY

Your clothes laundered in “Rain Soft Water” sweet and clean.

READING WET WASH LAUNDRY

“The Laundry That Satisfies”
Telephone Reading 0179-W

Our Advertisers are our main support, patronize them

Consult

your Insurance Agent as you would your Doctor. He knows the kind and amount of insurance, you should carry. His policies protect you, your business, and your loved ones as the Doctor's prescription does your health.

It's Food for Thought

Prentiss & Parker

Reading Office
Masonic Block
Tel. Reading 0249

Boston Office
40 Broad Street
Tel. Main 7880

L. F. QUIMBY

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE SERVICE

34 Haven St. Tel. 1050

MEMBER

Mass. R. E. Exchange

Reading Board of Trade



K e d s

FOR BASKET BALL

CHARLES J. WESSON

"The Service Store"

Successor to Chase & Finnegan

THE READING CHRONICLE

THIS BOOK FROM OUR PRESS

Our Advertisers are our main support, patronize them

Compliments of

Reading Greenhouses and Nurseries

FLORAL AND NURSERY PRODUCTS

HOW TO BE SMART LOOKING

All young men wish to look their best on all occasions, but there is one occasion that predominates and that occasion is Graduation

There are many young men who do not have the knack for selecting the right kind of clothing. Lots of this type come to us and leave it to our judgment as to the model that will suit them best.

Drop in before graduation and see our line of blue serges from \$25.00 up.

AL WRIGHT'S MEN'S SHOP

Corner Main & Haven Sts.

Phone 1179-M

*WILL YOU LET US SUIT OURSELVES
IN SUITING YOU WITH AN UP-TO-DATE
LINE OF SHOES AND FURNISHINGS
FOR SPORT, DRESS AND PLAY?*

Ask for High School Discount

ESNER'S
"on the square"

John H. Bates, Inc.

Telephone 1150 - 0945

Corner of Haven and Linden Streets
Reading

Cadillac and Studebaker Cars

All New Models Now on Display

Our Advertisers are our main support, patronize them

CANDY LAND

ICE CREAM and

HOME MADE CANDIES

Reading Square

Established 1821

Tel. Reading 0071

CUMMINGS EXPRESS

COMPANY

J. E. FROST, Treas. and Mgr.

Reading's Best Equipped
Furniture Movers

for Economical Transportation



Lynch Moter Sales Co.
INC.

For
Economical Transportation
281 Main St. Reading, Mass.

THOSE DIMES

and nickels that go so easily should be working for
you in a Mutual Savings Bank.

Start a Savings Bank Account Now

Mechanics Savings Bank

195 Main Street

Reading, Mass.

Our Advertisers are our main support, patronize them

READING, MASSACHUSETTS

N NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY **U**

School of BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

"Business raised to a professional plane."

CO-OPERATIVE PLAN

Alternate periods of study in class and practice in the industries, with pay while at work.

DEGREE GRANTED

Bachelor of Business Administration

in

Business Management

or

Accounting and Finance

REQUIREMENTS FOR ADMISSION

Graduates of the Reading High School will be admitted without examination.

REGISTRATION

Students admitted in September or January may complete the Freshman year before the following September.

Catalog and information sent upon request.

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

Department of Admissions

MILTON J. SCHLAGENHAUF

Boston 17, Massachusetts

Director.

THE PIONEER



READING HIGH SCHOOL

WINTER NUMBER

1926-'27

YOU ARE ALWAYS RIGHT WITH US

FRED F. SMITH

Hay, Grain and Poultry Supplies

HARDWARE BUILDERS SUPPLIES AUTO ACCESSORIES

Lime, Brick, Cement and Drain Pipe

PAINT, OIL and VARNISH

Telephone 0450

READING SQUARE



THE Co-operative Bank is a Massachusetts Institution—
originated here and developed to a high degree of safety

the e
system
THE
QUI

ording
through
WITH
K, IN-

195 M

Mass.

HOD

T SHOP

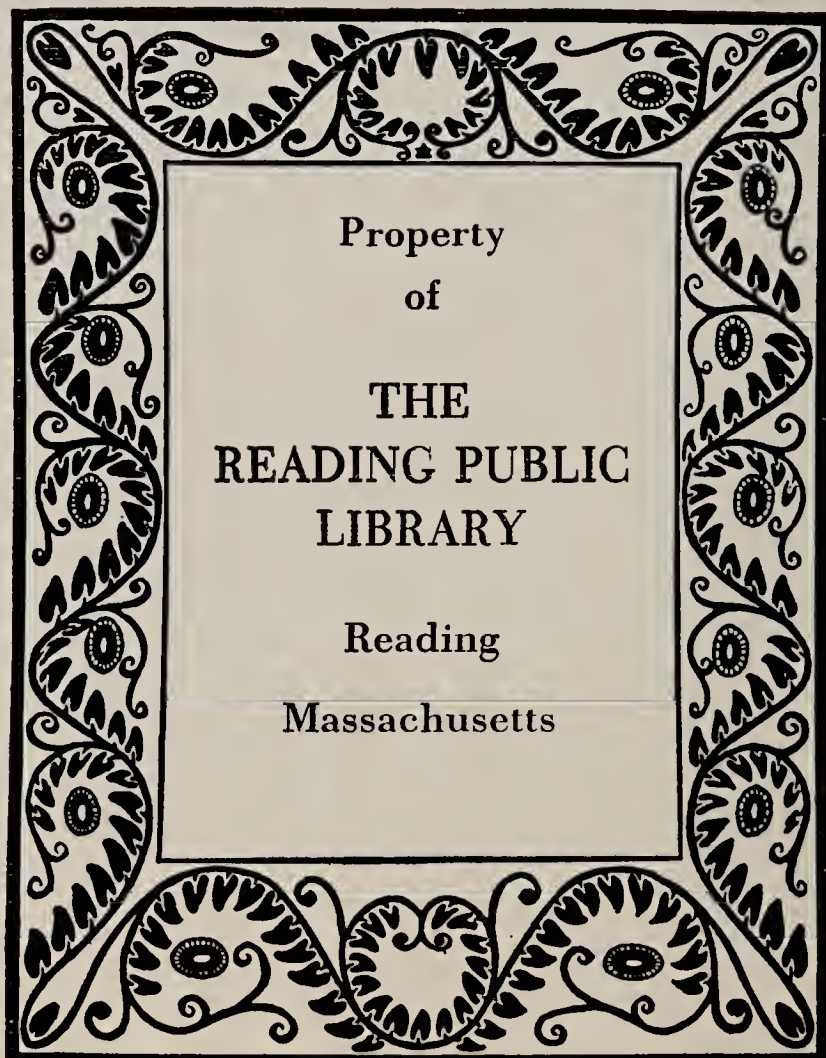
are

PAINT

s

nd Lingerie

m



* 974.9403
Pioneer

Fall 1927

C. 1

principle does not mean that an ending is in sight, but it lays the ground work for a conference.

Bolivia is reported anxious to take over Tacna and Arica, and willing to pay a fair price for them, in order to obtain an outlet to the Pacific Ocean. This republic formerly had a seaport, but it was seized by Chile in 1879. Bolivia sided with Peru in the war with Chile, and paid the price by losing her only seaport. The Treaty of Arcon was drawn up after this war, which provided that the inhabitants of Tacna and Arica would decide which republic they would rather belong to. This treaty never went into effect.

The Kellogg proposal seems to be the only way out of the difficulty. One advantage of the Kellogg solution is that it would entail no loss of prestige on either side, and the results would be beneficial to all.

Tacna and Arica have little economic value. They are mainly desert areas. They give a Pacific frontage, which neither Peru nor Chile needs, but would be of great advantage to an interior state like Bolivia. Chile and Peru would profit not only by the compensation paid, but by an honorable removal of a cause of enmity which has embittered their relations since 1884.

Mr. Kellogg's note was written with great care so as not to wound the South American sensibilities and to make it clear that the United States has no desire or intent to meddle in the Tacna-Arica affair, except in the interest of peace and good relations.

R. D. '27.

EXTRACTS FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHIES OF THE FRESHMEN

From the "inspiring biographies" of the Freshmen we select the following passages to illustrate the admirable lineage of these—our little schoolmates, pushed into such abstruse studies that all their former joys have now withered and they are left disconsolate little beings and yet withal, still asserting their noble ancestry.

"U. S. Grant was related to my great grandfather, Joshua Grant. Colonel Elizah Hayes, who fought in the Civil War, was my great, great grandfather.

"The family name was Wentworth. They occupied the Wentworth House at Salmon Falls, N. H., which has just celebrated its two hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary. The Wentworth House is considered one of the finest examples of colonial architecture in New England, with special reference to the type of its chimney. A very interesting article concerning this house was in the Saturday Evening Transcript of September 4, 1926.

"Most of my father's ancestors were English. Sir John Burton was the most noted among them, since he was the largest ship builder in England in his time, with a shipyard on the River Thames."

(Erline Austin)

"My fifth great grandfather lived in Yorkshire, England. In 1690 he was given a grant of land by the King of England, Charles II. The same year he came to America. This grant of land was in Epping, N. H., which is now known as Hedding. His great grandson, Daniel Barber, was a lieutenant in the Revolutionary War and his son, Daniel, was in the Battle of Bunker Hill."

(M. Barber)

"Of the origin of the family De Rochemont, my mother's family, nothing is known before 1570. The Barons of the Rocky Mountains were very respectable people. At the time of the massacre in France, Baron De Rochemont left his home and went to Belgium for security. He found it, undoubtedly, for we find that Maximilian John De Rochemont, the one whom we would honor, was born in Vourney, France, in French Flanders, now Belgium, Sept. 24, 1781. His father was a captain of the cavalry. He moved from Vourney to Amsterdam and from thence to Demerary, a Dutch colony, where he was ordered with his troop, taking with him his wife, brother, and his children, four boys and one girl.

The girl remained in Demerary and later married De Witt. In Demerary, the father, brother, and uncle died of fever and the children returned to Amsterdam where they were educated by an aunt.

"Maximilian went to Portsmouth, October, 1803. He was murdered near Bayou Sava (New Orleans) by some ruffians because he was an avowed abolitionist.

"An interesting incident in the family history is the death of Henry Marie Augustas. He loved his sister ardently and her command was held law. When she died his grief was uncontrollable. He was a frequent visitor at her grave and one morning was found prostrate on it."

(Lois Weigmann)

"In the Mayflower with the Pilgrims came George Soule. Later, his daughter became the second wife of Myles Standish and from these my great grandmother on my father's side is a direct descendant.

"My mother's great grandfather was the son of an Irish gentleman. This son, loving adventure, ran away from a home of wealth, coming to America when this country was young and coming to it was the greatest adventure. What he brought with him of his personal belongings, he carried in a large hand bag in which among other things were one dozen very fine Irish linen shirts with hand-tucked bosoms. Shortly after coming to America he married. When the Revolutionary War broke out he moved to New Brunswick, Canada, rather than to take up arms against the King."

(Gladys Dyer)

THOUGHTS

Since the World War, mankind everywhere, it seems, is considering the possibility of another war and, in many instances, the methods of avoiding such a terrible catastrophe. We hear varied conjectures as to the causes of and participants in the next war. Americans ponder the Japanese question and rightly, too. Hawaii, not so far from Japan,

has become to a great extent the home of Japanese immigrants and their children, born in Hawaii, are automatically American citizens. There are more than 125,000 Japs on the islands now, more than half of whom are American born. These citizens are now mostly under voting age, but later may they not control the elections? They will have the right, also, to enter California, buy land and vote there.

We have read and heard for some time that the Germans are again preparing for war.

We hear from our grandparents and great grandparents that a religious war has been feared for generations. Now comes the suggestion of the scientist that our next great war will be against insects. This seems ridiculous at first, but when we consider that numerically we are overcome before we start, and that on a square mile of the average American farm there are more insects than there are people in North America, we find food for thought.

They are an insidious enemy, so tiny that we overlook their power. A thousand of them can stand on a nickel. Their very form, a hollow cylinder, means endurance. Engineers tell us that is the strongest kind of construction with a given amount of material. Again the rapidity with which they multiply and their ability to spread disease and ruin our crops are menacing characteristics. The skirmishes which we are now waging with this enemy cost us in money annually two billion dollars. In our attempts to prevent war, let us not underestimate the strength of the tiny enemies.

D. B. K. '27.

MY AIR CASTLES

While going to school I have very little time for building air castles, but in the summer I lie on the beach or on a carpet of pine needles and dream. It is my idea of a complete vacation, of course not day-dreams all the time, but when one is tired, to lie and dream is very restful, at least I find it so.

From the top of my favorite hill in

the little town where I spend my summers, I can look out for twenty-five miles over the ocean and there is nothing I like better than to let myself go and dream. Since my greatest ambition is to travel, my dreams are built mostly about that. One day I would be in a tent in the Grand Canyon of the Colorado watching the sun on the gorgeously colored rocks and seeing salmon leap high in the air from the swift-flowing river, or, on a very hot day, my castle would be an igloo in the Arctic and I would be driving my dog team over the ice-fields, while the northern lights flashed on the horizon. Yet, after having seen the picture, "Monsieur Beaucaire", I fancied myself a member of the French court. I had no cares, no worries, rather I was driving about in a golden coach, going to wonderful balls given at the court and wandering about in the magnificent park of Versailles. There, tiring of this life of luxury, I became a modern traveller of 1927, Setting sail from New York, after the first day out, I had a very pleasant trip, playing games upon the deck, walking about the ship, watching the occasional schools of great black porpoises sporting in the water. Having arrived in England, I wandered about the British Isles and took my leisure visiting quaint little towns in Ireland and Wales, walking over the heather-covered moors of Scotland. Then I went to the continent, after a pleasant trip across the English Channel. I visited Paris and other cities of interest, then the quaint and picturesque part of it known as Brittany, then to Holland, with immaculate little houses, and walked along some of the great dykes. From there I went to Italy and Venice. I stood on the famous Bridge of Sighs and watched the gondolas glide along the canals. Spain fascinated me. I never tired of watching the pretty "senoritas" on festival days, dancing the fandango. I visited a number of interesting little islands scattered about the Mediterranean and then went to Greece to visit the wonderful ruins of the temples and the buildings. But I had spent enough time there and now to oriental parts; China,

with its pagodas and quaint customs; Japan in cherry blossom time, with the numerous pilgrims on the way to visit the sacred mountains of Fujiyama; India, with noisy native quarter, and its gorgeous jewel-like Taj-Mahal. After that to Jerusalem, and all through the Holy Land; then, quicker than any boat or other means of transportation could carry me, I was in Hawaii, on the beach, watching brown-skinned boys with their surf-boards, or listening to the soft wistful Hawaiian music.

But enough of travel for now, there will be many more days for it, and I look forward to them with great pleasure, and always hope that some day I may really go to those places.

Marjorie Ritchie '27.

HAUNTING THOUGHTS

You know how you have those haunting thoughts when you awake in the morning, and when you're waiting for the "Come, John; time to get up, John," but after a moan and jump they're forgotten for a few minutes. Then comes breakfast, and suddenly you realize that you didn't do them. Well, you must hurry and get ready for school. Thus, for another few minutes the thought is in the back of your head, but as you start to school along comes Mr. Gloom, and says in a wee little voice that seems to be boring your brain, "Have you done them?", but then here comes that sophomore and again they're gone. Before school you see Mr. Gloom glaring in your face again, saying, "I'll give you a few minutes to look at them," then you realize as Mr. Gloom disappears that there is a group gathering in one corner and you decide to go over and see "what's up". You no sooner get there than you notice that they are talking about the very things that are haunting you, so back you go to your seat, only to meet Mr. Gloom, who says, "You'll be sorry. Wait and see."

The bell rings and the first period has begun. You hope that the teacher will miss you, but all the time little Gloom is boring your head and shouting, "Why did you go skating? I

warned you." The last bell rings; she didn't call on you, but as you enter the next room for the second period, Mr. Gloom appears and quickly jumping upon your shoulder, yells, "Aha, didn't I tell you?", but there's merriment in the room and you forget Mr. Gloom for the moment, though he is still haunting you, with those haunting thoughts and you think, "Well, it won't happen again." Through that period and through the rest till luncheon those haunting thoughts are still with you. Luncheon comes and for a few minutes you can forget them but soon the group begins to discuss them, and you just act as pleasant as you can and try to grin and bear it. Mr. Gloom shouts in a deafening voice, "You won't get through the day," but you laugh, and forgetting Mr. Gloom start up stairs. The sixth period you get by, "by the skin of your teeth", but with your teeth chattering you enter the seventh and last period.

"Come, hurry into the room and get

ready for business," the teacher says in a moderate voice, but one that seems to go right through you. The haunting thought comes back just as the teacher calls upon you for the second time. You didn't even hear the question and suddenly you awake.

"Are you prepared?"

(Must I answer?)

"Er, er, no, sir!"

"Any reason?"

"No, sir."

"One hour in the detention room."

Suddenly in a loud, shouting, sneering fashion Mr. Gloom jumps on your shoulder and shouts, "I told you so, I told you so. Next time do your studying before you go skating."

At last the school day is over, that hour in the detention room has taught you a lesson, and the thoughts, those haunting thoughts of "home lessons" are over, yes, over, but only for a few hours.

G. S. '27.

Enveloped in a common mist, we seem to walk in clearness ourselves, and behold only the mist that enshrouds others.

—G. Eliot.

Let a man look for the permanent in the mutable and fleeting.

—Montaigne.

Time is like a river made up of the events which happen, and a violent stream; for as soon as a thing has been seen, it is carried away, and another comes in its place, and this will be carried away, too.

—Marcus Aurelius.

The past with its guilt, with its hypocrisy and its hollowness, its lying conventionality and its pitiful cowardice, shall be behind us like a museum, open for instruction.

—Ibsen.

Only be sure thy daily life,
In its piece or in its strife,
Never shall be unobserved.

—Browning.



A Page of Poetry

THOSE LESSONS

A pile of books was on the desk.
Another on the floor.
Some very funny atom-men,
Kept bringing more and more.

A molecule stood over me,
"Just look at this," said he,
"Some lessons that you've got to learn
This very night for me."

The atoms brought in more and more,
They were a lively lot.
"All these are just some little things
That you have oft forgot.

"The Dative rule with Special Verbs,
Gerundives must come now,
The Genitive with Adjectives,
What is the word for— 'How'?

"French adjectives agree with nouns,
The idiom for—'have just',
What tense is used with Voila—que?
How do you say—'he must'?

"Prepare for proof the theorem,—
(The geometric way),
The Pythagoreum you forgot,
'Twas only yesterday."

And on and on he tortured me,
With things that I'd forgot,
Had I a better memory,
I'd know an awful lot.

But just then Mother shook me,
"Come now. get up," she said,
"All night you've tossed and muttered,
Now jump right out of bed."

'Twas just a dreadful nightmare,
The kind that often comes,
When I have such long home lessons,
I cannot get them done.

P. H. '27.

WHEN THE NIGHT WAS PARTLY SPENT

Under the moon, one quiet night
I walked, and knew not where I went.
The stars and moon were shining bright,
For the night was partly spent.

I saw the trees making shadows long,
The world was all at rest.
The nightingale finished his song
And retired to his nest.

The scent of the night-flowers to me
came
So sweet; and then I knew
The sparkling grass, and the trees the
same,
Was caused by the new-fallen dew.

Oh, how beautiful, that one night;
As I walked, nor knew where I went,
The stars and moon were shining bright,
'Twas when the night was partly spent.

THE COMING OF WINTER

At first it's the frost in the morning
That covers the trees and ground;
And makes it so cold and chilly
Not a flower can be found.

And then the wind comes howling
And shrieks and whistles and blows
And the skies are gray in the morning;
The foretelling of the snows.

And then the pure white snow itself
Comes down and covers all—
From the blade of grass so mean and
short
To the pine so proud and tall.

And it's thus, that every season
Comes the winter, bleak and cold
When the lakes and ponds are ice-bound,
And the storm-kings rage so bold.



Jokes

We are sometimes tempted to make jokes out of things that happen around the school. Why not show better spirit and make jokes for the Pioneer?

Miss K. (explaining a situation in French III)—“It makes a difference which shoe the foot’s on.”

The child who cried for an hour didn’t get it.

Once and Always

At the basketball games between the bird teams, Beecher’s tackling, “Saint’s” line plunging, and Simpkins’s interference were the highlights.

He opened the cellar window to let out the dark.

Mr. T.—“Who was Secretary of War under Washington?”

Miss Kelso—“Henry Knox of California.”

Mrs. S. (in Latin III, to pupil who has failed to rise)—“I guess you’ll have to see Mr. Fleischmann.”

N. M. ’27

An original on the blackboard in Room 1 reads as follows:

“If the four sides of a triangle are parallel and the window is raised six inches from the side, what is the length of the curtain?”

East Is East; Yet Up Is Down

Miss K. (testing eyes)—“Is this letter facing up, down, left, or right?”

Green—“Up.”

Miss K.—“What do you mean, up?”

Green—“Down.”

Alfred Kimball, ’28.

Observation

The fourth year math. class has found out why they call geometry, solid, but it has not been able to discover the reason for calling plane geometry, plain.

Mr. P.—“What are isotherms?”

St. Louis—“Thermos bottles packed in ice.”

(Isotherms are equal temperatures)

Allan Putnam.



BASKETBALL

The crape is out for the football season. Basketball is in vogue. Garages, barns, and gyms abound with the thuds of dribbling and shooting. R. H. S. has started its annual preparation for a hard season of fast basketball. Three lettermen grace the ranks of the candidates. They are Captain "Red" Seigars, Laurie Zwicker, and another revolutionist, Clarence Gay. Among the unsung candidates there are Al Merritt, Bill Matheison, Art and Ernie Conti, Cy Weeks, Alfred Tyler, Charles Duke-low, and Bryce Horton. These men have shown up exceptionally well in the Bird League, instigated as a test, for applicants.

Overwhelmed by the large number of candidates, Coach Aldred finally decided to have a Bird League. Twelve teams were formed, consisting of good, bad and indifferent players. These twelve teams each received the name of a bird. Games were played daily between the teams and in this way the coach was able to get a line on all the players, and from the showing made in these games, he picked the varsity squad. It is deeply regretted that the league was forced to be called off on account of the unsportsmanlike action of a few spectators. However, the league had served its purpose and the games were interesting.

R. C. '27.

FOOTBALL

Reading High has just closed the most successful football season so far in its history. Of nine games, it won six, lost two, and tied one; a record for any

team to be proud of. The spirit of the players has done much to establish the game in the hearts of the townspeople and their appreciation of the hard work of the team has been expressed in several ways. Much of the credit for this success should go to the coach, Mr. Aldred, for no team can develop the offensive power and fine spirit shown by this year's team without the assistance and guidance of a good trainer.

Reading had a fine all-around team, good offense, good defense, and splendid teamwork. Of the three the defense has been, while not so spectacular, the steadiest and most powerful. After the third game of the season, the goal line was not crossed by any opponent! Although teams have been within striking distance of the goal, they have never succeeded in breaking through the defense and making a touchdown.

Much credit must be given to the team's star and captain, Laurie Zwicker, who provided such a good example for his teammates. Laurie made an ideal captain, having a natural spirit of leadership and unusual ability, besides a willingness to work and learn.

And so, in lowering the curtain on the 1926 football season, let us say that a deserved success has crowned the efforts of coach, captain and the team as a whole.

R. C. '27.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

1926-'27 Season

The first week in December the first of the interclass games was played off. The two winning teams are to play for the championship. The Sophomores de-

feated the Freshmen 57-6. The winners were exceptionally fast and will prove good material for the varsity. Also, the Seniors defeated the Juniors in a hard-fought battle, 37-27. On Wednesday, Dec. 8, the final game was held between the Sophomores and the Seniors. This was a fast, hard-fought contest, ending in the triumph of the Seniors, 31-18.

The following squads captained by Madeline Lyons form the varsity:

Virginia McBrien	Thelma McClintock
Lillian Little	Phyllis Gray
Rosalys Goddard	Lois Cheney
Eula Parsons	Eleanor Lovering
Madeline Lyons	Doris Brown
Evelyn Riley	Helen Richardson

Gladys Livingstone	Katherine Doherty
Gloria Stevens	Eleanor VanStone
Alice Hodson	Eleanor Riley
Elizabeth Spencer	Gladys Burns
Lucille Cate	Jeanette Lumsden
Eunice Albee	Marion Cottle
Sue Fowler	

Manager Marjorie Ritchie has arranged the following schedule:

Jan. 6—Malden at Malden
 Jan. 19—Malden at Reading
 Jan. 28—Winchester at Winchester
 Feb. 4—Belmont at Reading
 Feb. 9—Winchester at Reading
 Feb. 11—Wakefield at Reading
 Mar. 2—Wakefield at Wakefield

E. C. '28



Alumni



1926

Harold Cohen—University of Maine.
 Doris Goddard — Pierce Secretarial School.

1925

Esther Whitehouse—Salem Normal.
 Josephine Reichardt—B. U. School of Religious Education.
 Marjorie Upton—Leslie Normal.
 Josephine Turner—Posse.
 Mildred Dulong—Posse.
 Robert Rooney—Tufts.
 Benjamin Nichols—Boston University.
 Robert Merritt—Amherst.
 Grace Colby—Westinghouse Electric Co.

1924

Elizabeth Pike—married, Mrs. Walter C. Mack.
 Mildred Legro—married, Mrs. Ernest S. Hickman.
 Ruth Burrage—nurse, Peter Bent Brigham Hospital.
 John B. Lewis—University of Penn.
 Helen E. Wall—Commercial Casualty Insurance Co., Boston.
 Sylvia Mussells—Radcliffe.

1923

Helen Day—married, Mrs. Dennis J. Sullivan.

1922

Russell Richardson—Gordon School of Theology.
 Miriam Nichols—Radcliffe '26, teacher, West Bridgewater High School.
 Catherine Michelini—married, Mrs. Clement Gleason.
 Lucy MacDonald—married, Mrs. H. O. E. Fowle.
 Jessie Little—teacher, Reading Centre School.
 Rae Esner—Costume Designer, Boylston St., Boston.

1921

Eva Bruce—Jackson College.
 Helen Symonds—Mt. Holyoke '26.
 Marion Starke—teacher, Hanover.
 Margaret Richardson—Bates '26, teacher, R. H. S.
 Eleanor Adams—Mt. Holyoke '26.
 Arthur Squires—Willis' Drug Store, Reading.
 George Kelso—Mass. Agriculture College.
 Albert C. Hodson—Mass. Nautical School, Boston.



Exchanges

PAPERS RECEIVED

The Blue and White, Methuen, Mass.—December Number.

Your paper is very fine, especially your Editor's Page and your Forum. Have you no poets, though?

La Vie de l'Ecole, Milray, Penn.—October and November Numbers.

Your editorials are very interesting and your cuts at the head of each department are very attractive.

The Authentic, Stoneham, Mass. — November Number.

You have a very well arranged paper. Your Athletic Department is especially good.

The Punch Harder, Punchard High School, Andover, Mass.—November and December Numbers.

The Lawrence High School Bulletin, November Number.

You have a very fine, newsy paper. We enjoyed reading it very much.

Murdock Murmurs, Winchendon, Mass.—Senior and Christmas Numbers.

You have a very well arranged and interesting magazine. Praise is certainly due to your editors and the Practical Art Students who printed it.

The Reflector, Weymouth, Mass.—Christmas Number.

Don't you think that cuts at the head of your departments might make your paper more interesting?

The Record, Newburyport, Mass.—December Number.

We like your paper very much. Your cuts are especially good. How often is your paper published?

The Enterprise, Memorial High, Bos-

ton, Mass.—December Number.

Perhaps it would be more interesting if you asked questions that referred to your school in your "Letters to the Editors."

The Aegis, Beverly, Mass.—January Number.

The arrangement of your magazine is very good. We like your "Chips", also.

PAPERS SENT TO

Methuen High School

Milray, Penn.

Lawrence

Woburn

Weymouth

Stoneham

Roxbury

Medford

Richmond, Me.

Watertown

Newburyport

Chandler

Secretarial School, Boston

Wakefield

Quincy

Punchard, Andover

New Bedford

Greenfield

Roxborough, Penn.

Durfee High School, Fall River

Fairhaven

Winchester

Haverhill

Melrose

Fleetwood, Penn.

Rockwood High School

H. T. '27



Stories

STATEROOM NO. 5

I

There was externally nothing wrong with Stateroom No. 5. This particular room was on the "Riano," a small steamer of five thousand tons, plying between San Francisco and Singapore. No. 5 Stateroom was on the port side, well aft, and apparently was the same as any other room on the ship. It contained two berths, an upper and a lower, a table, bolted to the deck, and two chairs. Yet what else did it contain?—No living man will ever know,—the dead thing.

II

The second night out from San Francisco we played whist until late, when I immediately departed for my stateroom. As I opened the door a cold wind struck me and I felt a shiver run up and down my back; but I walked in and turned on the electric lights. My roommate was not in the bed, and the port was open. I was very angry and rang for the steward, who came in looking very pale.

"What do you mean by leaving that port open?" I roared.

He stared at it and then at me. He was so white I was frightened. His eyes were sticking out as though he was being choked. Then he said with a sickly grin, "I don't rightly know, sir. It seems no one can keep that port shut."

"Nonsense," I said. "You close it, and if it's open in the morning, I'll give you a ten dollar bill."

"Yes, sir. A ten, did you say, sir?" Then hurriedly he screwed down the retrieving nut and bid me a shaky, "Good

night and good luck."

I went directly to bed. A short time late, my roommate came in. He was a stalwart fellow, about forty I should judge, poor fellow! I went to sleep, but was awakened about one o'clock by a noise, and turning around I was just in time to see my roommate run out of the door as if the devil himself were after him. A few minutes later he returned, very quietly. I feigned sleep, but never, never, will I forget what I saw in that man's face. It was horror, horror, horror. Even as I now write this, many years after, I can still see a man in pajamas with that indescribable horror on his face, looking straight through an open port-hole; I can still smell that odor of stagnant sea water.

Not desiring to be annoying, I lay quiet and eventually went to sleep.

III

Next morning I awoke early, took a stroll about the deck before breakfast, and stopped at the cabin of the captain, who was a friend of mine. After I had admired his spacious quarters, he said,

"By the way, where is your stateroom?"

"No. 5, port side aft," I replied, watching his face, which after this became ashen.

"Boy, you will be doing me a great favor if you will come to this cabin and share it with me," he said.

I, being young, flaunted the idea.

"Why," said I, "just why is my stateroom so bad?"

"Well, of course, if you want to stay there you can," he said, "but, as a friend of mine, I wish you'd share my cabin in preference."

"No," I said. "I'm not afraid of

anything, living or dead. I stay in No. 5."

But then, noticing his troubled countenance, I said,

"Well, then, tonight and tomorrow night, but tell me the story."

"Not much to tell, except that for the last three voyages someone has been drowned, or killed in that room."

Then I, remembering my roommate's action, told him of it. He gave me a long look which made me tremble, but he was also trembling. He said just two words,

"Poor devil;" then, in a stronger voice, "I'm going to change ships."

"How about the other three?" I asked.

"It's simple! The first two jumped over the starboard rail before the watch could stop them and, although it was a calm night and a boat was lowered immediately, nothing was ever seen of them. The other one disappeared from the room itself; no one knows where."

I gave the captain an invitation to come to No. 5 and spend the night with me, but he declared that the best thing to do was to have a carpenter put a half-dozen four-inch screws in the door, and to come and sleep with him in the cabin.

IV

As I expected, when I went to my stateroom that night the port-hole was open and the night wind swept in making everything uncomfortably cold. As I went across the room to close the bolt, I felt that someone else was in the room. However, I closed the hole and put out every light except the one above my berth and went to bed.

Suddenly, the light was put out. A cold fear gripped me. There was something in the upper berth. Once on my feet my courage returned somewhat, and dragging my trunk over beside my berth, I stepped up on it and plunged my hand between the curtains of the upper berth.

My hand encountered something which felt like a body which had been in the water for a week or ten days, and yet it had the strength of ten men. It jumped out of the berth and on me, enveloping me, smothering me. I tried

to cry out but could not. The most horrible part of it all was that I could not see my antagonist. The lights were all on, but I could not definitely see any shape. Often it would be between a light and me, but still I could not see it. Then it was on me again and I was going down, down, down, when suddenly it freed itself. Standing up I saw the port-hole open; I felt the cold night air coming in and I smelt the almost overpowering stagnant seawater. Then, in the doorway was a shimmering shape which turned and ran. I ran after it. It seemed just ahead of me. Now I reached out to catch it and stopped with my hand on the starboard rail.

V

The rest of the night I spent sitting on a chair in the farthest corner of my stateroom with a service revolver in one hand and a rifle across my knees. The next morning the port was open. I gave the steward his promised ten dollar bill and went to see the captain. He heard my little speech without a murmur and then said,

"And now, what room do you wish?"

"I wish," said I, "that you would spend the night with me."

"I'll do it," he agreed warmly, "and when I get back to 'Frisco, I'm changing ships."

All afternoon the ship's carpenter, the captain and I were in No. 5. The carpenter took the berths to pieces while the captain and I sounded the walls, deck and ceiling.

"It appears all O. K.," said the carpenter, "but I'd like it better if I put a half-dozen four-inch screws into the door."

"Not tonight, anyhow," I said as we went out.

VI

Promptly at nine o'clock that night, the captain and I stepped into the room. I pulled my trunk out in front of the door and the captain sat on it, while I sat in a chair to his right directly opposite the port-hole. I had jammed the retaining bar over the nut and felt sure nothing would happen.

Suddenly, as I was looking at the nut, it slowly turned. The captain jumped

to it, and taking it in both hands, tried to tighten it. Then it spun backwards. I caught up my heavy walking stick, an English oak, and crossed it between the bars, but it was snapped like a toothpick.

"There is something in the berth," said the captain.

Up I went and once more I was at grips with the Thing. It twisted me, choked me, then it flung me aside. My head hit the table, and I remember seeing the captain pitch forward on his face and a shadowy thing in front of the port-hole, and blackness, and I felt a pain in my arm. When I came to, the port was open, the smell of stagnant seawater was strong in the room, and yet, as before, nothing was wet.

VII

In a few moments the captain regained consciousness and I helped him to his cabin, and then went for the doctor.

To make a long story short, the carpenter had his way, and ran a half-dozen four-inch screws through the door in No. 5 the very next day.

Oh, yes, the boat is still running, but every now and then it changes hands. No captain keeps it long. Yes, it is still a passenger boat, but if you try to hire No. 5 you will find it engaged. It is occupied by —

The Dead Thing.

Parker Ainsworth, '27.

AFTER TEN YEARS

Miss Prissy was cleaning house. She had finished everything but the old parlor, which hadn't been unlocked for ten years. Not since the awful night when they had brought her father home mangled, dead, crushed by an automobile which had gotten out of control. Could she stand it, to clean the old desk which held all his papers, to put away those that he had had with him? She could now.

Miss Prissy took up the old braided rugs and carried them out to air. As she straightened up from beating them she noticed the tall, bronzed, healthy man, who was watching her. It was Lincoln Purdee. She turned

abruptly and went into the house, a mist of tears in her eyes. They were to have become engaged ten years ago, but he had left without a word to her on the very night of her father's death. He had not been quite so tall then, nor so bronzed. His brown hair was still thick and wavy, but had a gray touch about the temples. He had been twenty-two and she had been eighteen. Priscilla's complexion was still pink and white. Her black, fine hair had not lost its lustre and her blue eyes were still bright.

As she wondered why he had left in that manner, she cleaned the room and turned to the desk. Her eyes were blinded by tears as she straightened the papers, pigeon-holed them properly, and locked the desk again. Lincoln Purdee was still out there. Well, he should see that she couldn't be treated thus. She walked out, gathered up the mats, looked at him coldly as he started to speak, and went in.

Lincoln Purdee stood there for a moment, too hurt to move, and then turned back to his home. He had just returned from Africa, where he had been for the last ten years, ready to forgive and forget if Priscilla could explain her silence and why she had not met him at Whispering Rock, or at least written him a note. He, too, was proud and had not written to ask an explanation of her.

Whispering Rock was a favorite spot in the village. All the picnics were held there. It had witnessed a great many engagements, and even had the distinction of having had several weddings take place there. Many notes had been placed there in a hole with a loose stone for a door, notes to be hurriedly taken by some girl for perusal at leisure.

Yet such things were no more, for the pasture holding Whispering Rock had passed into the hands of Simon Weatherby, who had put a barbed wire fence around it bearing no trespassing signs. He had owned it for nine years and ten months now.

Miss Prissy was interrupted at her work several weeks later by Mrs. Bobbs, who waddled genially in and eased herself slowly into a large morris chair.

"Well, I see Lincoln Purdee's back in

town and makin' himself quite agreeable. 'as 'e been here much? He useter be kinder sweet on you 'fore he went away, didn't he? What made him leave here so sudden like? Well, I spoze now he's come, we'll be having a weddin', won't we?" Mrs. Bobbs was such a kindly soul, it was hard to be angry with her, but she was very exasperating sometimes.

"I'm sure Mr. Purdee was as nice to everyone as he was to me. He hasn't been here yet, and I won't marry him," stiffly.

"I'm sorry, dear, if I hurt your feelings," boomed Mrs. Bobbs, "I didn't understand. His departure was kinda sudden wa'n't it?"

Over in Simon Weatherbee's kitchen, Simon sat at the table chuckling, "I believe I can bring it off. There didn't anyone know about Silas Robbins borrying that money from me 'n' he wa'n't never much hand ter keep track er things. Prob'ly thet reseat I give him was lost in the accident after he paid the money back, ennyway if Prissy's got it, I'm old and my mem-ry's failin' By Gar, I'll try it."

The next day he set out for Priscilla Robbins' little house. Priscilla sat in the window sewing, having no doubt that the house and lands were as safe as she had always thought them and that all debts were paid, when Silas knocked.

"Whatever can he want from me?" she thought, but she opened the door with a cordial, "Good afternoon, Mr. Weatherby, "come in and sit down."

"Well, I spose you wonder what I came for." At her nod, he continued, "I hate ter tell yer, seein's yer not very rich, but yer see I'm an old man, an' I need the money. Yer see, some twenty years ago, your father I borrowed a hundred dollars from me ter finish payin' for this house. I reckon he musta fergot about it or he'd a paid it. He mortgaged the north pasture. Now, I've either got ter hev the money or the pasture."

Priscilla had turned deathly pale at this. Although she had never shown it her money was nearly gone and she was

planning on selling that north pasture to help until she got work.

"He never told me about it," she faltered.

"I know thet, my dear," said Simon. "He was kinda ashamed ter hev ter borry and reckoned on payin' it back right off."

"I'll have to have time to look it up, he must have left some record. Good-bye."

Silas left chuckling inwardly. "There can't no one but me know the railroad is after thet land offerin' a good price fer it, too."

Priscilla threw herself sobbing on the couch, but in a few moments a sudden calm came over her. She got up and went resolutely to her father's desk. She searched it all and finally took up the papers and letters taken from her father's body on that sad night. She searched them all and sighed as she came to the last. Suddenly she started.

The last letter was addressed to her. She opened it with trembling fingers and pulled out a letter. It was Lincoln Purdee's note given to her father to give to her. It asked her to come to Whispering Rock at seven o'clock or if that was impossible to go later to take what was in the hole and write him a letter later. This explained all.

Then she saw that two other papers had fallen out and fluttered to the floor. Upon examination they were found to be, one a paper agreeing to give up the north pasture to Simon Weatherby upon failure of paying one hundred dollars upon demand after a lapse of five years, the other a receipt for the money dated the day of her father's death.

A knock sounded at the door. Priscilla went to open it. It was Lincoln Purdee.

"Priscilla," he said, "I've only just found out that your father was killed the night I went away. That explains things in part, why you didn't come and why you didn't write. I didn't come back through the village, I cut across to the next town and took the train there."

"Link, I never got your note. Dad was killed before he got here. I thought

you didn't care for me."

"Will you take this now? I took it from the rock today. It is my mother's ring that you loved so."

He slipped it on her finger, and then after a long silence she said, "Now, I must show Simon that even after ten years, all may come to light."

P. H. '27.

FOR I AM A JEALOUS GOD

Crooked Jerry loved the sea. From this it might be thought that Jerry was a poetic soul, for love of God's great rolling ocean has long been a poetic characteristic. But Crooked Jerry had no poetry, or any thought of beauty or good in his twisted soul. Jerry had never seen the open ocean. The sea, to him, meant the filthy, foul-smelling waters of Boston's waterfront. Jerry lived along the waterfront. He had never known another home. He never even knew his age or from whence he had come. Jerry was a hunchback with a soul as warped as his shrunken, twisted body. Barely reaching four feet six inches, his mind contained enough venom for a colossus. Jerry hated everything but the muddy, gray-green water which swirled beneath him as he crawled, rat-like, about under the wharves and docks.

His leathery face was lined and twisted in cynical and maniacal hate. His small eyes gleamed brightly, peering out from beneath scanty brows. His cheeks were shrunken and brown, twisted like his body, and his teeth, brown, crooked snags, showed under thin, twisted dog lips. His matted hair under his ragged cap was foul and dirty. His clothes were any old cast-offs that he could get.

Jerry was insane. Not insane in the usual sense of the word, but his crazy, twisted mind had one devotion to which he offered himself, body and soul. This devotion was his worship of the sea. Crooked Jerry worshipped the sea as a heathen savage worships the gods. He would sit all day on the wharves, staring unseeing and deaf to the rest of the world, out over the gloomy ex-

panse of Boston harbor. At night he would skulk about under the wharves, crawling and swimming, pouring out his warped soul in fanatical adoration.

Crooked Jerry even offered sacrifices to his god; any mangy cat or scrawny dog, skulking about around the dingy little shops or gloomy storehouses, that met with Jerry, was taken silently down to the water and held submerged until the unfortunate animal was drowned. Jerry's eyes would gleam fanatically as he offered his sacrifice and then he would crawl silently out from his haunt and continue his skulking. This was not the limit of Jerry's sacrifices. Pete Lattoe, a teamster for Henschley & Co., often wondered how his splendid horses had become bloated corpses floating in the murky water, while their driver lay in a drunken stupor in back of the Albion Freight Yards. Certainly nobody ever connected Jerry, little Crooked Jerry, four feet six, with the death of the animals. But his hand alone, had been responsible.

Nobody knew how Crooked Jerry lived. He had never been seen eating or working, but it was generally understood that he lived on rank foodstuffs thrown away in the market district, or that his scrawny, claw-like hand picked up things, that were, by law, forbidden to be picked-up. But somehow, Crooked Jerry existed.

Jerry's life continued in this extraordinary path of existence until one day, while sitting on T wharf, a voice aroused him from a dark and sullen reverie. The owner of this voice was a young girl about twenty years of age, tall and slender, the most beautiful object upon which the warped and twisted Jerry had ever gazed. Usually hating all things of beauty, Jerry gazed upon this vivacious creature's lovely face as she talked with her friends, and watched the busy traffic of the harbor. She laughed delightedly as a few sea gulls dropped for a scanty meal upon the shimmering surface. Jerry turned his head, his face twisted in scorn. Mirth and beauty were repulsive to him. For perhaps half a minute he kept his head turned, then he slyly stole another glance

at this girl. She had come nearer and now every feature of her youthful, lovely face was clear to the rat-like hunchback. He studied her charming profile, the high intelligent brow, the sparkling blue eyes and smiling red lips. The dainty chin and firm little mouth made a picture to delight a mortal. Jerry felt vague tuggings in the region of his undernourished, shrunken heart. He knew not what disturbed him.

The girl failed to notice the little hunchback, but long after she had left the wharf her vivacious countenance and trim figure remained in Jerry's mind.

The next day he saw her again in the same place and once more he watched silently, adoringly. Jerry's love for his sea was being divided. He looked from the girl, who stood in the doorway of a tugboat office, out over the surface of the harbor. Slowly his eyes came back to rest upon the one who, unconsciously, was working against the evil in him. His eyes for a moment lost their hard, bright gleam and became almost soft.

That night, Jerry passed by a mangy cat, who almost got under his shuffling feet. Also he failed to go to his customary haunt—down beneath the wharves. Every day, as sure as death, Jerry took his post on T wharf at ten o'clock, and stayed until two. Sometimes he saw his new idol, and sometimes he didn't, but he was always there. Seven days went by and Jerry's god was unappeased by sacrifice or attention. Jerry's eyes were more and more losing their maniacal gleam. His shrunken twisted body was held as straight as it could be. He could even look on others without the vicious hatred that he had hitherto felt. The slight good in Jerry was dominant.

The morning of the eighth day dawned angry and red. Jerry, crawling out from his little hovel under a warehouse, felt vague misgivings. He eyed the sea, death-like and motionless, with qualms of conscience. He felt that something would happen today. He shuddered and shuffled away to hunt breakfast.

All the morning the barometer dropped steadily, and the sun rose, an angry red ball in the murky sky. The harbor was motionless. The water didn't swirl around the piles, but lay still and motionless. The few moving boats left no marked wake. The appearance of the harbor was uncanny.

At ten o'clock, Jerry took his customary stand on T wharf, trembling in every limb. He was deathly afraid—afraid of the wrath of the sea. His rat-like eyes sought vainly for the comfort of his new idol. He felt the urging to leave this spot but he stuck, hoping for, he knew not what. and afraid, he knew not why. About an hour after his arrival, the awaited disaster came. The sea rose with a rumbling roar. It swelled to the very edge of the wharf and sank back deep, deep down, as though to gather strength for a new leap. The sun, directly overhead, glared down, fiery and menacing. Jerry clung to his post.

The sea rose. It engulfed the wharves, roaring and growling, swirling madly, as every loose article was swept from wharves and ships. Jerry clung to his post as the enraged waters engulfed him. The sea seemed to murmur madly to him, promising vengeance. Again the level fell leaving Jerry gasping. Then with a shriek, the wind loosed in rage. A shrieking, raging storm broke. Waves, lashing and roaring, engulfed the ships at the wharves, swept over buildings and crashed far up onto the land. Big ocean-going vessels were capsized, torn apart and thrown about like cockle shells. Massive wharves were torn apart. Buildings were knocked over. The sea had gone mad.

Throughout this raging, a small figure stood alone on T wharf. Jerry, unharmed by wind or wave, stood majestically in the middle of the only wharf left standing, his eyes gleaming with maniacal joy. Again he was worshipping his god. The waters raged by him and around him, but never over him as he stood pouring out his soul to his god.

Suddenly the side of the building on the wharf shook, trembled, and crashed into the sea. There, cowering

against the opposite wall of the tugboat office, stood the girl who had recently filled Jerry's mind. She was trembling with fear and terror. Her pink, fluffy dress stood out a pure spot among the black evil surroundings.

Jerry lifted his arms, looked over the sea, and his lips opened to emit an unearthly scream of protest. As though in answer to a plea, a roaring, lashing wall of water rose between him and the land. It fell with a crash, sucking back into the sea all that it engulfed. Jerry saw a swirl of pink thrown far out into the madly tossing water. Then the hull of a smashed vessel hovered and fell where the faint color had been. Jerry threw back his head and laughed long and shrilly, an insane laugh. He stood on the edge of the wharf wringing his hands, his eyes rolling wildly.

The rear of the wharf creaked and groaned. The devouring wave had shaken it to its foundations. A toppling brick wall had helped. Now it was slowly sliding forward. The piles creaked and groaned as the raging sea pulled at them. As though to make up

for their former leniency, the waves swarmed over it and pulled at it. Only the place where Jerry stood, rigid and unheeding, was untouched. Now a tremendous upheaval of the waters under the wharf came to life. The beaten wharf was tossed into the air and driven by gale and wave out into the harbor, where it fell with a crash, floating for a moment. At the feet of the one who stood, unheeding the storm, the waters tossed a broken, limp, pink body.

Crooked Jerry looked down. He stared unseeing for a moment and then recognition came to him. Uttering a broken cry, he fell beside the still form, and clasped it in his arms. The wharf slowly settled and with a final heave it sank slowly beneath the surface.

At this moment the sea calmed. The moment that the two figures disappeared, the storm ceased, more suddenly than it had begun. With a human cry of triumph the waters receded and stilled, leaving the sun to shine calmly and peacefully over the devastation.

F. B. '27.



News

"JUNIOR PROMENADE"

The annual Junior Prom was staged by the Class of 1928, this year, and it surely was a success.

The only thing wrong was the weather and that was exceedingly wet. In spite of all adverse conditions of the rainy night, a large crowd of "Merry Makers" turned out.

Ray McKittrick's eight-piece broadcasting orchestra received unusual applause and compliments all the evening.

Incidentally, this orchestra is one of the best in New England.

Not only was the orchestra complimented, but the whole dance committee received praise on the way the hall was decorated in black and white, with '28's suspended from various points about the hall. Indeed, artistic talent of high degree was displayed by the decorators.

So when you have a good orchestra, festivity and merriment inside, what matters whether it rains outside or not?

M. W. '28.

You'll Soon be Looking for Easter Cards

You can find the latest up to date stock ready for your inspection—all new goods at the

SONG & GIFT SHOP

63 Haven St.

Reading, Mass.

Obey that impulse

to keep on saving from week to week. You've got a good start —you like the idea—keep up the good work. $4\frac{1}{2}\%$ and safety at this bank.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
of Reading, Mass.

PERCY N. SWEETSER

COAL

ALEX LINDSAY

Vulcanizing Tires Tubes

THOROLA AND ATWATER-KENT RECEIVERS

RADIO SUPPLIES

Our Advertisers are our main support, patronize them

AUSTIN'S LUNCH

READING SQUARE

QUALITY NOT QUANTITY WELD'S DELICIOUS ICE CREAM

Week Days—Open 5 a. m. to 1 a. m.

Sundays-Holidays-Open 7 a. m. to 1 a. m.

R. A. Lufkin

Choice Provisions

Butter—Eggs Fruit—Vegetables

190 MAIN ST.

Your Satisfaction our Success

SIMPKINS' MARKET

GEORGE CUMMING, PROP.

Exclusive but not expensive

Highest quality of Beef, Pork and
Lamb—Choice Steaks

Reading 0310 37 Haven St.

M. F. CHARLES

Jewelry

Stationery

Kodaks

S. R. Stembridge Company

45 High Street

FILLING STATION

Goodrich Silvertown Balloon

Tires and Tubes

QUALITY MEAT SHOP

H. A. Phillips

C. J. McLean

MEATS and PROVISIONS

Fruits and Vegetables

Tel. 1062

69 Haven St.

TORRE'S

ORANGE SHERBET

READING SQ.

Our Advertisers are our main support, patronize them

ADAMS COMPANY

WOMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S FURNISHINGS

READING

G. H. Atkinson Co.

GROCCERS

QUALITY GOODS MAKE SATISFIED CUSTOMERS

BESSOM'S

THE ONE PRICE STORE

Quality Merchandise in Men's and Boys'

Clothing and Furnishings

Ask to see our All Wool Line when in need of Suit or Overcoat

Made to your measurement at no additional cost

Tel. 0306-M

75 Haven St.



JOHN ST. GARAGE

Mose Parker & Bert Fields, Prop.

First Class Automobile Repairing
MOTOR OILS AND GREASES

15 John St., Cor. Union
Phone 25-J Residence 0948-W

Our Advertisers are our main support, patronize them

ART SHOP

Kodaks

Supplies

Novelties and Jewelry

LENDING LIBRARY

Cards for all occasions

ROCKPORT

FISH MARKET

IF IT SWIMS WE HAVE IT

McPHERSON DANIEL

Tailor

Steele Furniture Co.

“on the square”

READING

10,000 square feet of floor space

J. A. Murphy

Jeweler

Fine Watch and Clock Repairing

Haven Street, Cor. Ash

Reading

Mass.

Compliments of

CLAPP & LEACH, Inc.

“The Electric Store”

The Electric Store

for Electric Goods

Kingman & Richardson

Real Estate—Insurance

Reading Square

Tel. 1080

READING WET WASH

Prompt Service Always

A telephone call will bring you speedy relief from your laundry troubles. Every piece guaranteed delivered to satisfy the most particular housewife.

Our Advertisers are our main support, patronize them

Consult

your Insurance Agent as you would your Doctor. He knows the kind and amount of insurance, you should carry. His policies protect you, your business, and your loved ones as the Doctor's prescription does your health.

It's Food for Thought

Prentiss & Parker

Reading Office
Masonic Block
Tel. Reading 0249

Boston Office
40 Broad Street
Tel. Main 7880

L. F. QUIMBY

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE SERVICE

34 Haven St. Tel. 1050

MEMBER

Mass. R. E. Exchange

Reading Board of Trade



K e d s

FOR BASKET BALL

CHASE & FINNEGAN

"The Service Store"

George F. Chase, Prop.

THE READING CHRONICLE

THIS BOOK FROM OUR PRESS

Our Advertisers are our main support, patronize them

Compliments of

Reading Greenhouses and Nurseries

FLORAL AND NURSERY PRODUCTS

AL WRIGHT'S

MEN'S SHOP

10 Haven Street

Exclusive Agents for LEOPOLD MORSE CLOTHING

DRESS WELL AND SUCCEED

Blue Serge Suits in Single and Double Breasted Models

\$28.50

\$33.50

\$38.50

Styles of Today, With a Touch of Tomorrow

*WILL YOU LET US SUIT OURSELVES
IN SUITING YOU WITH AN UP-TO-DATE
LINE OF SHOES AND FURNISHINGS
FOR SPORT, DRESS AND PLAY?*

Ask for High School Discount

ESNER'S
“on the square”

John H. Bates Inc.

Telephone 1150 - 0945

Corner of Haven and Linden Streets

Reading

Cadillac and Studebaker Cars

All New Models Now on Display

Our Advertisers are our main support, patronize them

CANDY LAND

ICE CREAM and

HOME MADE CANDIES

Reading Square

Established 1821

Tel. Reading 0071

CUMMINGS EXPRESS

COMPANY

J. E. FROST, Treas. and Mgr.

Reading's Best Equipped
Furniture Movers

for Economical Transportation



Lynch Motor Sales Co.

INC.

For

Economical Transportation

281 Main St.

Reading, Mass.

THOSE DIMES

and nickels that go so easily should be working for
you in a Mutual Savings Bank.

Start a Savings Bank Account Now

Mechanics Savings Bank

195 Main Street

Reading, Mass.

Our Advertisers are our main support, patronize them

N**NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY****U**

**Schools of
BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION
AND ENGINEERING**

Four Year Professional Courses In

BUSINESS MANAGEMENT

ACCOUNTING AND FINANCE

CIVIL ENGINEERING

MECHANICAL ENGINEERING

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

CHEMICAL ENGINEERING

ADMINISTRATIVE ENGINEERING

Leading to the Bachelor's Degree

THE COOPERATIVE PLAN

Alternate study in college and practice in the industries under supervision affords the student an opportunity to earn a considerable part of his college expenses.

REGISTRATION

Students admitted to the Freshman Class in September or January 1923 be ready for the Sophomore work before the following September.

Catalog and information sent upon request

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

Department of Admissions

MILTON J. SCHLAGENHAUF

Boston 17, Massachusetts

Director

THE PIONEER



READING HIGH SCHOOL
THANKSGIVING NUMBER
1927

Phones Haymarket 3917—0897
Correspondents at London, Tabriz, Bagdad, Teheran

Brooks, Gill & Company

Importers and Wholesalers of
ORIENTAL CARPETS & RUGS

40-42-44-46 Canal St.

133 Friend St.

Boston

KERR'S CAFE

MRS. ROSE KERR, Prop.

READING, MASS.

Telephone 1199

Catering for all Occasions

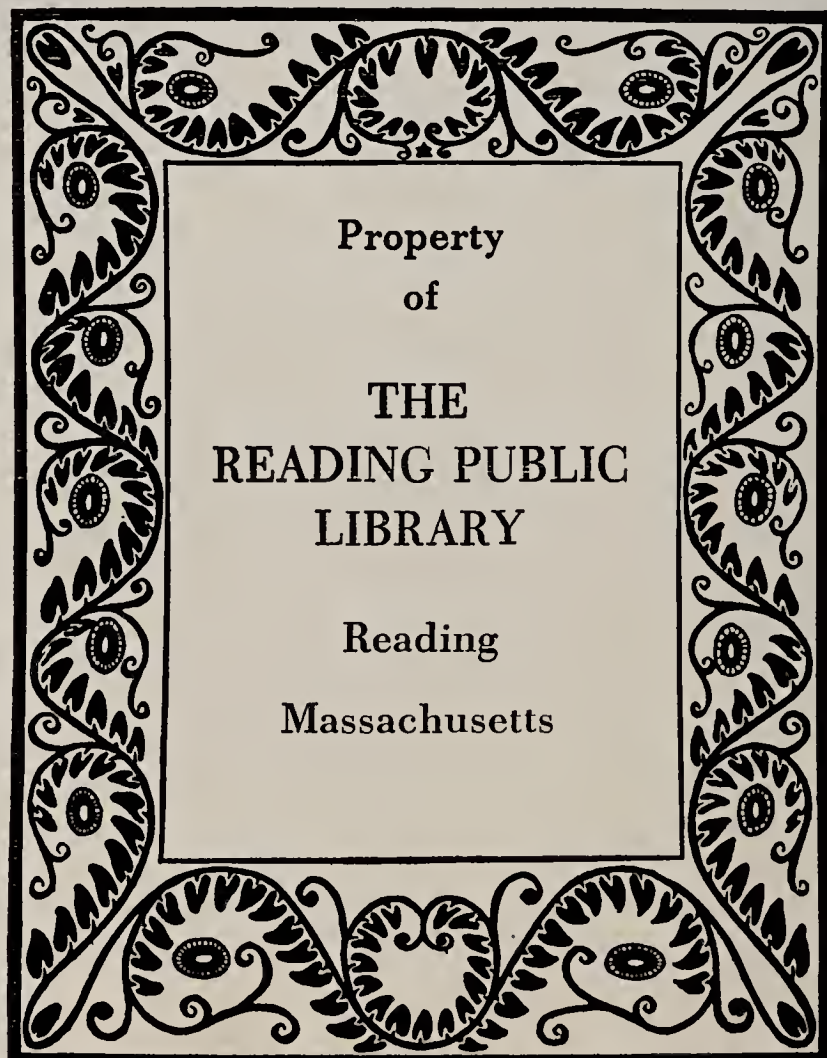


establis
YOU
CO-OP

195 Ma

Equipped

Ou



inated
Massa-
ity of
IF
THE

Mass.

vice to

574.4405
Pioneer
Thanksgiving 1927

NORTHEASTERN



UNIVERSITY

**THE
SCHOOL OF ENGINEERING**

In co-operation with engineering firms, offers four year curriculums leading to the Bachelor's degree in the following branches of engineering:

CIVIL ENGINEERING
CHEMICAL ENGINEERING
ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING
INDUSTRIAL ENGINEERING
MECHANICAL ENGINEERING

**THE SCHOOL OF BUSINESS
ADMINISTRATION**

Co-operating with business firms, offers four year collegiate courses leading to the Bachelor's degree of

BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

in

BUSINESS MANAGEMENT

or in

ACCOUNTING & FINANCE

The Co-operative Plan of training enables the student to combine theory with practice and makes it possible for him to earn his tuition and a part of his other school expenses.

Students admitted in either September or January may complete the scholastic year before the following September.

For catalog or further information write to:

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

Milton J. Schlagenhauf, Director of Admissions
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Quality

Service

Arlington Studio

Portraits of Distinction

Class Photographer of 1927

394 Boylston St.

Boston, Mass.

Phone Kenmore 1519

Our Advertisers are our main support, patronize them

READING PUBLIC LIBRARY
READING, MASSACHUSETTS



The Pioneer Board

**Editor**

ELEANOR CRAFTS '28

Assistant Editor

FRANK HOWARD '28

Editorial Editor

NORTON PRENTISS '29

News Editor

LUCILLE CATE '29

Joke Editor

ALFRED KIMBALL '28

Exchange Critic

ESTHER MALONSON '23

Literary Editors

FRANK HESELTON '28

ISABELLE PARKER '28

HOPE WILLIAMSON '29

RUTH FROST '29

WILMER YOUNG '29

WALTER INGALLS '30

THERON JOHNSON '29

ARTHUR MOYER '28

VINCENT WHITNEY '30

TRUESDALE FIFE '30

Poet Editor

RAYE KELCH '28

Athletic Editors

J. WHITMAN MORTON '28

ALICE HODSON '28

Business Manager

BOYD PARKER '28

Asst. Business Manager

WILLIAM CARTER

FACULTY ADVISORS

ELIZABETH A. BATCHELDER

HERMAN T. WHEELER

FRANCES GREENHALGH

LUKE HALPIN

HONORARY MEMBER

HELEN BEALS



EDITORIALS

TRANSATLANTIC FLIGHTS

It was during the summer of 1926 that plans for a transatlantic flight from New York to Paris were drawn up. The pilot for this flight was Rene Fonck, a French Ace. This man chose for his companions, three American flyers and for his ship, a giant Sikorsky biplane. After months of testing, the ship tore down the runway at Roosevelt Field on the first leg of the flight. It never left the ground. At

the end of the runway, it tipped onto its nose and burst into flames. Fonck and one companion were thrown clear, the other two perished in the flames.

The next year, that is 1927, interest in transatlantic flying was greatly increased. In America three planes were lined up: the "America," the "Columbia," and the "American Legion." The America was the favorite as it was piloted by three men of North Pole

fame: Byrd, Bennett and Noville, but the enormous plane crashed while landing after the test flight. The reason for this accident was that Byrd when he designed the plane had the center of weight toward the nose of the ship. Consequently when he landed he couldn't get the tail down. That insisted on staying up and finally the plane nosed over and landed on its back. Bennett was so badly injured that he was unable to try the flight to Paris.

Later the "American Legion" crashed carrying Lieutenant Commander Noel Davis and his co-pilot to their deaths.

This left only one plane in the run for an immediate flight to Paris, the Columbia, piloted by Chamberlain and Acosta, nor was this ship destined to be the first. Because of an unscrupulous backer, Acosta resigned. Bertaud, who took his place, was soon discharged by that same backer.

Then came the news that two intrepid Frenchmen had hopped off from Le Bourget. All America waited in

vain to welcome brave Nungesser and Coli whose fate will probably never be known.

Suddenly in the skies a little Ryan monoplane appeared. In its tiny cabin sat a boy whose name was Charles A. Lindbergh. A brief stop in St. Louis and he was again in the air, this time with his destination New York. Early in the morning of the 20th of May this fearless boy left Roosevelt Field alone save for four sandwiches and some letters of introduction. Two hours later, the early rising lightkeeper of a light just off Scituate was startled by seeing a small aeroplane flash by scarcely thirty feet away. The world took interest when he passed over Cape Race and headed out over the open sea. After a night of anxiety, came morning and the news that he had been sighted off the coast of Ireland by a fishing boat. The world was relieved and astounded. Several hours later when "We" landed at Le Bourget, the world went wild.

—A. Norton Prentiss.

A MOCK TRIAL

On the seventh day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-seven, a special court was held in Room two. The principal case of the day was that of the State vs. George Parker. Mr. Parker was accused of stealing a platinum watch set with emeralds, and other valuable glass and tinware belonging to the presiding judge of the day, Henry Westcott.

For the purpose of explanation to the reader, may I insert this statement. For the purpose of obtaining material, a watch was to be placed in the book case of room two. One boy, known only to the teacher, was to take this watch. During the appointed time, the watch was removed, but was taken by someone other than the appointee.

The clerk of court, Allan B. Temple,

after swearing in the defendant, and the witnesses, read the case.

The attorney for the state was Mr. Vincent Heath Whitney. After the witnesses and defendant had been sworn in, he cross-examined each. The defendant admitted he was a kleptomaniac (not realizing what the word meant). Of course this fact was used against him.

After Mr. Whitney had finished cross-examining the defendant, Mr. Philip G. Parker, attorney for the defendant, cross-examined the two witnesses and was evidently little pleased with their evidence. Mr. Frank Tebeau was the first witness called and Mr. Clarence White was the second.

Mr. Parker was silent for a time as if at a loss to know what to say, but no! He called Atty. Whitney, asked

him to be sworn in, then dramatically accused him of taking the watch. He claimed that the eye-witness was himself.

Mr. Whitney claimed Mrs. Flower gave him the watch, so Mr. Parker asked Mrs. Flower to be sworn in. After being duly sworn in, Mrs. Flower was accused of receiving stolen goods.

"I received the watch from his honor,

Judge Henry Westcott," she replied to the accusation.

"Ask his honor to be sworn in," Mr. Parker roared. "I accuse you of taking the watch!" he continued, addressing the judge.

At that point the bell rang and the court was adjourned.

—P. G. P. '30.

THE COUNTY FAIR

If you've never been to a fair you've still got something else in life worth while.

After securing my money from Father, I started out. I tried the flying horses first. I hadn't ridden on them since I was seven, and I'm not going to ride again if I live to be seventy-seven. They cost too much. Besides the ten cents I paid to get on the thing, I lost fifty cents down through the crack in the floor, and all I got out of it was a headache.

Next I thought I'd try the chair plane. I paid my fifteen cents and went in. When I got inside the gate, I saw people getting off looking as if they had been dragged through fire. I wanted to go out, but I didn't have the nerve to demand my money back and I had no desire to waste it. So I got on and chained myself in.

About two minutes later I felt myself rising. With a start I grabbed hold of the chain with both hands, closed my mouth tightly, hardly daring to breathe. My scarf blew off and I have never seen it since, but I don't care. I'm thankful I'm still alive.

When I finally landed I began to doubt the fact that there is an axis through the center of the earth that keeps us all from falling off. It seemed to me that part of the time I was walking on earth, and the rest I was likely to step on the sky.

I decided that I'd better wait before I tried any more rides until I was surer of myself, so I started toward the animal show. After watching bulls prance up and down and wondering which one was going to see my red beret first, I looked at my watch and noticed that I was to have met father five minutes before to go home. I started running, and bump—I looked up and there stood a man. I say man, but I'm sure he was part something else, wearing a red sombrero, a dirty black tuxedo and a pair of black and white checked trousers. In his hand he held a doll decorated with orange and purple feathers. He was yelling at the top of his lungs, "Hit the bull's eye and win a doll!" With a quick "Pardon me" I started on and after some dodging in and out reached father.

—Ruth Frost.

THRILLS

The last period was almost over, when suddenly three bells rang. Every one looked at one another wondering what was meant. Came a pause. Four more bells rang. Then

a study pupil in the back of the room, who had just waked up to the fact that he was in school said excitedly, "Fire."

The teacher arose and we followed her out of the room. As we gained the corridor we spied some one guarding the doors with weapons. Such a

motley array of glittering steel. We relaxed on discovering that the guards were merely traffic officers with hammer, bit stocks, drills, and other tools.

Do you suppose they had to drill the doors to get them open?

—E. H. Y. '28.

Upon investigation, we discover that these boys with tools were combining the offices of fire warden and extension-worker in Manual Training, and were at this particular time installing apparatus in the Corrective Gym Room.

We commend them for their zeal in saving their tools. —Ed.



JOKES

Who Is He?

"Who is this fellow Canby I hear so much about?"

"I don't know. Why?"

"All the girls say I'm as cute as can be!"

—Dean Megaphone.

We Too

Reporter (interviewing learned professor) "In what state were you born, sir?"

Professor (bored) "If I rightly recollect, I was born in the state of ignorance."

Reporter "Oh, yes. And how long have you lived there?"

The "I-am" Man

Absent-minded man, "I am going to look for myself. Should I return during my absence keep me here till I get back."—Judge.

Come on, Inventors!

Another thing the world needs is a grapefruit which can yell, "Fore!"—Judge.

Call Again!

Maid—"The garbage man is here sir."

Professor (absent-mindedly)—"Dear, dear! Tell him we don't want any."

The Famous Butcher Song—

"Till We Meat Again"

The Important Question

In the Current Events No. 4, it is stated that several navy yards will be closed. Will this effect North Reading's?

A Freshman wants to know

"How can I expect to do well in Latin when my mother never even studied it?"

Strictly Guaranteed

Lady—"Are those potatoes new?"

Vender—"New! Why, they haven't even got their eyes open!"

Believe It Or Not!

According to recent statistics 1,071 persons lost their eyesight through having a spoon in their cup while drinking.

Poor Judgment!

Kind Old Gentlemen—"Why are you crying, boy?"

Small Boy—"I lost a half dollar!"

K. O. G.—"Well, here is another. Now tell me how you happened to lose it."

Small Boy—"I bet on the Pirates!"

Booster

Imagine being in the High School a year and not learning that Mr. Taylor is a son of Maine!

The Ideal Combination

The feeling for language and a memory for dates.

Vivid Perception

There she sat in the light of a pale lamp, her eyes in her lap.

As a Child Sees

After the sermon the minister, dressed in his robes, approached a mother and her small daughter. Suddenly as the mother and the minister were conversing, the child interrupted—

"Mother," she said, "What is the matter with that man?"

"Why, nothing is the matter with the minister," said the mother, astonished.

"Well then, why is he wearing a bathrobe?"

—A. K. '28.

Practical Imagination

The tacher was illustrating the meaning of the word stile in the line—"He saw Silas Marner leaning against a stile with a heavy bag on his back" by referring to the turnstiles in the Boston Elevated Stations.

Teacher: "Why did Silas lean on the stile instead of going straight thru?"

Bright boy: "He didn't have 10c."



EXCHANGES

Snapshots from Other School Papers

Ivan—"How do you like your electric washing machine that you got from America?"

Mrs. Kokanovich—"Not so good. Every time I get in the thing the paddles knock me off my feet."

—Lawrence High Bulletin.

Mist

Mist—white foam—a swirling sensation of billowing waves—where is he? He blundered against something hard and cold—a blinding stinging sensation in his eyes—he gasped and choked—involuntarily he reached forward—the thing was within his grasp at last—a towel—and the soap was gone from his eyes.

—Stoneham High Authentic.

Poetic Salesman (gazing into the eyes of pretty but dumb stenographer): "What is it when our souls go back—and back—and back?"

P. D. S. "That's fallen arches."

Chandler Pad and Pencil.

You see a pretty girl walking down the street. She is, of course, feminine. If she is singular you become nominative. You walk across to her changing the verbal and becoming dative. If she is not objective, you become plural and you walk home together. Her mother is accusative, and you become imperative. Her brother is an indefinite article. You walk in and sit down. You talk of the future and she changes to the object. Her father becomes present and you become the past participial.

—Hopdale Blue Flame.

Blue Flame, Hopedale—Graduation issue, June, 1927—You are to be congratulated on this number. It is a fine one! Your "Washington Notes" are good, and the personals in the

joke section are especially interesting. But where are your poems? We found only one, the class poem.

—E. M. '28

POETRY

Une Apologe

Je ne suis pas une poete
Je suis mauvais c'est vrai
Mais mauvais que je suis
Au moins je le sais.

Elimination Game

Seven periods in a day
One little girl to pass them away.
First period Latin Oh and How!
Only six periods left her now.
Second period Gym; bloomers she dons
Right face! Left face! second period's gone.
Third period study: might as well play
Don't have this period every day.
Fourth period History, quizz today
Seems as though it flew away.
Fifth period English and Macbeth
What a bloody tale of Death.
Chapel now with harmony
Not much music as she can see.
Luncheon, ah! no poetry there.
Just one rush for the bill-o-fare.

Sixth period Study what a bore.
Nothing to do, all done before.

Seventh period French, not so bad.
What a heck of a day she's had.

Seven periods in a day
One little girl keeps whiling away.

—Deux sans sens.

Nocturne 13

The sun he leave the heavens
The day he turn to night.

I can't see what I saw before
Because there is no light.

The moon she rise, the sun he sink
The night come thick and fast.

The cat she yowl, the dog he howl
A shoe at them is cast.

The moon she leave the heavens
The night he gone to stay.

Now I see what I saw before
When it was yesterday.

—Deux sans sens.



ATHLETICS



Reading High Football

As this is being written, Reading has played five of the eight games on the 1927 schedule. The first two games were played with Medford and Winchester.

On Columbus Day, Wednesday, October 12, Reading journeyed down to Stoneham for one of the big season games. A large crowd was on hand, and the Reading rooters showed fine

spirit, cheering incessantly for their boys in green to come through. Although we must praise those few boys that helped in the organized cheering, yet real credit must be given the girls who turned out en masse to support Captain Dukelow's eleven.

From the opening whistle, Reading showed its superiority over Stoneham, marching straight down the field to score for the green within the first

five minutes. In the second quarter, Reading again scored on a fluke. As a Stoneham back started a forward pass, a Reading man knocked it down. It took a queer spin in the air, however, and John Doherty grasped it out of the heavens. Running at top speed, he travelled some 65 yards to a second touchdown. Horton took out the only Stoneham prospective tackler and cleared the way for Doherty.

Frank Howard, Reading half-back, showed well in this game, zigzagging and dashing around for a few nice gains.

Capt. Dukelow played his usual good game. "Duke" seems to be the most consistent of the Reading players through each clash. The sport writers in Boston say that "Duke" would go pretty well on many a high school team of the best ranking. We wouldn't doubt that, either!

On Saturday, October 22, Reading played their first home game of the season against Johnson High.

Reading marched down the field early in the first period to a scoring position, and a pass from Merritt to Dukelow, brought the first score of the game. Dukelow missed the point and the score stood 6-0 for the green.

No further score was made until two minutes before the end of the game when a prospective punt by Dave Bowers, Reading guard, near his own goal line, was blocked. A John-

son man fell on the oval past the end one and, by the rules, gave Johnson two points. The referee, however, ruled it a touchdown and Johnson tried for the point. They were successful, and a disputed, undeserved contest went as a victory to Johnson, 7-6.

On October 29, Reading was defeated by Saugus High at Reading Athletic Field, 25-14. Hickey, Dukelow, Spavin, Bowers, Howard and others played in good form. At the end of the half Reading led 14-6. Saugus had a scoring spree, however, and finished the game 11 points better than Reading. The defeat was mainly due to a weakness of the line while on the defensive, although the offensive showed more aggressiveness.

—J. W. Morton, Jr.

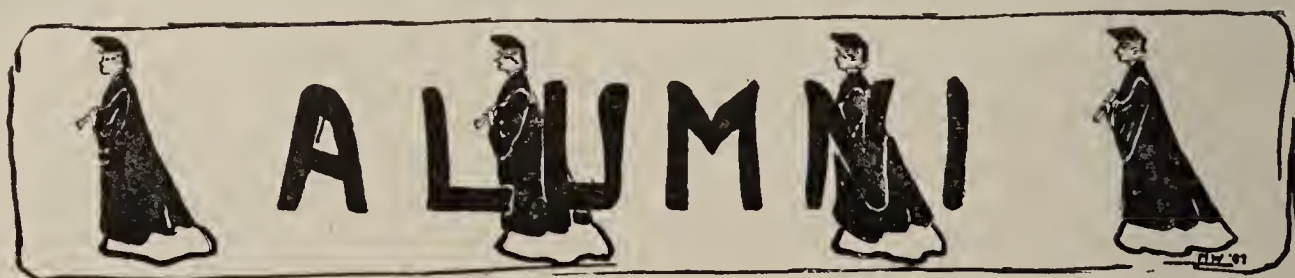
Girls' Athletics

There is not much excitement thus far in our athletics. Our Hockey privileges were taken away for the benefit of football.

Basketball in consequence is starting early. Grace Curtis, '29 has been elected assistant manager to help Florence Estabrook '28, manager.

Class teams are occupying our attention now. Each class has a dozen candidates. When the class clashes have been played off, Varsity will begin.

—A. H. '28.



Post Graduates

Douglas Daniel
Ralph Johnson
Edwin Sanborn

Marion Allard
Edna Little
Ellen Wiberg

Alumni in School or College

B. C.
Ernest Conti '27
B. U.
Glenna Gleason '27

Lawrence Partelow '26
 George Siegars '27
 Helen Turner '27
 Burdett
 Thelma Brown '27
 John Lindsay '27
 Stanley Maxwell '27
 Marjorie Ritchie '27
 Chandler Secretarial
 Muriel Steele '27
 Helen Reed '26
 Dartmouth
 William St. Louis '27
 Ralph Charleton '27
 Lawrence Zwicker '27
 Forsythe Dental (Tufts)
 Harriet Hasty '27
 Iowa State
 Frank Beecher '27
 Frank Norton '26
 Moses Brown
 Alfred Merritt '27
 Massachusetts Agricultural College
 Shirley Upton '26
 Proctor Academy
 Robert Mount '27
 Phillips Andover
 Joseph Byram '27
 Phillips Exeter
 Newell Morton '27
 Salem Normal
 Donald Carter '27
 Ednamay Kelso '27
 Barbara Nutter '27
 Simmons
 Leonice Cook '27

Tilton Academy
 Alfred Tyler '27
 Radcliffe
 Natalie Berle '26
 Helen Abbott '26
 Mary Daniel '26
 Elizabeth Knight '27
 University of Michigan
 Sherwood Upton '26

Alumni at Work

Class of '27

Victor Bearse, Globe Phone Co.
 George Burke, Addressograph Co.,
 Boston, B. U. Night School
 Daniel Chamberlain, Dorr's Market
 Robert Dewey, Herbert Kendall Co.,
 Boston
 Edna Godfrey, E. B. Currell & Son
 Carroll Hoyt, First National Bank,
 Boston
 Robert Norton, Second National Bank,
 Boston
 Fletcher Parker, Atlantic National
 Bank, Boston
 Bernard Schimpfke, Simpkin's Market
 Duncan Stanley, Ginter Co.
 John Stanley, Hunt Nipple Co.
 Ermel Sturgis, Christiansen's Green-
 houses
 Philip Swain, Atlantic National Bank,
 Boston
 Edward Tasney, Eisemann Bros.,
 Boston

—A. P. '27.



NEWS

Junior Woman's Club

The Junior Woman's Club held its first meeting of the school year September twentieth. At this business meeting, the colors, maroon and gold, were chosen as the club colors. A committee was elected to try to increase the membership of the club.

All girls of the High School are cordially invited to join the Junior Woman's Club. The girls of the ninth grade of the Junior High School have also been invited to join.

The second meeting was held October eighteenth. The program was entirely musical: Eleanor Noyes, 'cellist, accompanied by Sara Harnden

at the piano, selections on the piano by Sara Harnden, vocal numbers by Mrs. Vivian Smith accompanied by Mrs. Ruth Currier.

We were glad to notice that several girls from the Junior High School ventured over to our little High School for this. We hope to see more of them and also an increase in high school members.

The officers of the club this year are:

Lucille Ware, President
Ruth Adden, Vice-President
Eleanor Van Stone, Secretary
Lois Cheney, Treasurer

The program for the Junior Woman's Club for the 1927-28 season is as follows:

Sept 20, Business meeting
October 18, Musical and Reading
November 15, Far East Exhibit (at the home of the Misses Nichols, 29 Prescott St.)
December 20, Christmas Party
January 17, Lands Across the Sea (Pictures), Mrs. Philip H. Tirrell
February 21, Reception and Colonial Tea (members come in costume if possible)

Guests

The Mothers of Members
The Faculty of the R. H. S.
March 20, Mrs. Clarence W. Clark, former Chairman of Junior Membership Massachusetts Federation of Women's Clubs.
April 17, Open date

—I. G. P. '28.

Albion Metcalf, R. H. S. '19, well known resident and pianist of Reading, made his Boston debut Saturday, Oct. 14, at Jordan Hall.

His program was made up of a Brahms group, Chopin's sonata in B flat minor, and "In a Vodka Shop," "Siciliana," "A Fairy Tale," "L'Isle Joyeuse," all short modern pieces.

The audience, including many Reading people, received and applauded his playing enthusiastically.

His encores were "Blue Danube" and Chopin's Etude in C.

Jordan Hall was filled, a marked compliment from music lovers, and a reception which no one else has been accorded in three years.

The Reading High School is proud to have an alumnus so outstanding a musician, and so successful in his chosen profession.

—L. W.

Orchestra News

The orchestra now consists of nearly twenty members. Rehearsals are held every Tuesday during one assembly period and also after school. The orchestra played for the teachers' meeting held at the new Junior High School Monday evening, October 17. It is now practicing for the teachers' return entertainment for the Rotarians which will be held Wednesday evening, November 16. After that the orchestra will begin practice for the joint concert with the Glee Club, to be given on Saturday, December 9.

The Glee Club

The Glee Club has been meeting on Tuesdays and Fridays since October 4, 1927.

On Friday, November 4, the following officers were elected: President—Alice Hodson, Vice-president—Elinor Riley, Treasurer—Viola Martin, Secretary—Virginia Tucker.

Following the elections, a short discussion took place concerning new members who are wanted and greatly needed, especially those with tenor voices.

We are preparing for a concert in December.

—V. S. T. '29.

Class Meetings

The class of '28 has held two meetings Sept. 21, and Oct. 7. At the first meeting Miss Isabelle Parker was elected class treasurer. A committee was chosen for revising the constitution and also a committee to help select the school ring. No steps

have been taken by the ring committee, as the other two classes have not yet chosen their committees.

During the second meeting, the Arlington Studios were chosen as the class photographers, and plans are being made to have the pictures taken at the High School instead of going into Boston to the studios.

The class is looking forward to its busiest, and we hope most successful year at Reading High School.

The officers of the Senior Class are:

President—Malcolm Weeks

Vice-President—Richard Pomfret

Secretary—Lucille Ware

Treasurer—Isabelle Parker

—L. W.



STORIES

“FREEDOM”

Lyin' there on the old, torn, coverless couch, she wasn't much to look at, just an old woman with a mass of crumpled, tumbling, gray hair, deeply wrinkled and creased face and hands, and dark brown eyes, eyes filled with a bottomless depth of melancholy. An old faded, blue calico dress covered her, while above the tops of her high, antique boots, there appeared something she called stockings, something mainly of holes.

Oh, she couldn't lie there, she couldn't! She'd got to work, just got to! Work, work, work! She had no recollection of ever doing anything else. Oh! Who said slavery was abolished? What'ad she ever done but slave for that worthless, good-for-nothing husband of hers. 'Course there'd been her son—she always cried when she thought of him—but he was too good t' last. They brought him in one day dead. “Runaway” they stated briefly.

She didn't cry. All she said was, “I knowed it fer a long time. He wuz a joy and there h'aint supposed t' be none in my life, I guess.”

Autumn passed, winter came, and and came a second time. Still she slaved. Up she'd get so early, long before the sun was up, go out and milk the cow and do the chores. Then came breakfast, and dishes. After that she'd scrub the floor or tramp across the barren, snow covered marshes into town. Home again there'd be plenty more to do. And so it was day after day.

Then came the time she didn't have the money for the rent. “All right,” her farmer-landlord said, “Get the cash or else get out, see?”

She got it.

Then the day, when Mrs. O'Halligan brought her over some bones for her dog arrived. “Lemme in,” shouted Mrs. O'Halligan after a few minutes of knocking. “What be you doin' anyway, killin' o' yerself?”

“Yes.” There came in answer a single word, a word full of defiance, sarcasm, weariness, and new hope.

Lyin' there on the old, torn, coverless couch, she wasn't much to look at, just an old woman with a mass of crumpled, tumbling, gray hair, deeply

wrinkled and creased face and hands, and dark brown eyes. Only now a new flush was in her cheeks and a triumphant smile was on her lips. A

coyote howled a weird, ghostly cry. She was dead.

—Vincent H. Whitney, '30.

MY FIRST LUMBERMAN'S HAIRCUT

"Well, Bill," said Sam to me one evening in November, "tomorrow morning we're going to start early and go to the village for supplies."

"All right," said I drowsily. The place where we were camping was ten miles from the village and in the thickest of the Canadian woods. As we had hiked the ten miles to the camp, I knew what kind of a walk was ahead of us. New fallen snow would make it even harder going.

The next morning I came to my senses when Sam had almost lost his temper trying to get me up. After bacon, eggs and coffee, we put on our snowshoes, slung our packs on our shoulders and were off. The sun was just peering over the snow-covered hill as we started.

The fir trees surrounded us all the time and I passed so many they whirled in my head. The monotony of the trudge was broken by signs of rabbits and birds.

I was an amateur snowshoer and we, most assuredly, would have made better time had I not put one foot on my other snowshoe every once in a while. Sam had to stop and pick me up.

At 10 a. m. we paddled into the sleepy village that had been our destination all morning. The place looked as if there was a celebration going on in the next town and all of the people had gone to it.

We had come for provisions so went to the General Store where they sold anything from chewing gum to clothespins. There was no order about the store. Hanging from the ceiling was a large sign which originally said, "If you don't see what you want, ask for it," but the "ask" was crossed out and "hunt" substituted, so that it read, "If

you don't see what you want, hunt for it."

After Sam had purchased all he wanted, he decided that we needed haircuts. Of course we didn't have to go out of the building but just walk into another room.

Here were two barber chairs, but only one looked to be used. The other was frightfully untidy.

On the wall were old-fashioned pictures of Napoleon, and George Washington. Under Napoleon were the words, "Be Brave Like Napoleon," and under George Washington the words, "Have Courage." I wondered why those pictures should be there, facing the customer.

The barber was an old cross-eyed miser who would give all the men a baldy haircut if he could sell the hair for mattresses. He was just finishing a haircut when we arrived. As the man stepped from the chair, I thought, "If he put on a dog-collar he would look just like a chow-dog."

I said to Sam, "This is no place for me."

"Why," asked he, "what is the matter?"

"My mother will be up next week and I want her to know me."

Sam said I'd have to get my hair cut somewhere and this was the only barber-shop in the village, meaning that I must leave my locks here. I finally cleared my throat, strengthened my backbone, and bravely said, "All right."

For the next hour I suffered as I have never suffered before. The scissors were homemade,—they felt it. The clippers were a mail-order pair which he sharpened every six months; they felt it, also. I know now why those

pictures of Napoleon and Washington and the sayings were on the wall. Instead of saying "I'm sorry," when the clippers pulled, the barber would say, "That's nothin' to what I done to so-and-so," or "Ya oughta see Pete Heally."

Well, when I got out of that chair I took a look in the mirror. I looked like a newly killed duck after an amateur had tried to pick him. I was so

mad I walked the length of the village five times before Sam came out. He looked so bald-pated that I laughed myself into good humor. Of course he had had haircuts here before so he knew what to expect. As for me, I'd rather let my hair grow long and put it up on curlers than go through that torture even once in three months.

—Walter Ingalls.

ZINZINDORF

One night about dusk several years ago I was motoring along the Cape to visit a friend, but decided that I couldn't make his home before dark, and as I went through a little town I noticed a low, weatherbeaten house with a long sloping roof which reminded me of an old-fashioned tavern so I drove into the yard. I then proceeded to the front door and knocked with the curious hand wrought knocker. The door was opened and I stepped inside. The room was low studded with wooden beams and I at once perceived that it must be an old tavern. The person who opened the door was about my height but much older and a little stout. He had a black moustache and twinkling gray eyes. I said to him, "Can you put me up here for the night?"

"Oh yes," he said, "this is no longer a tavern as it used to be but I have room for you. Have you eaten?" When I replied in the negative he brought out a very good supper and set it on the other side of the room by the large, stone fireplace with a wide hearth. He gave me a chair on the hearth and, as it was in the fall, he brought out some cider and also some chestnuts which we roasted before the fire. After I had finished my supper, we sat there drinking cider and eating chestnuts. The cider seemed to make my host want to talk and as he got more of it he talked more. I learned that the tavern was quite old,

dating back to 1723, when an ancestor had come over from England and built it. Just why it was built on the Cape I didn't learn. In time a large family had grown up and in each generation the tavern had been passed on to the oldest son until my host got it. But he was the last of the family around there as the others had died or moved away. Here he took another glass of cider and told me of his youth.

"When I was a young man of nineteen years, my father sent me to London. My education had not been neglected before I left and I knew considerable book learning and also was a good fencer, for my father had said that it was the custom in London to settle disputes with a duel. I had a wonderful time in London, living with some of father's friends. One day I had a very curious experience. I was walking along the street when a lady in front of me dropped her handkerchief. I stooped to pick it up and at the same moment a dashing, young Pole stooped also. I had hold of it first but he tried to take it from me. I firmly removed his hand and returned the handkerchief to the lady. After she had passed by the young Pole drew himself up and said, "Count Zinzindorf, at your service. I will meet you just outside the city at 3 o'clock and settle this matter."

"Very well," sez I, "pistols at thirty paces."

Again my host refilled and emptied

his glass and broke forth volubly. "So being in London, I became engaged in a duel and it proved unfortunate for the other man;—I killed him. When I had finished this matter I went into a tavern to get a drink and sat down near another man. 'I killed a man,' sez I.

'What was his name?' sez he.

'Zinzindorf was his name,' sez I.

'Zinzindorf, that was my brother. We must fight,' sez he.

Another drink on the part of my host and a fresh burst of words. "So being in London I became engaged in a duel, and it proved unfortunate for the other man;—I killed him. When I had finished this matter I went into a tavern to get a drink and sat down beside another man. 'I killed a man,' sez I.

'What was his name?' sez he.

'Zinzindorf was his name,' sez I.

'That was my brother,' sez he.

'Then we must fight,' sez I.

'Yes, we must fight,' sez he.

"So being in London I became engaged in a duel and it proved unfortunate for the other man;—I killed him."

At this point I began to suspect myself of being the victim of a joke and yawned wide and loudly. That made my host awake himself out of a seeming composure from which I suspect he had been watching me closely to see how much I believed. He arose and said, "I see you are tired and I will show you to your room."

It was a nice room and I slept well. In the morning I looked for my host to thank him for his hospitality but he was not to be found and leaving some money to pay for my food and shelter I set out, regretting that I could not find out how many brothers Zinzindorf had.

—T. C. J.

JOIN UP

The school publication is the strongest surviving member of the three great mediums through which students of New England have expressed for many years their individuality unhampered by the necessary set objectives of regular school work. The other two, the debate and public speaking, though older in their origin, have not kept apace. Public speaking and the debate are somewhat more limited in regard to the number of students who can participate. The school publication, however, has a wide range, ever-changing opportunities, and diversification of interests which fits it to the needs of many pupils in the secondary schools. Not only is the publication a stimulus to the vital English work, but it is often, as in the case of the Pioneer, the training field for future writers, editors and publication managers. The Pioneer has a

long, proud list of graduates of the Reading High School who, because of their efforts in behalf of the school paper, developed their talents to such an extent that they were eagerly sought for by the publications of the various colleges to which they went. Many others have found that their efforts in behalf of the Pioneer have borne fruit in the form of opportunities later in life in connection with commercial publications.

The Pioneer, its very name rings true, is typical of the American spirit. How fortunate that the originators of the paper chose such a dignified name rather than some flippant, jazzy name too often found on school papers. In order that the paper may continue its useful and dignified career it is necessary that the three important factors which make it possible to have a school paper function properly be properly

maintained. The first of these factors is an adult member of the school who is capable and willing to assume the responsibilities in directing the project as advisor, who must hold the contributions to a worthy standard attainment, must censor the material presented so that the value of the paper to the English work of the school will not be lost, and so that the school morale may not be impaired. Our present advisor has considerable tact and rare skill in the matter of maintaining standards without suppressing the originality and spontaneity of the contributions.

The second factor, the staff proper, must be composed of competent and responsible students and managing editor, business manager and assistants, who are able and willing to co-operate closely with the faculty advisor. In this respect the 1927-28 Pioneer staff is indeed a fortunate choice.

The third factor, a sympathetic and interested student body, has never been wanting in the past. It is necessary that the student body maintain a degree of sustained effort and interest in order that the paper may be not only financially successful but also that the morale of the staff may not suffer. The school spirit, pride and loyalty all demand that the present student body give the same hearty support to the paper that past classes have given it. Do not only give of your money in order that you may receive your quarterly copy of the Pioneer, but give of your time. Every one should and can support the paper financially, and all should try to contribute. Of course, there will always be those who are better suited to edit a paper than others but all, through the English classes or outside of the English classes, can be an important and direct aid to the furthering of this good cause.

Consult

your Insurance Agent as you would your Doctor. He knows the kind and amount of insurance, you should carry. His policies protect you, your business, and your loved ones as the Doctor's prescription does your health.

It's Food for Thought Prentiss & Parker

Reading Office
Masonic Block
Tel. Reading 0249

Boston Office
40 Broad Street
Tel. Main 7880

AL WRIGHT'S MEN'S SHOP

A. J. WRIGHT

Agents For

J. A. GRANT

LEOPOLD MORSE CLOTHING

Smart clothing for the student of today.

Clothing of Character and Workmanship Combined with Quality.

Furnishings of all kinds for all Occasions

Hyscore
Tennis

BASKET BALL

Greyhound
Tennis

Basket Ball Trophy to be awarded by Hood Rubber Co. to Championship Team in Middlesex League.

Medals will be engraved with each player's name and name of school.

Our Advertisers are our main support, patronize them

ADAMS COMPANY

WOMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S FURNISHINGS

READING

G. H. ATKINSON CO.

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES

FINE TEAS AND COFFEES

THE STORE WHERE QUALITY COUNTS

ONE FRIEND TELLS ANOTHER

MILLING AND JOBBING

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

E. B. CURRELL & SON

CARPENTERS & BUILDERS

Shop and Office 43 High Street

Reading, Massachusetts



JOHN ST. GARAGE

Mose Parker & Bert Field, Props.

First Class Automobile Repairing
MOTOR OILS AND GREASES

15 John St., Cor. Union
Phone 25-J Residence 0948-W

Our Advertisers are our main support, patronize them

AUSTIN'S LUNCH

READING SQUARE

QUALITY NOT QUANTITY WELD'S DELICIOUS ICE CREAM

Week Days—Open 5 a. m. to 1 a. m.

Sundays—Holidays—Open 7 a. m. to 1 a. m.

R. A. Lufkin

190 Main Street

CHOICE GROCERIES

Butter—Eggs Fruit—Vegetables

Your Satisfaction our Success

SIMPKINS' MARKET

GEORGE CUMMINGS, Prop.

Exclusive but not expensive

Highest quality of Beef, Pork and
Lamb—Choice Steaks

Reading 0310

37 Haven St.

CANDYLAND

ICE CREAM

and

HOME MADE CANDIES

READING SQUARE

SPECIALTY SHOPPE

54 Haven St.

Millinery

Gowns

Silk Hosiery and Lingerie

Railroad Market

A. C. Graupner, Sr.

Choice Meats, Groceries
and
Provisions

Tel. 1162

15 Haven St.

Reading, Mass.

Free Delivery

TORRE'S

ICE CREAM AND CANDY

ALWAYS GOOD

READING SQUARE

Our Advertisers are our main support, patronize them

ART SHOP

Kodaks

Supplies

Novelties and Jewelry

LENDING LIBRARY

Cards for all occasions

ROCKPORT

FISH MARKET

IF IT SWIMS WE HAVE IT

McPHERSON DANIEL

Tailor

Steele Furniture Co.

“on the square”

READING

“WATCH US GROW”

MARY ANN SHOP

Dresses

Millinery

Sweaters

Silk Hosiery

Underwear

Compliments of

CLAPP & LEACH, Inc.

“The Electric Store”

The Electric Store
for Electric Goods

Kingman & Richardson

Real Estate—Insurance

Reading Square

Tel. 1080

THE SOFT WATER LAUNDRY

Your clothes laundered in “Rain Soft Water” sweet and clean.

READING WET WASH LAUNDRY

“The Laundry That Satisfies”
Telephone Reading 0179-W

Our Advertisers are our main support, patronize them

LEONE F. QUIMBY

Real Estate and Insurance

Office Phone 1050 — Residence Phone 0830

Instructor in Drumming

Member Boston Real Estate Exchange Reading Board of Trade

National Co-operative Realty Co.

34 Haven Street

Reading, Mass.

REALTOR

THE READING CHRONICLE

THIS BOOK FROM OUR PRESS

YOU ARE ALWAYS RIGHT WITH US

FRED F. SMITH

Hay, Grain and Poultry Supplies

Hardware

Builders' Supplies

Auto Accessories

Lime, Brick, Cement and Drain Pipe

Telephone Reading 0450

Reading Square

John H. Bates, Inc.

Telephone 1150 - 0945

Corner of Haven and Linden Streets

Reading

Cadillac, LaSalle and Studebakers

All New Models Now on Display

Our Advertisers are our main support, patronize them

Smith's Spa

Opp. Reading Depot

ICE CREAM

CONFECTIONERY

Compliments of Friends

PERCY N. SWEETSER

COAL

We won't bore you with a long story about values or merchandise. Our values talk for themselves. Outfitters for men and young men.

ESNER'S

ON THE SQUARE.

Ask for Student's Discount on Sports Wear

Our Advertisers are our main support, patronize them

CANDY LAND

ICE CREAM and

HOME MADE CANDIES

Reading Square

Established 1821

Tel. Reading 0071

CUMMINGS EXPRESS

COMPANY

J. E. FROST, Treas. and Mgr.

Reading's Best Equipped
Furniture Movers

J. M. MAXWELL & SON

Electricians

Authorized Agent "Radiolas" and "Freed-Elsemann" Sets

Phone 0240

THOSE DIMES

and nickels that go so easily should be working for
you in a Mutual Savings Bank.

Start a Savings Bank Account Now

Mechanics Savings Bank

195 Main Street

Reading, Mass.

Our Advertisers are our main support, patronize them

N **NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY** **U**

SCHOOLS OF

Business Administration

and Engineering

***Four Year Professional
Courses in***

Business Management

Accounting and Finance

Civil Engineering

Mechanical Engineering

Electrical Engineering

Chemical Engineering

Administrative Engineering

***Leading to the Bachelor's
Degree***

THE COOPERATIVE PLAN

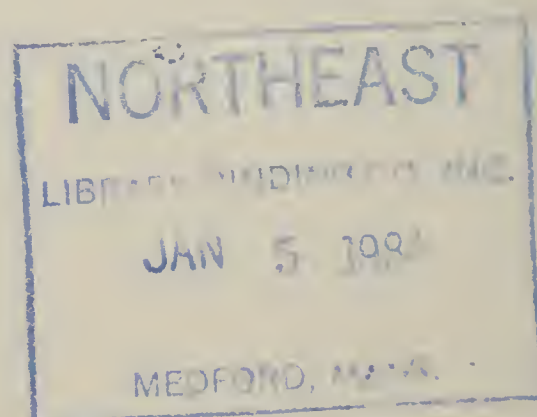
Alternate study in college and practice in the industries under supervision affords the student an opportunity to earn a considerable part of his college expenses.

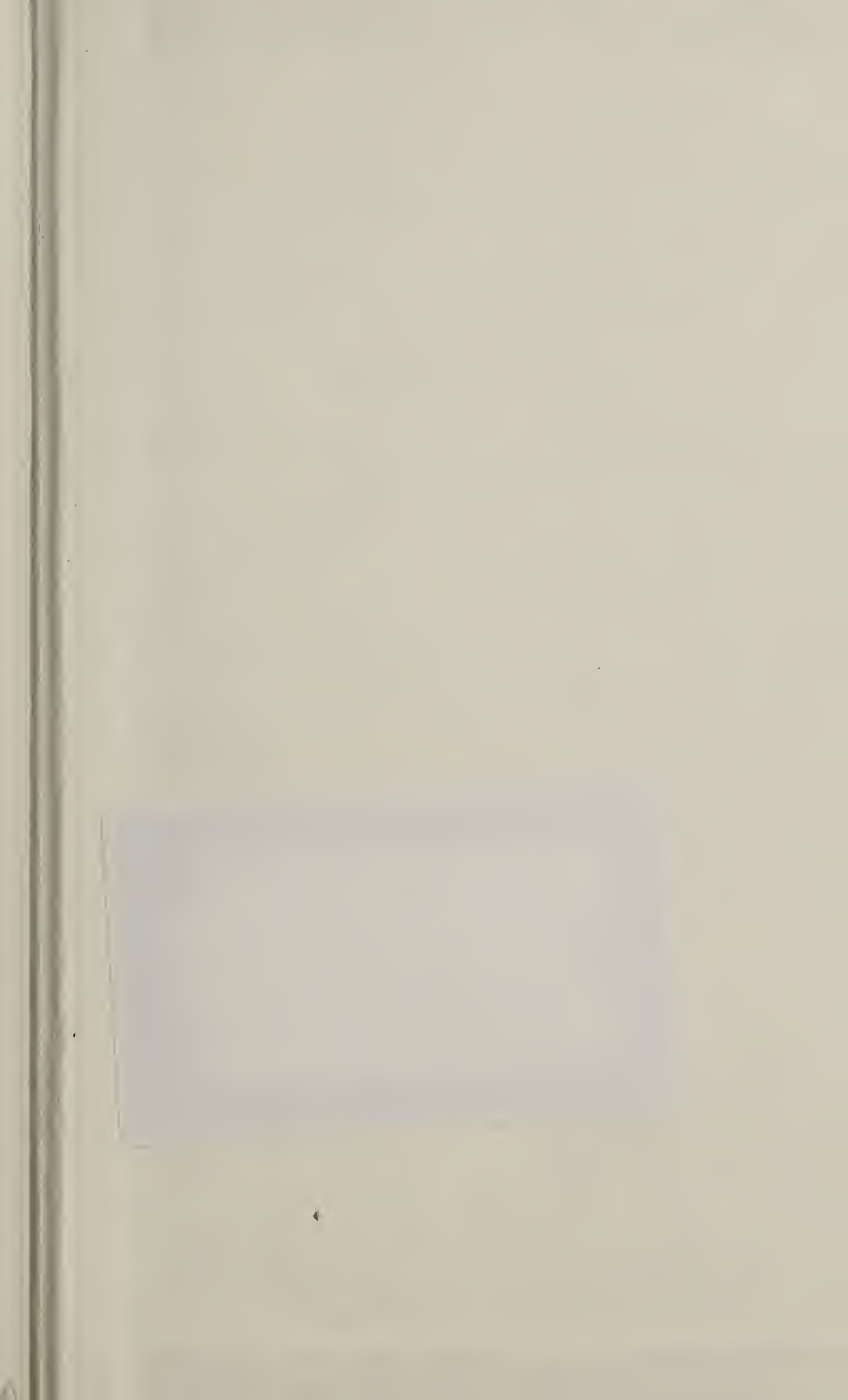
REGISTRATION

Students admitted to the Freshman Class in September or January may be ready for the Sophomore work before the following September.

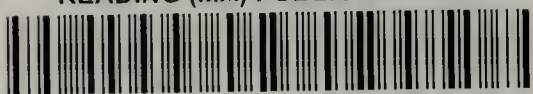
CATALOG AND INFORMATION SENT UPON REQUEST

MILTON J. SCHLAGENHAUF, Director of Admissions
NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY, 316 Huntington Avenue, Boston, Mass.





READING (MA) PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 1995 00506 547 3